THE HOOK AND ELLER FAMILIES IN AMERICA

The Poetry of Earth is Never Dead

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be referred to for the final and correct data.

James W Hook
Jan 1926

J A M E S H O O K

and

V I R G I N I A E L L E R

A genealogy of the Hook and Eller families in America with reference to collateral families of Maholm, Lyle, McNeil, Vannoy, Bechtel, Waldburger, and the Hooke family in England. A personal history of the direct ancestors, of same surnames, and immediate family of James Hook and Virginia Eller.

Information collected by the children of James and Virginia (Eller) Hook -

John Hook of Claremont, California.

Orin Hook of Claremont, California.

Wallace Hook of Rolla, Missouri.

Sarah Hook of Humboldt, Iowa.

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Manuscript prepared and written by James William Hook.

New Haven, Connecticut.

1 9 2 4.

Hooke

H E R A L D R Y

HOOKE

ARMS - Quarterly, sable and argent; a cross between four escallops, all counterchanged.

CREST - An escallop, sable, between two wings, expanded, argent.

MOTTO - Esto quod esse videris.

Interpretation -

Arms - A shield divided by a cross into four parts, the parts being colored alternately sable and argent; that is, black and silver. The cross also quartered and colored alternately argent and silver. An escallop shell in each quarter of the field colored alternately sable and argent. The cross represents the old knights of St. George. The escallop shell was worn only by those holy men who took part in the crusades or presented themselves before the Shrine of St. James.

Crest - A black escallop shell between two expanded silver wings. The crest savors of the early Vikings who adorned their helmets with bird feathers and horns of animals.

Motto - Be what you seem to be.

The simplicity of the Hooke Arms and Crest indicate their great age. The ancient escutcheons were far more simple than modern ones; so much so, in fact, that the age of any Coat of Arms may be judged by its relative simplicity.

The Hooke Family in England.

Robert Ferguson in his book "English Surnames and their place in the Teutonic Family," accredits the origin of the name Hook and similar names to Hoce and Hoking, mythical personages of the Frisian people. These people lived on the sea coast and islands adjacent of what is now Holland and Denmark and were themselves a branch of that early Northman tribe that later conquered England. The Hokings are mentioned in the bards song "Hnaef Ruled the Hokings" and in other poems, some by Beowulf.

Mr. Kemble referring to these people in the Archaelogical Journal says that Hoce is "a really mythical personage, the heros eponymus of the Frisian Tribe, the founder of the Hocings and a progenitor of the imperial race of Charlemagne."

Mark Anthony Lower in his book entitled "English Surnames" associates the name with the sea which has given such surnames as Turbett, Sprat, Hooker, Fisher, Ling and Line.

Shortly after William of Normandy conquered England, a sturdy Norman named Eustace de la Hooke held land near Kingsley. His name is listed in Domesday Book. The name as written, clearly indicates its French character and shows that it must have been in France for several generations before passing along to England.

The one dominant characteristic of the Norman peoples was their ability and willingness to accept the customs and language of the land of their adoption. They began their invasion of northern France along the Seine River in the early 9th century A.D. and in 876 and 885 occupied Rouen. In 911 A.D. they concluded a treaty with King Charles the Simple of France whereby the town of Rouen and adjacent country and sea-coast were definitely ceded to them. They were an energetic people, hardy and adaptable and impatient of any restraint. Their love of imitation was marked and the new environment cast about them by their French neighbors expressed itself rapidly in their manners, religion, language and ambitions. They had descended from the warlike Northmen, but having acquired a new social system they set out to advance it with the same ardor and determination of their heathen forefathers.

In 1066 A.D. the Normans of France invaded England, were successful and William of Normandy was crowned King.

As had been the case in France the conquerors at once began to assimilate the English manners and language. French names gave way to English derivations, English laws and government succeeded French and not many centuries passed before England was much as it had been before the invasion, except for a general refinement that came as a result of advanced civilization. It is interesting commentary that we think of England as the great Anglo Saxon Empire, notwithstanding many distinguished English families trace their beginnings to the Norman Invasion.

The family of Hooke seems to have descended from Eustace de la Hooke who, as before stated, owned lands in Hook near Kingsley in Norman times.

The genealogical line is not clear for several centuries, but records indicate that the family flourished and was identified with the great movements both civic and military that were going on in England at the time.

In the 15th century - about 1450 - a Richard Hooke of County of Surry was born who later married the daughter of a person of Eton by the name of Payne.

About 1500 a Thomas Hooke of Dunfold married Eden, the daughter of John Alley of Surry. It is thought that Thomas was a son of Richard, although the writer has seen no definite proof of it.

Thomas Hooke and Eden his wife had two sons, Henry and Thomas, and very probably another son, William, who lived near London in 1563. Henry Hooke married a daughter of a Mr. Payton of County Surry and became the progenitor of the Bramshott Hookes. Thomas was knighted and became Governor of the poor knights of Windsor and left many descendents.

Henry Hooke had a son John Hooke who became Lord of the Manor of Bramshott. He married Barbara Rouse, daughter of Richard Rouse who descended from John Bramshott, whose pedigree is clear as far back as 1194 A.D. (For Bramshott pedigree see appendix.) Prior to his marriage to Barbara Rouse, John Hooke was Lord of the Manor of Chiltelce and owner of lands near Kingsley near Ludshott. In October 1600 he confirmed the family Coat of Arms° shown on the frontis-page of this volume which has assisted in showing kinship between the many Hooke families of this and later times. John Hooke died in 1613 and a brass memorial to his memory may still be seen on the chancel wall of the old manor house. His children were eight in number as follows:-

1st. Henry Hooke, second Lord of the Bramshott Manor. He married Margaret, daughter of Cuthbert Lyne. He died in 1640. Of issue, John Hooke, born 1605, died 1685; married Grissell, daughter of Sir Francis Clarke of Hitcham of County Bucks. He was Privy Counsellor to Charles I and High Sheriff in 1649. He held the Manor of Bramshott until his death when his son, Henry Hooke the fourth Lord, took it over and retained it until 1691 when John Whitehead took his place.

°Note - The armorial bearings of the Hooke family are very old. They represent the cross of the old Knights of St. George. The Escallop shell, the sign of the Pilgrimage to St. James, was allowed to be worn only by those holy men who had taken part in the crusades, or had presented themselves before the shrine of St. James. The wings savor of the early Vikings who decorated their helmets with the wings of birds or the horns of animals.

Other children of Henry and Margaret Lyne Hooke were:-

(1) Henry who was a merchant in London and died in 1634.
(2) Francis of Chichester who married Anne Shortred daughter of William Shortred and widow of Richard Aleyne.
(3) Anne.

2nd. Anne Hooke married 1604 John Pym, the celebrated Parliamentarian.
3rd. Barbara Hooke m. Edward Falkner.
4th. Jane Hooke m. 1st. Edward Deering, 2nd Nicholas Withers.
5th. Mary Hooke.
6th. Francis Hooke died in Virginia 1638. Was a Captain in one of King's Ships and was appointed Commandant of Fort Point Comfort by Governor Harvey of Virginia in 1635. He was one of the Governor's Chief Counsellors. He was granted a large quarter of land in Virginia which his early death kept him from keeping in the family.
7th & 8th. Two children, names not known.

Children and descendents of Sir Thomas Hooke - Governor of the Poor Knights of Windsor, four as follows:-

1st. Henry Hooke, Archdeacon of York. Of issue, Benjamin Hooke.
2nd. Tobias Hooke of London.
3rd. Ellen Hooke m. Thomas Greenfield of Chichester.
4th. Benjamin Hooke (see note below) Alderman of Chichester, married Elizabeth daughter of Edmund Manning, Alderman of Chichester. Of issue seven as follows:-

(1) Elizabeth Hooke.
(2) Susan - died young.
(3) Mary.
(4) Francis Hooke 1st son.
(5) Edward Hooke 2nd son, merchant of London, Grocer, 1634 - married Margaret, daughter of Roger Rowley of London. Clothmaker.
(6) John Hooke 3rd son, of London, married Mary, daughter of Robert Proffet of London, a goldsmith.
(7) Thomas Hooke 4th son M.A. of Pembroke Hall.

Note - Samuel Hooke of Barkford, Co. Beds, Gentleman; thought to be a grandson of Benjamin and Elizabeth (Manning) Hooke had a son Robert Hooke b. 1578 who married 1605 Dorathie Hutchens b. 1582 and had issue Francis b. 1607, Robert b. 1609, Margaret b. 1611, Dorathie b. 1613, George b. 1617 and Samuel b. 1622.

Other Hooke Families in En land
Bristol

There was a prominent Hooke family in Bristol, England, in the early part of the 17th century.

Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, married Cicily ------. He died 1659 and she died 1661. He had brothers Edward and William and a sister Mary Hooke. There is a strong indication that he was the 5th son of Benjamin Hooke of Chichester, but the writer has seen no definite proof of it. His children, as mentioned in his own will and later in the will of his wife, were seven as follows:-

1st. Thomas Hooke who married Mary Hele, daugater of Nicholas Hele. He had issue; Dorothy who married Colonel Aldworth, Mary who married---- Scrope, Jackson and Thomas. The latter married Elizabeth ---- and acquired from the Heles a large estate in Flanchford and was erected a baronet July 2, 1662. He died in 1678 leaving a son, Sir Hele Hooke, who married Hester Underhill. Died without issue, whereupon the baronetcy became extinct. The armorial bearings of this family with slight variations were the same as those of the Hooke family of Bramshott.

2nd. William Hooke born 1612 in Bristol. He went to Kittery, Maine, 1633 to look after the Agamenticus land patent of his father and brother Thomas. Of issue - Humphrey b. 1636, died young; Jacob died young; William b. 1638, m. Elizabeth Dyer in England and had issue - William born in England who returned to Maine with parents in 1667 and later married Mary Follansbee, Jacob also born in England returned to New England in 1667 with parents and married Mary March. Many descendents of this family are scattered throughout America. ~~(For fuller genealogical outline of this family in America, see page ---.)~~

3rd. Humphrey Hooke. He received a large grant of land in Virginia in 1649. Was HighSheriff of Bristol in 1661 and Deputy Lieutenant there in 1664.

4th. Mary Hooke.
5th. Sarah Hooke m. ------ Hellier.
6th. Elizabeth Hooke m. ---- Crestwick.
7th. Jackson Hooke.

Hooke Family
Camberwell near London.

Thomas Hooke died Feb. 20, 1699, buried in St. Giles Church, Camberwell, County Surry. No record of his marriage, but a tablet in the Church states that his wife and sons, John and Thomas, are buried near him. Armorial bearings prove his kinship to Bramshott family. Issue two as follows:-

(1) John Hooke - buried beside his father.
(2) Thomas Hooke - buried beside his father. Of issue -
  (1) Thomas Hooke b. May 10, 1729, d. 1815, m. Ann Warner b. 1728, d. 1808. Both buried in Church at Salhamstead, County of Berkshire. Their issue five as follows:-
    (1) Anne b. in Parish of St. Stephen 1754, d. 1793.
    (2) John b. 1757, died young.
    (3) Frances b. 1758, m. her cousin James Butler.
    (4) Thomas b. in Parish of St. Stephen, m. Miss Elphinstone in India where he was a Major in the King's Army. Died without issue in 1793.
    (5) John Hankey Hooke b. in Parish of St. Giles, Camberwell, Jan. 1, 1769, died Dec. 2, 1838 and buried in St. Giles Church. Married Jane Whittaker b. Apr. 18, 1777, d. July 22, 1855. Issue eight as follows:-
      (1) John Hooke b. Sept. 29, 1800, d. Feb. 2, 1882. Buried at Great Neston, Cheshire. Paper Mfg'r. in Flintshire and Denbighshire, North Wales. Married Elizabeth Linton b. Jan. 29, 1797, d. Dec. 28, 1875. (See forward for descendents.)
      (2) Eliza Hooke b. 1802, d. 1870.
      (3) Thomas Hooke b. 1804, d. 1825.
      (4) Edward Browne Hooke b. 1806, d. 1874, buried at St. Peters Church, South Croydon, Surrey. A Lawyer of 27 Lincoln Inn Fields. Married Avis Lamont. No issue.
      (5) William Henry Hooke b. 1808, d. 1825.
      (6) Frederick Hooke b. 1810, d. 1826.
      (7) Anne Hooke b. 1811, d. 1886.
      (8) Edwin Hooke b. Oct. 1814, d. about 1889, m. Oct. 19, 1839 Ellen Austin b. Nov. 26, 1819. He was a Captain in the 1st Middlesex London Reg. and for many years Chief Acct. for London Docks Company. Issue nine as follows-
        (1) Ellen Maria b. 1840, m. 1858 Herbert Morrison. Issue - (1) Ellen b. 1859, d. 1868; (2) Amy d. y., (3) Walter Herbert d. y. (4) Clara, (5) Ida Maude, (6) Edith Louisa, (7) Lucy Avis b. 1873.

(2) Mary Jane b. 1842, adopted by John Sanderson.
(3) Edwin b. 1844, d. 1869, unmarried
(4) Fanny b. 1848.
(5) Thomas Arthur b. 1850, d. 1869, unmarried.
(6) Avis b. 1852, m. Herbert Foreaux Weiss.
(7) Alice Emma b. 1854, m. John Green, d. 1890. Issue - Edward b. Aug. 24, 1884.
(8) Herbert Octavus b. 1856, d.1863.
(9) Irene b. 1858.

Children of John Hooke (Son of John Hankey Hooke) and Elizabeth Linton. Issue three sons and two daughters. Only two of latter given below, others named Eliza, Jane and Linton.

(1) Mary Anne Hooke b. July 28, 1821, d. Oct. 17, 1913 in Australia, m. Thomas Grice. Issue - Emma (dead) and Thomas living in Melbourne, Australia.
(2) John Hooke b. Dec. 1[illegible], 1822, d. Dec. 27, 1855, m. Mary Pilbean Saunders b. 1824, d. 1869. Paper manufacturer of Flint and Denbighshire, Wales. Buried at Wrexham. Of issue - five sons. (See forward for descendents).
(3) Emma B. Hooke b. 1824, d. 1834.
(4) Thomas B. Hooke b. Feb. 15, 18[illegible]7, d. Dec. 27, 1906, m. Hannah, dau. of Thomas Whittington. Merchant in London. Had issue - several children.
(5) Edward Hooke b. at Afon Wen, Flintshire, W. Wales, May 8, 1829, d. Apr. 17, 1866, buried at Woodchurch, County Chester. Wholesale paper dealer in Liverpool. Married July 24, 1855 Fanny, youngest dau. of William Pitt of Oxton, b. Feb. 11, 1838, d. in Glasgow 1903. She married secondly William Pritchard in 1867. Issue
    (1) Edward William Hooke, C.P.A. b. July 10, 1858 at Rose Ville, Oxton, Co. Chester. Educated at Liverpool College, England. Came to U.S.A. and became American Citizen July 13, 1893. Attended Univ. of N.Y. where he graduated Dec. 16, 1896. Member of American Society of Certified Public Accountants. Certified Public Accountant. Married Eulalia D. Watson (nee Howland) dau. of Edgar Howland of Lake Hill, Ulster Co., N. Y. Issue - Edgar Mortimer Hooke, born Apr. 4, 1903 at Lake Hill, N. Y.
    (2) Fanny Elizabeth Hooke b. May 26, 1856, d. July 28th, 1914, married William F. Somerville, actuary of Liverpool, London, and Globe Insurance Company, b. 1859, deceased, both buried at Oxton, Co. Chester. Issue (1) William Frank Somerville now res. in Chicago, Ill. (2) Henry Somerville, sergeant in 13th London Reg. Killed in action 1915. (3) Jack Somerville died at age of 22.
    (3) Thomas Edwin Hooke - died 187[illegible].

Children of John Hooke (son of John Hooke) and Mary Pilbean Saunders. Issue five sons.

(1) William Saunders Hooke b. at Ysceifiog Dec. 25, 1846, d. at Highbury, Co. Middlesex, Dec. 22, 1879, m. 1875 to Eliza Evans in Parish Church, Marlebone, London. In 1903 moved with family to Winnipeg, Canada. Issue four as follows:-
  (1) William b. 1876, d. 1876.
  (2) William George Hooke born at Highbury, Co. Middlesex, England. Now living in Vancouver, B.C., Canada.
  (3) Thomas David Hooke b. at Highbury, died 1908 in Winnipeg.
  (4) Marguerite b. at Pembroke, England. Now living in Vancouver, B.C., Canada.

(2) John Hooke b. at Afon Wen, Co. Flint, Oct. 10, 1848, baptized at Ysceifiog; educated at Hurstpierpont; married June 11, 1873 at St. Marys Abbotts, Kensington, London, to Avis Frederica Yarborough, dau. of Richard Cooke Yarborough and Mary Utton Yarborough (nee Easson) b. Oct. 24, 1846. Issue seven as follows:-
  (1) Francis Edward Yarborough Hooke b. at St. Peters Road, Croydon, County Surry, Sept. 8, 1875. Matriculated Kreble's College, Oxford 1895, B.A. 1898, M.A. 1901. Distinguished Divine, Vicar of Hyther, County Hants, 1912. Married Oct. 18, 1911 Madeline, oldest dau. of Dr. Charles Furnivall of Acton, County Middlesex, and Frances N. (nee Eager) his wife. She was born Mch. 16, 1882. Of issue - Richard Nicholas Hooke b. at Hythe Jan. 1, 1913.
  (2) Mary Avis Hooke b. July 24, 1877, m. Walter W. White b. 1875.
  (3) John Clement Hooke b. 1879, d. in Army in Egypt 1915 with Australian Contingent.
  (4) Utton Lamont Hooke b. Mch. 7, 1881, killed in action in France June 21, 1917, m. 1912 Enid Ayesha Brodie b. in So. Africa at Jagersfontein Oct. 5, 1889. He was educated at Hurstpierpont. Citizen of London. Major in Army and on May 15th, 1915 was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, was with 3/4 Queens, West Surry Regiment.
  (5) Alice Winifred Hooke b. July 19, 1882, bap. at St. Peters, Croydon.
  (6) Beatrice Cicily Hooke b. May 9, 1884, m. Charles Edward Lucas Crowley of Croydon.
  (7) Phyllis Ethel Hooke b. Oct. 17, 1890 at Croydon.

(3) Thomas Hooke b. at Afon Wen, Co. Flint, Nov. 6, 1850, m. 1st at St. John's Hackney, Co. Middlesex, Dec. 23, 1876 Emilie Isabella, dau. of Geo. Frost. She died Oct. 15, 1891. Buried in Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, County Middlesex. Issue five sons and one daughter. M. 2nd 1909 Helen Craig dau. of James Hogg of Biggar Co., Lanark. No issue. Family resides at Birkdale Co. Lancaster. Issue by 1st wife -
  (1) George Thomas Symes Hooke b. Nov. 17, 1877. Was officer in Royal Artillery throughout Boer War. Now residing Lake Hill, New York, U.S.A.
  (2) Francis Edwin Hooke b. July 7, 1878, m. 1902 at St. John's Hackney, Florence Ellen, dau. of James de Castro. Issue - Avis Florence Hooke

b. 1907 and Douglas Francis Hooke b. May 14, 1913.

(3) Harry Saunders Hooke b. Jan. 18, 1881, m. 1910 Evelyn Maude, dau. of William Badger, b. at Brisbane, Australia. Family now residing Melbourne, Australia. Issue - John Hooke b. 1911, d. 1911 and Thomas Cecil Symes Hooke b. Nov. 3, 1912.

(4) John Hankey Hooke b. July 9, 1882, d. Sept. 28, 1910 in Mexico City, Mex., and buried in American Cemetery there.

(5) James Valentine Hooke b. June 9, 1884, baptized privately at St. Phillips College, Margate, Co. Kent. Resides at Lake Mill, New York, U.S.A.

(6) Fanny Symes Hooke b. July 23, 1885.

(4) Edward Hooke b, at Bersham, Co, Denbigh August 4, 1853, now dead. M. 1st 1876 Rosena Clara, dau. of William Whitehouse, who died in Nov. 1882. Issue one daughter-Minnie Hooke b. Nov. 27, 1876. M. 2nd 1884 at Birmingham, Fanny Taylor who died October 1913. Issue - Arthur Edward Hooke b. Nov. 7, 1885; George Henry Hooke b. May 27, 1887; John Harold Hooke b. Mch. 25, 1897 and Edwin Victor Hooke b. June 1, 1901.

(5) Edwin Hooke b. at Wrexham, Co. Denbigh, Nov. 1855, d. 1856.

Southampton Hooke Family.

William Hooke, a distinguished puritan clergyman was born in 1601 in Southampton and died in London March 21, 1678. His remains rest in Burnhill Fields, London. Hebore the same Arms with slight variations to those of the Branshott family. He married Jane Whalley, sister of one of the Regicide Judges who sentenced Charles I to death. Her mother was Frances Cromwell, aunt of the Protector.

After graduating from Trinity College, Oxford, he went to New England in 1640, founded a church at Taunton, Mass., and later (1644) moved to New Haven, Conn., where for twelve years he assisted John Davenport, founder of the City, in his work in the first Congregational Church. Here he remained until 1656 when he and his son John, who had recently graduated from Harvard College, followed the wife and mother who had gone to England in 1654. At the command of Oliver Cromwell he became his private Chaplain and Master of the Savoy Hospital until the close of the Commonwealth.

His son John born 1634, d. 1710, was minister at Basingstoke.

A tablet to the memory of William Hooke may be seen in Center Church, New Haven, and literature of that church says that the property known as "Hookes Lot" at the corner of College and Chapel Streets, New Haven, which Rev. William Hooke gave to the church upon his departure, when offered for sale to the Trustees of the Collegiate School in 1717, was the inducement which caused Yale University to locate in New Haven rather than Wethersfield or Saybrook.

A very interesting thing brought out by the record of this family of Southampton, is the fact that it espoused the Cromwellian cause, also that it drew away from the Church of England and became

Puritan in belief. Other records indicate that the family was divided during that trying period (See "Rural Life in Hampshire" by W. W. Capes.) but it is possible that this served to protect both sides when either was out of sympathy with the government in power. This was proved in one case where one branch of the family intercedded with Parliament for rights that had been withdrawn from another branch.

On the whole the family stood with Parliament and was treated with consideration by it.

Hooke Family in Ireland.

One Thomas Hooke followed Cromwell to Ireland and was awarded some confiscated estates/ He later became a merchant and Alderman of Dublin. He was one of the Executors of the will of Samuel Mather (an uncle of Cotton Mather) who died in Dublin in 1671. He had a son John Hooke whose descendents became famous writers and preachers and expounders of the Catholic.faith. Probably another son was Peter Hook who went from Dublin to London at the age of 28 years and on April 18, 1674 obtained a license to marry Dorothy Sergeant. John Hooke was a merchant in Drohega and had two sons as follows:-

(1) John Hooke b. 1655; d. 1712; m. Elizabeth, daughter of Major General Lambert. Educated at Kilkenny and entered as pensioner at Trinity College, Dublin, under tuition of Richard Acton of Drohega. Of issue was Nathaniel Hooke who wrote a history of Rome. Nathaniel died 1763 leaving two sons -
    (1) Thomas Hooke who died 1791. He had been Rector of Birkby and Vicar of Leek.
    (2) Luke Joseph Hooke b. 1716, d. 1796. Born in Dublin. He was a Catholic Divine and a writer of note.

(2) Nathaniel Hooke b. 1664, d. 1738, m. Susan Eleanor McCarthy Reagh. He was a Jacobite; Puritan at first, but later became a loyal servant to James II of England and turned Roman Catholic.
Note - For more information regarding the members of this family, see the dictionary of National Biography Vol. 27, by Sidney Lee and Leslie Stephen (1890).

The Hook Family of Norwich, England.

There was one family in England that seems to have dropped the final "e" from its name at an early date. It undoubtedly originated in London and was probably a branch of the old Norman family. It is worth claiming as such since many of its descendents became distinguished above all others.

John Hook minister of Norwich Tabernacle. He had a son-

James Hook b. 1746 in Norwich, d. 1827 in Boulogne, France. He married Miss Madden who died 1795. He was organist at St. Johns at Horsleydown and a composer of

note. He composed more than 2000 songs, among which was "Within a Mile O' Edinboro Town." He had two sons as follows:-

(1) James Hook b. 1772 in London, d. 1828. Took Holy Orders 1796 at request of his mother. While at Westminster he edited "The Trifler." Married 1797 Anne, daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, bart. Was Dean of Worcester and is buried in Cathedral there. Of issue - Walter Farquhar Hook b. in London 1798, d. 1875, m. 1825 Anne Delicia, daughter of John Johnstone a physician of Birmingham. A distinguished writer (See biog. by Leslie Stephen.) Of issue - Walter Hook.

(2) Theodore Edward Hook b. 1788, d. 1841. Novelist and wit. Edited John Bull after its establishment in 1820. (See biography by Barnham.)

Note - This family was distinguished in letters and the arts. See Vol. 27 of The Dictionary of National Biography by Sidney Lee and Leslie Stephens (1890) for further information.

James, seems to have been a common name in this family, but from whom it descended is not clear. The Registers of St. James at Clerkenwell records the birth of James, son of James Hookes and Grace, his wife, on July 13, 1696. Other names in the same parish records were as follows:-

(1) Katherine, dau. of Richard Hooke, born May 26, 1636.
(2) Richard Hooke married Elizabeth Shaile Feb. 12, 1651.
(3) Henry Hooke married Mary Adams Oct. 2, 1662.
(4) Stephen Hooke of Walthamstowe, Essex, was granted license to marry Thomasin Hods July 2, 1663.
(5) John Hooke, son of Henry Hooke and wife Mary, born Aug. 30, 1663.
(6) Mary Hook buried Aug. 26, 1665.
(7) Elizabeth dau. of Richard and Elizabeth Hooke, born Mar. 11, 1696
(8) Elizabeth, dau. of Richard Hooke, buried Jan. 10, 1697.
(9) Mary, dau. of Richard Hooke, born Apr. 29, 1699.

James Clarke Hook, b. 1819 in London, d. 1907, was the son of James Hook and is probably a kin of the above family. He got his middle name from his mother who was a daughter of Dr. Adam Clarke, commentator on the Bible. James Clarke Hook was a painter of note and a full member of the Royal Academy. (See Encyclopedia Brittanica.)

The Registers of Bath Abbey in Bath records names of James Hook who married Mary Bishop on May 31, 1747 and Samuel Hook who married Jane Belcher on Sept. 20, 1795.

The Registers of Christ Church, Newgate Street, London, records a license given July 6, 1751 to James Hook, a widower, to wed Elizabeth Edis.

A license was granted James Hook of All Hallows the Great, London, age about 27 to marry Anne Terges of Clerkenwell, Middlesex, about 22, on Aug. 5, 1689.

OTHER NOTES ON THE FAMILY.

(1) Jone Hooke, dau. of Thomas Hooke and Jone Smarte, christened in Kensington Parish Sept. 21, 1557.

(2) Jane Hooke dwelling with William Hooke in Parish of St. Antholin Oct. 6, 1563.

(3)Elizabeth Hooke married John Smythe, wyner in Parish of St. Aldermary, London, Aug. 6, 1559.

(4) Marie Hooke, dau. of Roger Hooke, died in London 1630.

(5) Thomas Hooke of Covent Garden, carwainer, married Anne Wallis in 1655. He had a son Francis b. Oct. 28, 1656 and a daughter Anne born 1658.

(6) Robert Hooke was buried in Covent Garden Jan. 4, 1689.

(7) Thomas Hooke of St. Dustons in East London, corn factor, widower, age about 48, obtained license to marry Jane Dix dau. of Humphrey Dix on Apr. 9, 1662.

(8) Thomas Hooke of Thames Ditton, County Surrey "Lignator" gave permission for a license to be issued for the marriage of his daughter Elizabeth to Anthony Duell, Dec. 16, 1623.

(9) Mary Hooke, widow of William Hooke of Walhamstowe, glazier, married William Lawson, license dated Sept. 25, 1617.

(10) John Hooke of Long Ditton, Surrey, married Frances Harding November 30, 1635.

(11) Robert Hooke married Lady Judith Herne in London Sept. 3, 1683.

(12) Stephen Hooke of Walthumsto, County Essex, married Joan Webb of same place May 8, 1660.

(13) Stephen Hooke of Greenwich, Kent, married Joanna Mansfield of All Hallows, Barking, Sept. 28, 1710.

(14) Thomas Hooke of Pancras, Middlesex, married Anne Atkis Sept. 16, 1736.

(15) Elizabeth, dau. of James and Sarah Hooks of London, born Dec. 28, 1719 or 1720.

(16) Anne Hooke married Richard Humphreys in London Nov. 27, 1650.

(17) Armorial bearings indicate that the following families were kinsmen of the Bramshott family:-

Sir William Hooke, Knight, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1674.

John Hooke who was minister of Freshwater, Isle of Wight. His son, Robert Hooke, b. 1635, d. 1703, was a distinguished inventor and mathematician. He invented several nautical instruments, wrote several books, taught mathematics in St. Gresham's College, and was a man of great ability. A stained glass window in St. Helens Church, London, is dedicated to his memory. He died without issue. (See Encyclopedia Britannica.)

Commercial Activities of the Family in England.

The members of the Hooke family were active in a commercial way from earliest times, At first they numbered among their tribe many fishermen and seamen, but as time passed, we find them moving farther inland, and taking up land south of London. In the early seventeenth century and before, we find merchants among them, sheriffs and aldermen, knights and lords, and quite often a clergyman of high standing and many soldiers and sailors. As time goes

on we find men of letters, and artists, and musicians. Then we pass along to the professions and find lawyers, doctors, editors and engineers. Occasionally we find professors in the universities and philosophers, and once we find a Lord Mayor of London. We find no decent from Kings, Princes or Potentates. The family for the most part was like all other families; it had its men of note and its men of failure, but on the whole it was sturdy, honorable, and average family that played its full part in the building of the British Empire.

Henry Hooke, second Lord of the Manor of Bramshott, was a very energetic member of the old family. He developed a local iron industry, using water power to avoid the laws against use of wood fuel, and made a great success of it. It operated for many years and served as an important link in the growth of the great iron and steel industry in England.

During the Cromwellian period and after, the Hookes of Bramshott, Surrey, Buckingham, Kent and Berkshire engaged in paper making on a large scale. For many years they made the water marked paper used in the paper bank note currency issued by the Bank of England. Mills were erected at Flints near Hawarden Castle in North Wales and in Surrey in the south of England. The industry remained in the Hooke family for many years. The mills at Flints are still in operation under the management of William Pitt and Company, first cousins of the Hookes. The mills of South England finally drifted out of the family control, due largely to the extravagant tastes of some of the early family who squandered their estates in ridiculous fashion.

When the London Times was started Thomas Hooke, father of John Hankey Hooke, because of his large control of the paper industry, was invited to become one of the organizers. He declined the offer as too small an affair for his consideration, but donated the paper required for the first few months' editions. A copy of the first edition is still in the hands of a descendent of Thomas Hooke.

John Hooke while engaged in the family's paper business, taught the first game of cricket in North Wales, near Holywell. The ball, made by himself with the aid of the village cobbler, is still a possession of a descendent of his.

THE THOMAS HOOKE FAMILY IN AMERICA.

There seems to be but two families by the name of Hooke in the United States today whose emigrant ancestors reached the shores of America before the year 1700. One of these descended from William Hooke, second son of Humphrey Hooke, Alderman of Bristol, England, who came to Kittery, Maine, in 1653. The other descended from Thomas Hooke who came to Maryland in April 1668 and settled near Providence, now the City of Annapolis. Several others of the name of Hooke came to America during the seventeenth century, but none of them so far as the writer has been able to prove, became progenitors of a family that endured to the present time.

No definite relationship between William Hooke of Kittery, Maine, and Thomas Hooke of Providence, Maryland, has been established, although both seem to have descended from common ancestors. Both William and Thomas were common names in the family in England which originally settled in the southern part of England. The family from which William descended stood very nigh in the community of Bristol. The family of Thomas, according to family tradition, was one of small freeholders or yeomen residing to the south of London in the County of Surrey, but closely related to the prominent Hooke family in London and County Surrey. To this day the tradition persists independently and in widely parted branches of the family that Thomas was heir to a huge fortune in England. Tradition also says that Thomas was but a lad when he came to Maryland in April 1668 and settled near Providence, now the City of Annapolis, Maryland. He came on the ship "Goulden Wheate Sheaf of London" and was bound to James Connaway its Captain until he had paid for his passage. This accomplished, he became a freeman and tenant farmer near what is now the town of Laurel in Prince George County, Maryland. (For descendents of Thomas Hooke see pages 16-47.)

William Hooke who came to Kittery, Maine, to look after the Agamenticus patent of his father Sir Humphrey and his brother Thomas Hooke of Bristol, England, became one of the early governors of his community under the jurisdiction of Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts. For a time in later life he lived in Salisbury, Massachusetts, and his descendents are found today in many parts of the United States and Canada.

After 1700 a number of Hooke immigrants found their way to America. One of these was Robert Hooke who with his wife Jean and son William proved their importation on May 22, 1740. They came from northern Ireland at the time of the great Scotch Irish emigration and landed in Philadelphia. They settled in Augusta, now Rockingham County, Virginia, near Cross Keys where they patented land in 1741 and became progenitors of a large family whose descendents are now living in all parts of the United States.

In the middle of the eighteenth century a number of families named Hok, Hoock and Hoak, later Hook, came to America from Germany. For the most part they settled in Pennsylvania and Maryland where some of the descendents still live. Other descendents of these German families moved west into Ohio, Illinois, Iowa and Missouri.

The emigrants from England and Ireland spelled the name with the final "e" but the latter was gradually dropped by succeeding

Annaple Hooke, wife of Thomas Hooke signed the Administrators Bond as executor of the estate of her husband May 26-1698. The inventory was subscribed to by John Wright and his wife Annaple July 24-1699 (Book 19 p. 116 Annapolis Md) This would indicate that between the dates named Annaple Hook married a second time and that her later husband was John Wright.

According to provincial Court records in Annapolis Md Capt. James Conway came from Ratcliffe parish of Stogny also Stobbon County of Middlesex Kingdom of England. He described himself as a Merchant on July 14-1673

generations until now only a few families, principally those who descended from Robert, clung to the original spelling. This is to be regretted as the single "e" ties the family to its English and French origin and should be perserved by all who can trace their ancestry to the British Isles.

There is little doubt but that the immigrants who came from England and spelled the name with the final "e" descended from common ancestors. The preceding chapter in this volume shows how the family was scattered throughout the British Islands and that it was one of standing in many communities. To the present generation there is a striking resemblance in the stature, voice and general facial characteristics of the descendents of the three principal immigrant ancestors above mentioned. They are usually tall, blue or grey eyed, ruddy skinned, and vigorous in their actions and speech.

Greatest care was used by the compiler of the genealogical data herein given to prove every name and date and substantiate descents by wills, deeds, court, church and cemetery records, and by consulting members of each line for correctness of names, dates and places of residence. Family bibles supplied by far the greater share of the data. Where practicable, references to sources of information are stated.

Thomas Hooke b. probably about 1650 to 1655 near London, England, d. 1697 or 1698 in Prince George County, Maryland. He came to Maryland on the ship "Goulden Sheate Sheaf of London in April 1668. He was a "Redemptioner" bound to Captain James Connaway master of the "Goulden Sheate Sheaf" until he had paid for his passage. As a part of his passage pay he relinguished his right to fifty acres of land that Lord Baltimore gave to all settlers who settled within his domains. Captain Connaway's land was located on the north side of the Severn River just north of the present City of Annapolis. Here Thomas Hooke lived and labored until he had discharged his passage obligation. About 1676 or 1677 he married Annaple --------. The next year he was listed as a taxable freeman and was assessed 30 pounds of tobacco to help pay the expenses of the colonies' expedition against the Nanticote Indians. He was the only person in the colony by the name of Hooke who was assessed. In 1681 he was again assessed by the General Assembly of Maryland for 30 pounds of tobacco to help pay expenses incurred for the "publik good." At this time there was another Hooke in the colony who had become affluent enough to get on the tax lists. This was Jeremiah Hooke who came of his own accord to Maryland as an immigrant in June 1670. Somewhere about 1680 Thomas Hooke moved to what is now Prince George County, Maryland, and lived on land not far from the present site of Laurel. Here he made his Will on September 23, 1697 and left his small personal property to sons James and Thomas with the provision that both sons remain with their mother until "they be on and at twenty years of age". His wife Annaple Hooke filed letters of administration May 26, 1698 (See Will Book Liber I page 4 and record of Administration Bonds filed in Upper Marlboro, Prince George County, Maryland.) Thomas signed his Will with a mark and the person who wrote his name left off the final "e". His wife signed in her own hand and used the final "e". All earlier records used the final "e" and some were signed by Thomas himself which leads one to suspect that he was very feeble when his Will was written. Succeeding generations almost

James Hook son of Thomas and Annapla Hook married Margaret Thrasher about ~~the~~ 1706-7 He was one of the organizers of the Rock Creek Parish of the Church of England in Maryland, which has since become famous. He subscribed 200 lbs of Tobacco "Toward erecting a chappel to serve the inhabitants of the eastern branch of Rock Creek. Sept 18-1719. He was the seventh largest contributor, John Bradford being the largest with his subscription of 1000 lbs of Tobacco. James Hook was elected a warden by the parish April 10-1732 and served for one year. George Murdock was the pastor.

universally omitted the final letter. The son Thomas seems to have dropped out of sight entirely. The son James enters the records of Prince George County in 1708. On November 17th of that year according to the Queen Anne and Rock Creek Parish Records, Mary Hook, daugater of James and Margaret Hook, was born. Evidently, James and Margaret Hook were married about 1706 or 1707 as subsequent records indicate that Mary Hook was the first child.

James Hook, son of Thomas and Annaple Hooke, was born about 1680 to 1685 in Prince George County, Maryland., d. 1738 in same county. He lived in the vicinity of his parental home until 1714 when, calling himself a planter, he leased 150 acres of land of John Bradford on Hogoe Branch (probably Sligo Branch just north of the present site of Washington, D. C.) He was to have and hold this land "for and during the natural life of him the said James Hook, Margaret his wife and his daughter Mary, and the longest liver of them" paying therefor the yearly rental "of 500 pounds of tobacco in casque, clear of all manner of trash and ground leaves." The lease was dated August 9, 1714 (Deed Book Liber E page 393 Prince Geo. Co.) The fact that Mary Hook was designated along with her parents in the lease indicates that she was the oldest child. James and his family were still living upon this lease in 1736 as indicated in the Will of John Bradford. In 1737 Benjamin Thrasher recorded the gift to James, son of James, Sr., of a dark bay mare (Deed Book Liber M p. 174 Prince George Co.) On July 3, 1738 Margaret Hook, widow of James Hook late of Prince George Co., and James Lee filed letters of Administration of the estate of James Hook. The inventory account was filed March 27, 1739 and was signed by sons James and John, also by John Magruder (Liber PD - No.1, page 475 Prince George Co.) The children of James and Margaret Hook were as follows:-

(1) Mary Hook b. Nov. 17, 1708, m. Thomas Fee.
(2) Rachel Hook m. Robert Owen.
(3) James Hook (For descendents see below.)
(4) John Hook (See page for descendents.)
(5) Samuel Hook.

James Hook, son of James and Margaret Hook, was born in Prince George County, Maryland, about 1716; died in Lower Frederick County, Maryland, in 1802. He was a very energetic son and amassed a comfortable fortune. His large holdings in Lower Frederick County were christened Potomac Hills upon which in 1773 he and his son James Samuel Hook built the historic mansion house that still stands. The house, of charming proportions, was built of stone from the quarries of the Catoctin Mountains nearby, brick transported by boat from Virginia and England, and southern pine and cypress hauled by team from the forests of Georgia. The spacious rooms with high ceilings and large windows containing eighteen small panes, the spiral stairways leading into wide airy halls, the wide fireplaces with beautiful mantles curiously carved, all reflect the true southern atmosphere of a very early day. Not far from the mansion house still stands a remnant of the old slave quarters "built of logs once chinked and daubed", with its old stone chimney still standing. On a knoll adjacent to one of the barns is the family burying ground, terribly desecrated by the plow and planter of later generations. James Hook owned many slaves who referred to him

as "General." He settled in Lower Frederick County in 1740 when John Magruder on August 26th of that year executed a deed of gift to his "good friend James Hook" of"150 acres of land on the mouth of Ketauken Creek" (now called Catoctin Creek) "which falls into the Potomock River about ten miles north of Monocaccy." (Deed Book Liber Y p. 195 Prince George County.) At that time Prince George County embraced all that territory which in 1748 became Frederick County. On Nov. 27, 1740 James conveyed to his "loving Brother John Hook" by deed of gift 50 acres of the land given him by John Magruder. These two deeds of gift signalized the advent of the Hook family in Lower Frederick County, Maryland, where it was prominent for almost a hundred years. In 1780 and again in 1788 two parcels of land, the first called "Daniel's Diligence" containing 393 acres and the second called "Hook's Conclusion" containing 1002 acres, were surveyed for James Hook. The latter parcel and twenty-five negroes, were willed to his son James Samuel Hook. Other property and the residue of the estate was willed to his three sons - James Samuel Hook, Stephen, and Daniel Hook. The will was dated June 10, 1798 and probated October 12, 1802. (See Will Book Liber GM #3, page 537, Frederick County.) The first wife of James Hook is not known, but on February 15, 1768 he married Elizabeth Northcraft by whom it is thought he had one son Isaac Hook. The marriage article recorded in Deed Book Liber K, p. 1225 Frederick County, reads as follows:-

> "Whereas the said James Hook and Elizabeth Northcraft have each of them several children by their former marriages, it is hereby bargained and agreed by and between the aforesaid parties that in case the aforesaid marriage shall take effect, that their several and respective estates of which they are at present possessed shall be in no wise affected by said inter-marriage."

James Hook figured in many court affairs in Lower Frederick County, was several times a grand juryman, and frequently a defendant or complainant in some minor action. In 1775 he was appointed a Captain in the Revolutionary forces and contributed his bit by recruiting soldiers for service "against the common enemy." His children were as follows, the first four, at least by his first wife:-

(1) James Samuel Hook died 1820 unmarried. He was the natural legatee to his father's position in Potomac Hills and was called Colonel by his slaves and servants. Upon his death Potomac Hills which he had enlarged and repaired in 1812, was purchased by Patrick McGill, Jr., who had married his niece Mary Davis Hook.

(2) Purnell Hook m. Feb. 4, 1782 Benjamin Rice.

(3) Stephen Hook married November 14, 1784 Sarah Thrasher. He moved with his family to Bath County, Virginia, after 1820 and had issue - Eli Hook and Stephen Hook.

(4) Daniel Hook married first Feb. 19, 1787 Sarah Burgess whose mother was Mary Davis, a close relative of Governor Robert Bowie of Maryland. After death of his wife about 1800, he moved to Kentucky and married second Miss Crowe and had issue by this marriage - two daughters - (1) America who married R.S.Thompson and (2) Emily who married J. H. Stockton. Issue by first marriage -

(1) John Burgess Hook. m. 1st Dec. 10, 1813 Ruth Weakly; no issue. Married

2nd May 1816 Jane Clapham; issue one daughter, Mary Hook, who married James Muse and had issue.-

(2) Captain James Hook b. 1790, d. Feb. 16, 1837, buried Hancock, Md., m. 1st Apr. 13, 1819 Elizabeth McGill dau. of Patrick McGill, Sr. M. 2nd July 29, 1826 Catherine Jamison. The family moved in 1835 to Hancock, Maryland. Of issue by first marriage - James Daniel Hook who married Miss Davis and had issue two sons and two daughters as follows - (1) James Patrick McGill Hook who now resides in Hancock, Md. (2) Harrison Hook who died by accident, unmarried. (3) Mary Hook who m. Mr. English and lived in Hancock, Md. (4) a daughter who died unmarried.

(3) Mary Davis Hook (For descendents see p.22) b. 1793; d. before 1836; m. 1816, confirmed Apr. 13, 1819, Patrick McGill, Jr., b. Oct. 18, 1790. Marriage was confirmed because it was thought that the pastor of St. Marks Episcopal Church who married them in 1816 was an impostor. Patrick McGill was the grandson of John McGill, the son of the Rev. James McGill who came to Maryland in an early day and was Rector of Christ Church in what is now Howard County, Md., for many years.

(4) Dr. Daniel Hook (For descendents see p.22) b. Apr. 6, 1795 at Point of Rocks, Maryland; d. July 27, 1870 in Atlanta, Ga. He was educated at Carlisle College, Pa., by his Uncle James Samuel Hook who adopted him and his sister Mary Davis Hook after the death of their mother in 1800. He moved to Louisville, Georgia, in 1817 and in 1832 to Augusta, Georgia, where he became a prominent physician and churchman. He was mayor of Augusta for two terms. He was also a Mason of high standing. He married 1818 Catherine, sister of William Schley formerly of Maryland, later Governor of Georgia. She was born 1795 and died 1877. Dr. Hook was a man of high character and education as perserved letters and church and medical records prove.

(5) Samuel Hook killed by accident in a saw-mill. Unmarried.

(5) Isaac Hook m. Dec. 11, 1794 Martha White. Moved to Ohio. This son is thought to have been by the second marriage of James Hook.

John Hook (son of James and Margaret Hook, see page 16) was born about 1718 in Prince George County, Maryland; died 1762 in Frederick County, Maryland. He moved to Lower Frederick County, Maryland, with his brother James in 1740. In 1742 he and his brother James signed the petition for dividing the Prince George Parish of the Church of England and erecting a new Parish to be known by the name All Saints Parish. Evidence is strong to support the tradition that the Hook family in Maryland was an adherent of the Church of England since the arrival of Thomas, the immigrant ancestor, in 1668. John Hook married 1748 Sarah Simpson of English ancestry whose mother was a direct descendent of Thomas Greene, the second proprietary governor of Maryland under Lord Baltimore. On February 20, 1749 a tract of land was laid out for 100 acres in Lower Frederick County to be known as "The John and Sarah." This land was re-surveyed for John Hook

on a warrant issued July 27, 1750 and found to contain 114 acres to which was added 274 acres. This parcel of 388 acres was thereafter described as "The John and Sarah" and upon it John Hook and his family lived until his death. On Jan. 18, 1752 John and his wife Sarah sold 133 acres of this property to Richard Ankrum, and on April 4, 1754 they deeded back to James Hook the land given to John by his brother November 27, 1740. Old records disclose a number of references to John Hook as a court witness and juror. He died in his forties and willed his property to his sons James Hook and John Snowden Hook to be theirs after the death of his wife Sarah. His will was witnessed by his brother-in-law John Simpson, Abraham Sohn and Thomas Eldridge. (See Will Book Liber A, No. 1, p. 170, Frederick County, Md.) Children of John and Sarah Hook, two sons as follows:-

(1) James Hook b. 1749 in Frederick County, Md., d. Jan. 23, 1824 in Greene County, Pa. He married 1769 Mary ----- b. Sept. 1, 1743, d. in Greene Co., Pa. Jan. 20, 1815. Both were buried in old Hook Cemetery located about four miles east of Waynesburg, Pa. On August 20, 1771 he and his wife Mary deeded to Abraham Leakin 100 acres of the land willed to him by his father. He moved after that date to Washington County, Pa., and shortly after joined the Virginia Militia as a Captain, which commission he held until 1776 when he recruited a company for service in the 13th Va. Infantry on the Continental Line and was commissioned a Captain. At that time Southwestern Pennsylvania was claimed by both Pennsylvania and Virginia, the dispute being settled in 1779 in favor of the former. He returned to Frederick County, Md., in 1775 and on June 17th of that year disposed of the remainder of his property there to his cousin James Samuel Hook and his brother John Snowden Hook. At the same time he filed a deed of confirmation of the sale of a portion of his property to Abraham Leakin on August 20, 1771. In the fall of 1776 he marched with his company to Jackson Fort on Ten Mile Creek, thence to Wheeling, West Virginia, and in the spring of 1777 to the State of New Jersey where he joined the Army of General Washington. He was at the battles of Brandywine and Germantown, and tradition says that he spent the winter of 1777 and 1778 at Valley Forge, which is very probable since the Army of Washington went into winter quarters there after the battle of Germantown. In the fall of 1778 he was ordered to the western frontier under Colonel Brodhead, after which he saw but little actual service. (See Pension Application, also Application for bounty land; the former on file at Washington, D. C. Latter in State Library Richmond, Va.) During his absence his wife with four small children remained at home in the frontier country of southwestern Pennsylvania and endured privation and hardships that would try the stoutist heart. Bounty land in amount of 4000 acres was granted Capt. James Hook in 1834 by State of Virginia for his services in the Revolutionary War. The moiety in said land was deeded by him shortly before his death to his sons James, Stephen and Israel Hook. (See Deed Book S, p. 441, Green Co., Pa.) On March 1, 1780 James Hook purchased from David Owens

400 acres of land located on Lower Ten Mile Creek, Washington County (now Greene County) Pa. On May 20th and 26th, 1785 he deeded land on Lower Ten Mile Creek to his cousin "James Samuel Hook of Frederick County, Maryland." Other grantor and grantee records indicate that he owned other parcels of land on Ten Mile Creek as well as on Whitley Creek farther south. When Greene County was organized in 1796 Capt. Hook was appointed its first sheriff. On May 30, 1797 he deeded to his brother "John Snowden Hook of Allegheny County, Maryland," a parcel of land on Ten Mile Creek. Capt. Hook and his wife drew away from the English Church after moving to Pennsylvania and became staunch Methodists. They donated the land in East Waynesburg called Hookstown for the old Methodist Church, parsonage and cemetery. In about 1817 Capt. Hook married his second wife who is mentioned in his application for pension filed in 1831. Her name is unknown. Issue by first marriage, nine children as follows:-

(1) Sarah Hook b. (probably 1770 d. (probably 1797.)
(2) John Hook who moved to Kentucky and married Dec. 14, 1801 Esbell McClimans. A daughter of this union was Polly Hook who married Apr. 11, 1820 Notley Drown.
(3) Samuel Hook moved to Missouri at very early date. Descendents unknown.
(4) James Hook (See page 27 for descendents).
(5) Stephen Hook (See page 27 for descendents.)
(6) Israel Hook m. Mary. Moved to Ohio about 1830. He was Orderly Sergeant of Franklin Rangers. Descendents unknown.
(7) Daniel Hook (See page 28 for descendents.)
(8) Arthur Hook (See page 29 for descendents.)
(9) Thomas Hook died 1837, m. Mary Ann (probably Adams.)

(2) John Snowden Hook, son of John and Sarah Simpson Hook, b. in Frederick County, Maryland, died 1826 in Cumberland, Maryland. He married Elizabeth Ward Aug. 12th, 1778 in Frederick County, Maryland. He was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, enlisting Aug. 8, 1776 under 1st Lieut. Clement Holliday. He and family moved to Allegheny County, Maryland, in 1786 and settled near Cumberland where he acquired much land and became a prominent and highly respected citizen. His will, written Sept. 6, 1825, was probated November 14, 1826. Issue as follows, 1, 2 and 4, also the first three children of his son Rezin, and the one child of his son Elias, mentioned in his will.

(1) James Hook b. in Frederick Co., Md. Nov. 26th, 1782; d. near Cumberland, Md. May 17, 1845; m. Oct. 1, 1803 Rezin Lynch in Frederick Co, Md. b. Dec. 4, 1779, d. May 8, 1858. He was 1st Lieutenant in Captain William McLaughlin's Company in War of 1812. Family lived near Cumberland, Maryland. (See page 21 for descendents.)
(2) Rezin V. Hook m. Mary. He was a Corporal in William McLaughlin's Company in War of 1812. Of issue as follows, 1, 2 and 3 mentioned in

father's will.
(1) Samuel Lyeth Hook m. Sept. 17, 1839 Mary Strong.
(2) Elizabeth Rachel Hook.
(3) John Snowden Hook settled in Indiana.
(4) Carolina Hook m. Sept. 3, 1855 John Wilt. Of issue - John Wilt and Mary L. Wilt, the latter of whom married George Michael.

(3) Isaac S. Hook died 1805, m. Mch. 14, 1803 Rebecca Tomlinson.

(4) Elias Hook b. 1785, d. 1812, m. Aug. 23, 1811 Margaret Crabtree. Issue, James Hook mentioned in his grandfather's will.

(5) John L. Hook. He was a private in William McLaughlin's Company, War of 1812.

(6) Greenberry Simpson Hook. Moved to Arkansas. Issue - Greenberry Hook who married Oct. 5, 1852 Nancy Burton. Mentioned in will of his Uncle James Hook.

Children of James Hook and Kezia (Lynch) Hook (See page 20). Information obtained from old family bible of James & Kezia Hook.

(1) John L. Hook b. July 28, 1804 near Cumberland, Md.

(2) Isaac S. Hook b. Dec. 17, 1806.

(3) Kezia K. Hook b. June 29, 1809.

(4) James Samuel Hook b. Oct. 26, 1811; d. Mch. 6, 1886; m. Ellen Black b. Nov. 7, 1809, d. Aug. 29, 1884. Family lived near Cumberland, Md., until about 1840 when it moved to Somerfield, Penna. Issue ten as follows:-

(1) James A. Hook b. Sept. 21, 1840, d. Feb. 21, 1847.
(2) Ellen J. Hook b. Mch. 15, 1843, d. Feb. 19. 1847.
(3) Catherine K. Hook b. July 23, 1845, d. Feb. 25, 1847.
(4) Virginia S. Hook b. Mch. 4, 1848, d. Aug. 9, 1862.
(5) Emma M. Hook b. May 30, 1849, d. Nov. 1866.
(6) John Charles Hook b. Aug. 9, 1851, d. July 26, 1890, m. Nancy J. Attleberger and had issue - Ray, Walter and Sarah, all of whom living in Jefferson Co., Pa., near Brookville.
(7) Fidelia C. Hook b. Nov. 26, 1853, m. Elisha S. Bowlin.
(8) George B. Hook b. Mch. 16, 1856, d. Nov. 16, 1859.
(9) Theodore Melville Hook b. June 3, 1859, m. Carrie Belle Easter b. Feb. 7, 1867. Family now living in Somerfield, Pa. Occupation, merchant. Issue five as follows:- (1) Ethel Blanch Hook b. Sept. 19, 1884, (2) Lena Virginia Hook b. Sept. 18, 1886, (3) James Samuel Hook b. June 24, 1888, (4) Carrie Mildred Hook b. Mch. 30, 1897, (5) Helen Roberta Hook b. Aug. 24, 1909.
(10) Helen Hook b. Dec. 26, 1861, m. John D. Meyers.

(5) Julia Ann Hook b. Feb. 19, 1814.

(6) Ezra M. Hook b. Dec. 5, 1817.

(7) Matilda Jane Hook b. June 14, 1822, m. Sept. 14, 1841 Thomas D. Davis.

Children of Mary Davis Hook (daughter of Daniel and Sarah Burgess Hook. See page 18) and her husband Patrick McGill the second. Two sons and five daughters.

(1) Edward West McGill m. Mary White.

(2) Sarah Eleanor McGill b. Apr. 23, 1818; d. July 1, 1903; m. John Lloyd Belt b. Feb. 20, 1819; d. Jan. 25, 1889. They owned Potomac Hills until about 1904 when they sold it to a Mr. Hine. Mr. Belt's grandmother was Anna Campbell, a direct descendent of one of the Dukes of Argyle. Issue nine as follows:-

(1) Mary Charlotte Belt m. Rev. B. D. Chambers, rector at Millwood and Boyce, Va.

(2) Alfred McGill Belt m. Ariana T. Trail. Both deceased. Was a physician in Baltimore, Md.

(3) John Lloyd Belt died when 23, unmarried.

(4) Ellen Campbell Belt m. John H. Reich. Both deceased.

(5) America McGill Belt m. Thomas A. McIlvaine of Delaware.

(6) Annie Oliver Belt m. L. A. White.

(7) Sarah Virginia Belt, bachelor maid, She is a member of D. A. R.

(8) McGill Belt m. Anne R. Barnard. He was a member of Maryland House of Delegates.

(9) Julia Belt, bachelor maid. She is a member and historian D.A.R., President of Dickerson Round Table, President Woman's Auxilliary and President Christs Church Guild and organist of same church. She is also a member of the United Daughters of the Confederary and Past Secretary & Treasurer. Living Rock Hall, Dickerson, Md.

(3) America Hook McGill m. T. Johnson. No issue.

(4) Eleanora Arabella McGill m. P. M. West. Issue - Mary Hook West m. Wm. Schnauffer and Dr. Levin West who married Elizabeth Hedges; no issue. Both children living at Brunswick, Md.

(5) Oliver McGill - never married.

(6) Anne Matilda McGill - never married.

(7) Mary Davis Hook McGill - never married.

Children of Dr. Daniel Hook, son of Daniel and Sarah Burgess Hook (see page 18) and his wife Catherine Schley. Two sons and four daughters.

(1) Edward Burgess Hook b. 1822; died at Richmond during Civil War. He was a Captain of the Sandersville Volunteers. He had been a physician with his father in Augusta. Never married.

(2) James Schley Hook b. Mch. 25, 1824 at Louisville, Ga., died in Augusta, Georgia, 1907. In 1850 he married 1st Emily Jane Harris b. 1831, d. 1880. M. 2nd 1885 Lulie C. Mays. He obtained his early education in Richmond Academy and later graduated from the law school of William Tracy Gould. He was a very precocious youngster and passed his bar examination before he had reached the age of eighteen. By special act of the legislature he was admitted to the bar and began the practice of law immediately at Sandersville, Georgia. He quickly distinguished himself as a powerful pleader and student of the law. In 1860 he was one of the electors on the Douglas Ticket and in 1861 was elected

to the First Confederate State Legislature. He volunteered for service in the Confederate Army, but was rejected on account of physical disability. In 1862 he was nominated by Governor Brown to the Judgeship of the Middle Georgia Circuit. The nomination was confirmed by the State Senate. He remained on the bench until 1867 when he returned to the bar and resumed his practice of the profession. Colonel Richard M. Johnston in a speech said of him "As a lawyer he early exhibited the genius he inherited from a distinguished family. A laborious student and practitioner, a judicious counselor and an eloquent orator, the people elevated him to the bench when still in youth and the career he made while there may be compared with that of the best of this or any former period of the judiciary of his native state." He contributed much to the public press on current questions and his addresses and orations were eagerly copied. Two of his ovations deserve special attention, "Woman and Truth" delivered at the Wesleyan Female College where his wife had been an honor student, and "Bible and Republicanism" at Oglethorpe University. In 1887 he was appointed State School Commissioner and won the admiration of many educators, to the present time one of whom, thirty-five years later, said that "Judge Hook had done more for education in Georgia than any other man." During his long and active career his name was frequently suggested for the Governorship of the State and U. S. Senator, but he aspired to neither of these honors. President McKinley appointed him chairman of the Osage Indian Commission in Indian Territory, which position he held for two years. He was a man of fine literary tastes and his name is linked with the best men and best interests in the state. Issue by first marriage - three sons and five daughters as follows -

(1) Emily Martha Hook (For children see page 24) b. Sept. 10, 1854; M. Dec. 1870 Albert Howell b. Feb. 13, 1843 in Atlanta, Ga.

(2) Edward Burgess Hook (see page 25 for children) b. Apr. 16, 1858; m. Oct. 25, 1888 Annie Belle Maude b. Aug. 1, 1866.

(3) Anna Maria Hook (See p. 25 for children) b. Aug. 16, 1861; m. Oct. 2, 1879 Fletcher J. Spratling. Residence Atlanta, Ga., where Mr. Spratling has been prominent in politics and for eight years Clerk of Criminal Division of Superior Court.

(4) Alexander Stephens Hook (see p. 25 for children) b. Feb. 17, 1865; m. Feb. 17, 1890 Mary Beeks Johnson b. Sept. 3, 1869.

(5) Margaret Campfield Hook (see p. 26 for children) b. Feb. 4, 1868; m. Nov. 5, 1891 Tyre Lee Jennings.

(6) Louisa Tubman Hook b. Sept. 21, 1869; d. Sept. 15, 1913.

(7) John Schley Hook (see p. 26 for children) b. May 23, 1871; m. Oct. 1905 Caroline Clark b. 1876.

(8) Sue Steiner Hook b. Feb. 11, 1873, at present living in Atlanta, Georgia, where she is Supt. of the Southern Christian Home devoted to the care of homeless and friendless children.

(3) Anna Maria Hook b. 1826; d. 1885; m. 1842 H. G. Tate. Issue (1) James Hook Tate married, but had no issue.

He is now deceased. (2) Catherine Schley Tate m. Mr. Wagoner of New York and has issue Ephic who married Mr. Williams and lives in Atlanta and Kate who married Mr. Lyons and lives in West Point, Georgia.

(4) Mary Davis Hook b. Aug. 30, 1828; d. 1886; m. 1853 Judge Clarke Howell b. 1811 in North Carolina, d. 1882. She wrote a biography of her father which shows much literary talent. Family resided in Atlanta, Georgia. Issue -

(1) Daniel Hook Howell b. Sept. 28, 1856; d. Apr. 16, 1899; m. Ida Cocke of Tennessee. He graduated from the Atlanta Medical College in 1877 and became a prominent surgeon. Issue one daughter.

(2) Catherine Schley Howell b. Apr. 7, 1854; m. Alsop Park Woodward b. 1847 in Beauford District, S. C. Died Mar. 17, 1915. Issue seven children as follows:-

(1) Clarke Howell Woodward b. Mar. 4, 1877. Graduated from Naval Academy at Annapolis 1899. Was with Grand Fleet during World War and received D.S.C. for valiant service and bravery. Was commissioned Captain. Now stationed in Peru. Married 1921 Charlotte, dau. of John Conrad Linne' of California.

(2) Mary Davis Woodward b. Apr. 25, 1879; m. Sept. 28, 1904 Lt. Roscoe Hugh Hearn.

(3) Alsop Park Woodward, Jr. b. Oct. 1, 1881; d. May 27, 1882.

(4) Elizabeth Pope Woodward b. Dec. 14, 1883; m. 1914 Julian Sidney Chambers.

(5) Martha Catherine Woodward b. July 2, 1885; m. Jan. 5, 1910 Thomas Thorne Flagler of Lockport, N. Y. Now residing Atlanta, Ga. where he is engineer and builder.

(6) Daniel Hook Woodward b. Mar. 9, 1890. Graduate 1911 from Georgia School of Technology. Married July 17, 1915 Lucy, dau. of E. Pettis Roberts of Atlanta. Enlisted World War in Signal Corps and saw service in France as Second Lieutenant and later as Captain. Was honored by citation from General Pershing for meritorious and conspicuous service.

(7) Harry Park Woodward b. Dec. 2, 1893; m. Nov. 29, 1915 Louise, dau. Virgil Jones of Atlanta, Ga.

(5) Emily died young.

(6) America died young.

Children of Emily Martha Hook (dau. of James Schley Hook. See p. 23) and her husband Albert Howell.

(1) James Hook Howell b. Oct. 21, 1871; d. June 6, 1872.

(2) Evan Park Howell b. Apr. 9, 1873.

(3) Edward Burgess Howell b. Mch. 4, 1875.

(4) Emily Martha Howell b. Nov. 13, 1877; d. Oct. 27, 1881.

(5) Albert Raymond Howell b. Nov. 27, 1878; d. July 15, 1883.

(6) Annie Darling Howell b. Oct. 26, 1883.

(7) Daniel Hook Howell b. May 31, 1885.

(8) Catherine Schley Howell b. Sept. 17, 1892; m. Jan. 1, 1914 Julian Mason.

Children of Edward Burgess Hook (son of James Schley Hook. See p. 23) and his wife Anne Belle Maude.

(1) Edward Burgess Hook, Jr., b. Sept. 2, 1889; m. Mona Price. He volunteered for service in World War and being an electrical engineer, he was detailed with officer of U. S. Navy in charge of construction of hydroplane station at Galveston, Texas, to superintend electrical work in connection withthe station. At present Manager Atlanta office of Lockwood, Greene and Co. Engineers.

(2) James Preston Hook b. Jan. 21, 1892. He volunteered at beginning of World War and was sent to first officers' training camp at Fort McPherson, Georgia. Commissioned 2nd Lieutenant, Co. H, 327 Reg. 82 Div. and advanced to 1st Lieut. Wounded in action in the Argonne and was in French and American Hospitals two years. Now engaged in commercial life in Atlanta, Georgia.

(3) Huntington Lamar Hook b. Nov. 22, 1894; m. Caroline Williams. Volunteered at Norfolk for service in U.S. Navy during World War, but was rejected because of height. Worked in munitions factory in Virginia during remainder of War. Now residing Uniontown, Pa.

(4) Eleanor Clark Hook b. Jan. 22, 1900; m. Oct. 25, 1923 Rivers Lawton Varn of Beaufort, South Carolina.

(5) Francis Moore Hook b. May 2, 1902. Graduate U.S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Class 1924. Commissioned an Ensign U.S.N.

Children of Anna Maria Hook (dau. of James Schley Hook. See page 23) and her husband Fletcher J. Spratling.

(1) James Hook Spratling b. in Augusta Dec, 3, 1880. At present, prominent optician of Macon, Ga.

(2) Fletcher Guy Spratling b. in Augusta, Ga. Mch. 3, 1882. Now residing Chicago, Ill., where he is District Manager for the Coca Cola Company.

(3) Mildred Spratling b. in Augusta, Ga. Aug. 14, 1888; m. Roy Collier of Atlanta. Of issue - two sons - Roy Collier, Jr. and John Spratling Collier. Residence Atlanta, Ga.

Children of Alexander Stephens Hook (son of James Schley Hook see page 23) and his wife Mary Beeks Johnson.

(1) Joseph Johnson Hook b. Dec. 3, 1890; d. June 27, 1920. He enlisted as a private at the time of the Mexican-U. S. trouble in 1914 and did service on the border. When the World War came he enlisted in the 356th Infantry, 89th Division, and saw some of the hardest service in France. He was cited for bravery by General Pershing and after his untimely death in Vancouver, B.C. while en route to Alaska as a result of a gas attack in France, word came of the award to him of the distinguished service medal with the following citation "For extraordinary heroism at Pouilly, France, Nov. 5-6, 1918, participating in the first reconnaissance of the damaged bridges at Pouilly with two others, he advanced more than 500 meters beyond the American outposts, crossing three branches of the Meuse River and successfully encountering the enemy."

(2) Catherine Schley Hook b. Dec. 25, 1900; m. Aug. 7, 1923 Wesley Espey.

Children of Margaret Campfield Hook (dau. of James Schley Hook see p.23) and her husband Tyre Lee Jennings.

(1) Tyre Lee Jennings, Jr. b. Aug. 21, 1894; m. Louise Martin. Enlisted as private in World War and was honorably discharged at end of War as a Sergeant Major. Served in France. Of issue one son - Tyre Lee Jennings.

(2) Emily Hook Jennings b. May 14, 1893; m. Robt. W. Crenshaw, Jr. an attorney. Of issue - Jane, Betty, Robert W. and Margaret Hook Crenshaw.

Children of John Schley Hook (son of James Schley Hook see page 23) and his wife Caroline Clark -

(1) John Schley Hook, Jr. b. 1907.

(2) Lillian Clark Hook b. 1910.

(3) Beverly Wray Hook b. 1916.

Children of James Hook (son of Capt. James and Mary Hook - (see page 19-20) and his wife Charlotte Hook, the latter of whom died May 13, 1827 aged 52 years, 1 month and 19 days. She is buried in the cemetery in East Waynesburg in a stone vault which is still there. Old residenters say her husband is buried beside her, but there is no marker. Issue thirteen as follows:-

(1) Jesse Hook (See page 30 for descendents) died 1878. He married Lucy Burbridge b. 1804, d. 1860. The family acquired much land near Waynesburg upon which the parents built several fine brick residences for their children. He was pres. of the Farmers and Drovers Natl. Bank of Waynesburg. Also one of the founders of Waynesburg College in 1848

(2) Enos Hook b. Dec. 3, 1804, d. July 16, 1841, m. Mary Dill b. Mch. 1st, 1808, d. Nov. 25, 1880. He was elected a member of Congress from Greene and Fayette Counties in 1838. Was re-elected 1840 and resigned just before his death in 1841. Both husband and wife buried in Green Mount Cemetery, Waynesburg, Pa. No issue.

(3) Benedict Hook m. Apr. 29, 1824 Eliza Adams b. Jan. 25, 1801. He died before 1846. Issue four:-
   (1) Robert James Hook moved to Iowa and had issue- William, Austin and Eliza.
   (2) Charlotte Hook.
   (3) Hiram M. Hook moved to Iowa and had issue - Harry and Charlotte.
   (4) Benedict Hook.

(4) John Hook (See page 30 for descendents) b. 1806, d. June 26, 1838, m. Jan. 9, 1828 Nancy Adams b. Mch. 4, 1809, d. Sept. 5, 1885. Family lived in and near Waynesburg, Pa.

(5) Charlotte Hook m. Charles Bower and had issue - two sons and two daughters.

(6) Thomas Hook.

(7) Hiram Hook m. Sarah Compson. Of issue - Charlotte Hook.

(8) Shadrock (or Sherrick) Hook m. Miss Adamson. Of issue - Charlotte Hook.

(9) Thomas Hook married and had issue - Ignatious and Charlotte.

(10) Arthur Hook lived in Cincinnati, Ohio.

(11) Ignatious Hook died Sept. 10, 1826 aged 12 yrs. 11 mo. and 15 days.

(12) Israel Hook died 1836.

(13) Sarah Hook m. John Ganier.

Children of Stephen Hook b. Aug. 15, 1780, d. in Perry County, Ohio, March 3, 1856 (son of Captain James and Mary Hook, see page 19-20 .) He married 1st Aug. 10, 1803 Anna Subah Grant b. Jan. 31, 1780, died Oct. 8, 1816. She was a descendent of Matthew Grant who came to America in 1630 and settled at Windsor, Connecticut. (For Grant genealogy see Appendix). He married 2nd Feb. 5, 1818 Marguerite (Peggy) Bodkin b. July 15, 1791, d. 1842. He married 3rd Nov. 17, 1846 Rebecca Glum, but had no issue by the third marriage. In 1817 after the death of his first wife he moved his family of five young sons to what later became Carrol County, Ohio, where he patented land in 1824. In 1840 he moved to Perry County, Ohio, where he died at the home of his son Samuel. He figured in several land transfers in Greene Co., Pa., as well as

in Carrol and Perry Counties in Ohio. Information pertaining to this family was largely taken from the family bible of Stephen and Anna and Marguerite Hook, now possessed by a descendent of Samuel Hook in Perry County, Ohio. Issue by first marriage, six sons as follows:-

(1) Samuel Hook (For descendents see page 31) born May 5, 1804, d. July 27, 1873, m. Nov. 2, 1826 in Carrol County, Ohio, Rebecca Carlisle b. May 5, 1796, d. June 6, 1871. Both are buried in Hemlock, Perry County, Ohio. He was a cabinet and casket maker by trade and also a prominent farmer and land owner.

(2) James Grant Hook (For descendents see page 31) b. Sept. 8, 1805, d. Sept. 4, 1884 in Wapello Co., Iowa. He married April 1826 Sarah C. Lyle b. Oct. 3, 1807, d. Aug. 4, 1882 in Wapello Co., Iowa. (For Lyle Genealogy see page 50). Family lived in Carrol County, Ohio, until 1844 when it moved to what later became Vinton County, Ohio, and settled on land near Allenville. Family moved again in autumn of 1865 in a prairie schooner to Highland Township, Wapello County, Iowa, where they acquired a fine farm that was sold in 1875 to their son James. They were Methodists in religion and Democrats in politics. Both buried in family plot of their son James in the Martinsburg Cemetery one and one-half miles south of Martinsburg, Keokuk Co., Iowa.

(3) Daniel Hook b. 1807, d. July 17, 1880, m. 1836 Elizabeth Shuman b. June 4, 1811, d. Sept. 9, 1887. Both buried in old cemetery east of McArthur, Ohio. No issue.

(4) Sylvanus Hook b. July 27, 1809, d. May 14, 1862, m. 1836 Nancy Redmond. He is buried near Locust Grove, Vinton County, Ohio. No issue.

(5) John Hook (For descendents see page 33) b. Apr. 2, 1811, d. Jan. 24, 1887, m. Lydia Shuman b. Feb. 10, 1814, d. Oct. 31, 1906. A prominent farmer near McArthur, Ohio. He is buried in Breckenridge, Missouri, where he died while visiting his daughter Elizabeth Ann Arnold. His wife Lydia is buried in the new cemetery east of McArthur, Ohio. The old family bible of John and Lydia Hook, as well as that of Stephen Hook, was drawn upon for information about this family.

(6) Stephen Hook b. Feb. 2, 1813, d. Apr. 5, 1814.

Issue of Stephen Hook (son of Capt. James and Mary Hook, see page 19-20.) and his second wife Marguerite (Bodkin) Hook.

(1) Anna Subah Hook b. Apr. 8, 1819, married Aug. 6, 1840 in Perry County, Ohio, Hugh Lockhard. Issue several Children.

(2) Sarah Hook b. July 12, 1822, married May 3, 1841, in Perry County John S. Allwine.

(3) Arthur Hook b. Jan. 9, 1826, d. Sept. 18, 1827.

(4) Enos Hook b. Oct. 10, 1829, d. Apr. 6, 1842.

Children of Daniel Hook b. about 1785, d. about 1868 (son of Captain James and Mary Hook, see page 19-20 .) He married Nancy Kent b. Nov. 18, 1785, d. 1869. He was Justice of the Peace of Greene County, Pa., for thirty years and a pillar in the Methodist Church of Waynesburg. Issue two as follows:-

(1) Son, died in infancy.

(2) Mary Hook (called Aunt Polly) b. June 22, 1815, d. May 30, 1891. Married Peter Kent and had eight children as follows:-
  (1) Thomas J. Kent m. Mary Vickers. Issue - Mary Ada Kent and Albert Kent.
  (2) John Milton Kent m. Nannie Wallace and had two sons, James and William. He was a Captain and later a Colonel in the Union forces of the War of the Rebellion.
  (3) Eliza Kent.
  (4) Sarah Kent m. N. B. O'Neil and had issue - Mattie and Goldie.
  (5) William Kent.
  (6) Henry Kent.
  (7) George Kent.
  (8) Mary Kent. Never married. Living in Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Children of Arthur Hook born probably after 1790, d. Jan. 20, 1820 (son of Captain James and Mary Hook, see pages 19-20). He married Apr. 12, 1812 Catherine Kent b. Feb. 8, 1787, d. May 27, 1866. Family lived in Greene County near Waynesburg. She is buried in the old cemetery in eastern part of Waynesburg, where marker still stands. He was buried in the old Hook Burying Grounds on his father's homestead about four miles east of Waynesburg, later known as the old Pratt Farm. Issue five as follows:-

(1) Samuel Hook (see page 33 for descendents) b. Dec. 31,1812, d. Nov. 13, 1897, m. Apr. 18, 1839 Sarah Scott of Greene Co., Pa., b. Oct. 14, 1817, d. Oct. 18, 1903. Family located in Vigo County, Indiana, about 12 miles from Terre Haute. He was a millwright and farmer.

(2) John T. Hook (see page 34 for descendents) b. Jan. 20, 1814, d. Nov. 3, 1883, m. Jan. 14, 1836 Eliza Inghram b. July 13, 1817, d. May 4, 1901. Both buried in Green Mt. Cemetery, Waynesburg, Pa.

(3) James Hook (see page 35 for descendents) b. July 8, 1815, d. June 23, 1895, m. Vienna Herring b. May 24, 1821, d. Apr. 24, 1897. Family accompanied that of brother Samuel and located in Terre Haute, Indiana. Carpenter and contractor.

(4) Thomas Hook b. Nov. 20, 1816, d. Oct. 11, 1888. He married twice, the second wife being Anna Conklin Greenfield who died May 28, 1895. At the time of the gold boom in California in 1849-50 he started overland with a party who abandoned him in the desert when he became too ill to travel. Fortune smiled on him and brought a party of "Oddfellows" his way. Being a member of that order himself, he was taken up, nursed back to health, and taken on. He became wealthy near Stockton, California, and having no issue by either of his marriages, willed his large holdings to his nieces and nephews.

(5) Sarah Hook b. Feb. 13, 1818, d. at Jefferson, Pa., married Job Ridgeway b. Apr. 3, 1814 and had issue - Catherine, Samuel, Craven, Charles, John, Thomas, James, Lydia Ann, Lucy, Vienna who died 1923, and Eliza who married Solomon Horn. Family lived in Jefferson, Pennsylvania.

Children of Jesse Hook (son of James and Charlotte Hook see page 27) and Lucy (Burbridge) Hook.

(1) Catherine Hook b. 1825, d. 1825.
(2) James Burbridge Hook (see page 35 for descendents) b. 1830, d. 1884, m. Elizabeth Blaine b. 1835, d. 1914.
(3) Benjamin F. Hook lived in Baltimore where he was a stock broker. Never married.
(4) Fanny Hook m. Marshall Kingsland and had issue, four children.
(5) Charlotte Hook m. Dr. Dorsey. Issue four as follows:-
  (1) Jesse Dorsey b. 1849, d. 1914, m. Emma Chalfant.
  (2) Lucy Dorsey b. 1855, m. F. P. Iams b. 1852, d. 1917. Widow living in Pittsburgh where she is very prominent as a lecturer and public spirited citizen. Issue two - (1) Donald Iams b. 1878 m. Grace Donnan; four children; family lives in Pittsburgh. (2) Jesse Dorsey Iams b. 1884.
  (3) Larkin Edward Dorsey b. 1852, married and has four children.
  (4) Sarah Frances Dorsey b. 1855, d. 1891, m. Levi Atkins. Four children.
(6) Thomas J. Hook b. 1842, d. 1858.
(7) Enos Hook b. 1842, d. 1865.
(8) John Inghram Hook (see page 36 for descendents), b. 1834, d. 1896, m. Rebecca S. ~~Atkins~~ Aiken b. 1828, d. 1920. Family lived near Waynesburg, Pa.
(9) Catherine Hook m. Morgan R. Wise. Issue, three -
  (1) Joseph Wise b. 1870 lives with family in Tucson, Arizona.
  (2) Jesse Hook Wise died 1921, m. Margaret Wisecarrer who died in 1921. Issue - George b. 1889 and Robert b. 1894, both of whom live in Waynesburg, Pa.
  (3) Lucy Wise m. James Hill. Issue - four children.

Children of John Hook (son of James and Charlotte Hook, see page 27) and Nancy (Adams) Hook.

(1) Enos Hook (for descendents see page 36) b. Feb. 4, 1832, d. Oct. 21, 1910, m. Elizabeth Inghram. Family moved to Leavenworth, Kansas, ~~about 1875~~ Nebraska 1863. In 1866 it moved by Ox and Mule team to Colorado. In 1870 it moved to where it settled permanently.

(2) Dawson Hook m. Eliza Minor. Family lived in Leavenworth, Kansas. Issue three as follows:- (1) Margaret Hook m. Capt. Fortescue. (2) Harry Hook. (3) Laura Hook who did not marry.
(3) Caroline Hook m. Rev. Edmundson. Family resided in different places and at one time in Fayette, Arkansas. Issue - Anne and William, neither of whom married.

(4) William Hook m. Minnie Euper. Family lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas. Issue - Guido Hook who died unmarried and Raphael Hook who died in 1923 leaving five children.
(5) Jane M. Hook b. Mch. 10, 1836, d. Mch. 26, 1838.

Children of Samuel Hook (son of Stephen Hook and Anna (Grant) Hook. See pages 27-28.) and Rebecca (Carlyle) Hook.

(1) Israel Hook (see page 37 for descendents) b. Sept. 10, 1828, d. Mch. 27, 1895, m. Sept. 13, 1849 Charlotte Tharp of Perry Co., Ohio, b. May 8, 1833, d. Apr. 12, 1903. Occupation, farmer.

(2) Sarah Hook (see page 38 for descendents) b. June 11, 1827, d. May 14, 1887, m. Nov. 21, 1844 George Gaver b. May 10, 1820, d. Sept. 10, 1870.

(3) Isabella Hook m. Nov. 27, 1848 George Welch.

(4) Anna Subah Hook b. Apr. 11, 1833, d. June 17, 1845.

(5) Margaret Hook m. Nov. 23, 1854 Samuel Lyons.

(6) Mary Hook m. March 6, 1858 Daniel Henderson.

(7) Samuel Hook b. Oct. 21, 1840, d. Apr. 18, 1901, m. Mch. 18, 1862 Lavina Hazleton b. Jan. 27, 1842. No issue. Widow living at Sunnyvale, California.

Children of James Grant Hook (son of Stephen and Anna Grant Hook (see page 27-28) and Sarah (Lyle) Hook.

(1) Mary Ann Hook b. Aug. 4, 1827, d. Apr. 4, 1857, m. James Clark b. 1829. He was a brother of the wives of Stephen and William Hook next below. Issue four as follows:- (1) William b. 1852. (2) Henry b. 1854. (3) Clinton 1856. (4) Sarah Jane b. 1858, m. Mr. Harter and lived for a time in Taylor County, Iowa.

(2) Stephen Hook (see page 39 for descendents) b. Dec. 29, 1830, disappeared in 1867 and was never heard from. Married Jan. 3, 1855 Sarah Clark, twin-sister of Amy Clark wife of William Hook next below. She was born Feb. 28, 1833, died Dec. 20, 1895. Family moved by wagon from Vinton County, Ohio, to Wapello County, Iowa, in 1855. He served in the War of the Rebellion in the 1st Iowa Cavalry.

(3) William Hook (see page 40 for descendents) b. Aug. 24, 1832, d. Dec. 23, 1905, m. 1st May 8, 1853 Amy Clark in Vinton Co., Ohio. She was born Feb. 28, 1833, d. June 1870. Married 2nd Saphrome Barnett who was born in Kentucky in 1837 and died in Taylor County, Iowa, in 1912. Family moved in covered wagon from Vinton County, Ohio, to Wapello County, Iowa, in 1855 where they lived for fourteen years. In 1869 they moved to St. Clair Co., Mo., where they lived until 1884 when they moved to Nodaway County, Mo. They lived here until 1892 when they moved to Taylor County, Iowa. The family were staunch Methodists and did much for that church in the different vicinities where they lived.

(4-5) Twin sons b. May 19, 1833, died immediately.

(6) Walter Hook b. Apr. 23, 1835, d. Mch. 2, 1863. He died of smallpox while at home on furlough in Civil War. Buried one and one-half miles N. of Allenville.

(7) Sarah Jane Hook (see page 41 for descendents) b. September 6, 1837, d. M. Jan. 31, 1865 in Vinton Co., Ohio, Jesse Ankrom b. 1839 in Noble Co., Ohio. The old couple are still living (1924) in Agency City, Iowa, where they have lived for over fifty years. He has been a successful contractor and builder and a man of prominence in the county.

(8) James Hook (see page 41 for descendents) b. in Carrol County, Ohio, Sept. 30, 1839, died in Wapello Co., Iowa

June 30, 1905. Married Nov. 21, 1867 in Wapello Co., Iowa, Virginia, daughter of Harvey and Mary Caroline (Vannoy) Eller, born in Wilkes Co., North Carolina Oct. 18, 1845, d. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Oct. 30, 1897. (For Eller genealogy see page). Attended country schools in Vinton Co., Ohio, and helped father on farm. At President Lincoln's first call for volunteers he enlisted on April 20, 1861 in the 18th Ohio Vol. Inf. for three months' service. He was honorably discharged Aug. 28, 1861. In the spring of 1862 he visited his brothers Stephen and William in Iowa and shortly after his return home, enlisted on Sept. 9, 1862 in the 7th Ohio Vol. Cavalry and served continuously until he was mustered out of the service at Raleigh, N. C., June 22, 1865. In the fall of 1865 he moved with his parents in a prairie schooner to Highland township, Wapello Co., Iowa, where he lived the remainder of his life a prosperous farmer and fine stock raiser and a prominent and respected citizen. He taught school during the winter for several years after arriving in Iowa. In 1875 he began the purchase of land in Wapello County which later grew to be one of the best and largest farms in the county. He was a leader in the activities of the community and represented the electors in many county and state political conventions. He was a staunch Republican. He was a school trustee and Justice of the Peace for many years. He was (several times) commander of the J. M. Hedrick Post, G. A. R. and represented that body in many state and national encampments. He was not a member of any church, but supported them all and taught Sunday School for many years. He was a prominent importer and breeder of short horn cattle and Morgan Horses, and for several years maintained a fine half mile track on his farm for training fine driving horses. In 1901 he married his second wife, Caroline Ebelsheiser, who died in July 1905. There was no issue by this marriage. He is buried beside his first wife in the Hook family plot in Martinsburg Cemetery, Wapello County.

(9) John Hook b. Oct. 23, 1841, d. Nov. 22, 1919, m. 1883 Mary Fowler, b. 1860. He served in the Civil War in the 65th Ohio Vol. Inf. He lived his later years in Independence, Iowa, where he is buried. No issue.

(10) Alexander Hook b. Dec. 9, 1843, d. Jan. 30, 1863. He died in the Army Hospital at Gallatin, Tennessee, while in the service of his country.

(11) Nancy Hook b. Mch. 24, 1846, d. 1919, m. 1st Mike La Chapelle who went to Montreal, was taken ill and died. M. 2nd George W. Hayes. No issue by second marriage. Issue by 1st marriage - Samuel who is married and living in Des Moines, Iowa; Lucy died in infancy, and William who also died in infancy. The deceased children are buried in the old cemetery situated on the farm owned by the late James Hook in Wapello County.

(12) Martha Hook b. Mch. 18, 1849, d. Feb. 23, 1923. She never married. She died at the home of her nephew, William Hook, in Bedford, Iowa.

(13) Thomas Jefferson Hook (see page 45 for descendents) b. June 26, 1854, d. May 22, 1913, m. Kate Baker of

near St. Joseph, Mo. She was born Oct. 1, 1856. Family lived in Creighton, Nebraska, where widow and some descendents still reside.

(14) Samuel Hook b. Mch. 18, 1857, d. 1910, m. Elizabeth Baker b. near St. Joseph, Mo., Dec. 31, 1858, died July 14, 1903. Family lived for many years in Wapello Co., Iowa, and in late life in Creighton, Nebraska. Issue two as follows:-

(1) Claud J. Hook b. July 3, 1884, d. Apr. 3, 1902.

(2) Snowden Robert Hook b. Apr. 1, 1893. He served eighteen months overseas in World War in Co. C. 18th Engineers. Now living in California.

Children of John Hook (son of Stephen and Anna (Grant) Hook. See page 27-28) and Lydia (Shumen) Hook.

(1) Elizabeth Ann Hook b. Sept. 13, 1835, d. Dec. 28, 1897, m. Clinton Arnold and lived in or near Breckenridge, Mo. Had several issue.

(2) Frances Hook b. Jan. 1, 1837, d. May 18, 1897, m. Richard Clements b. 1833. No issue.

(3) Angeline Hook b. Apr. 9, 1839, d. Sept. 2, 1918. Never married. Lived and died in McArthur, Ohio.

(4) Sarah E. Hook (Called Sadie) b. June 20, 1842, d. May 13, 1920. Never married. Lived and died in McArthur, Ohio.

(5) Barnett A. Hook b. Apr. 17, 1845. Still living (1924) in McArthur, Ohio. He was a soldier in the Civil War, enlisting in the 148th Ohio Vol. Inf., Co. C. He was a farmer until 1880 when he moved to McArthur and became editor of the McArthur Democrat Inquirer. He was a breeder and trainer of fine horses as a side line. Was stricken with rheumatism which prompted him to take up the unusual occupation of fancy embroidering. He became a master of this art and his work was exhibited throughout the Middle West and won for him many prizes and highly favorable comment. He was a talented entertainer and caterer. His extraordinary profession and his lovable personality drew the attention of many editors in Ohio and neighboring states. Press notices were preserved and published in a very interesting booklet. He never married.

Children of Samuel Hook (son of Arthur and Catherine (Kent) Hook. See page 29) and Sarah (Scott) Hook.

(1) John L. Hook b. Mch. 7, 1840, d. Sept. 25, 1851.

(2) Maria Hook b. Aug. 15, 1841, d. Mch. 2, 1879, m. Samuel S. Burgan b. Sept. 27, 1833, d. Feb. 18, 1917. Issue - Ethel b. Feb. 23, 1877, m. July 28, 1895 Charles Gardner b. May 18, 1870. Family living in Vigo Park, Texas.

(3) Catherine Hook b. Jan. 27, 1843, d. May 27, 1845.

(4) Harriett Hook b. Jan. 24, 1845, d. Sept. 14, 1883, m. Mr. Taber. Had issue - two daughters.

(5) Martha J. Hook b. Dec. 18, 1846, d. Apr. 30, 1916. Unmarried.

(6) Lucy Hook b. Apr. 4, 1850, d. Feb. 21, 1919, m. I. C. Brandt. Two children - (1) Arthur Hook Brandt b. Apr. 1, 1883, m. Ada Morse. Family living San Francisco.

Occupation - Attorney-at-law. (2) Roscoe Cooper Brandt b. 1884, m. Hazel Perkins. Family living at Stocton, Cal.

(7) Laura Hook b. Mch. 14, 1851, m. Mch. 14, 1883 N. E. Carpenter. Family living Stocton, Calif. Two children - (1) Thomas Hook Carpenter b. May 13, 1884. (2) Anna Love Carpenter b. Nov. 24, 1890.

(8) Emily Hook b. Jan. 25, 1853, m. Jan. 13, 1889 Clifford Davis. Two children - (1) Stanley M. Davis b. Jan. 13, 1890, m. Sept. 12, 1918 Anna Hampton. (2) Dorsa D. Davis b. 1895, d. 1897.

(9) Thomas Hook b. Mch. 17, 1856, m. Mch. 7, 1890 Margaret Russell, b. Nov. 21, 1858, d. Oct. 27, 1906. Family lived at Pimento, Indiana. Issue three as follows -

(1) Xenia Hook b. July 10, 1891, m. Mch. 15, 1921 Albert D. Pigg. Issue - Jack Wendell Pigg.

(2) Macy Hook b. Apr. 19, 1893, m. Feb. 14, 1914 Cecil M. Bailey. Issue - Harold L. Bailey b. 1916, and Helen E. Bailey b. 1918.

(3) Russell S. Hook b. June 14, 1895, m. June 10, 1922 Letha M. Bramblet.

(10) Arthur Hook b. Oct. 8, 1859, d. Nov. 15, 1917, m. Aug. 27th, 1891 Ada Hickman b. Feb. 17, 1863, d. Jan. 9, 1924. Issue as follows-

(1) Lester Hook b. June 28, 1892, d. Feb. 13, 1893.

(2) Esther Hook b. Dec. 18, 1893, m. Dec. 29, 1917 George Brown. Issue - Virginia M. Brown b. 1919; Betty Rose Brown b. 1920; Arthur A. Brown b. Aug. 31, 1921, and George J. Brown b. 1923.

(3) Neil Hook b. Sept. 23, 1895.

(4) Forrest Hook b. Oct. 7, 1898.

(5) Rex Hook b. Nov. 23, 1899.

(6) Mary Hook b. June 27, 1902, m. Mch. 3, 1923 Laurel McGlone.

(7) Harriet Hook b. Mch. 3, 1904.

(8) Lena Hook b. July 28, 1906.

Children of John T. Hook (son of Arthur Hook and Catherine (Kent) Hook. See page 29.) and Eliza Inghram Hook.

(1) Sarah I. Hook (see page 46 for descendents) b. Oct. 26, 1836, d. Nov. 22, 1913, m. Oct. 31, 1861 Josiah Inghram b. Oct. 5, 1819, d. Aug. 3, 1879. Family lived near Waynesburg, Pa.

(2) William Arthur Hook b. Oct. 13, 1838, d. June 7, 1915. Never married. Educated Waynesburg College, practiced law for many years in Waynesburg, Pa., Dist. Atty. for Greene Co., Pa., was candidate for Judge of County Court at time of his death.

(3) Thomas Hook (see page 46 for descendents) b. Sept. 27, 1840 d. Apr. 28, 1906. Married 1st Aug. 30, 1863 Sarah Patterson b. Jan. 1, 1841, d. Oct. 9, 1877, Married 2nd May 16, 1885 Susannah Inghram.

(4) Catherine Hook (see page 47 for descendents) b. Nov. 17, 1842, d. Sept. 29, 1922, m. Oct. 18, 1862 William Blair b. Mch. 7, 1838, d. Dec. 3, 1916.

(5) Rebecca Hook b. 1845, d. 1847.

(6) John Polk Hook b. Jan. 25, 1849, m. Dec. 30, 1873 Mary Elizabeth Holmes b. May 13, 1850, d. May 2, 1918. He attended Waynesburg College. Now living with his daughter in Waynesburg, Pa. Issue - Louise M. Hook b. Apr. 27, 1875, graduate Waynesburg College degree A.M. and Cora B. Hook b. June 12, 1878, d. June 17, 1919.

(7) Agnes Hook b. July 29, 1851, d. Apr. 14, 1885, m. June 22, 1882 Geo. Huggins. No issue.

(8) Robert Inghram Hook b. Sept. 26, 1853, d. May 6, 1909, m. Sept. 27, 1877 Grace Greenwood Stevens, b. Mch. 24, 1851. Widow living in Washington, Pa. Issue 2 as follows- (1) Nora Stevens Hook b. Apr. 21, 1879 m. Aug. 7, 1906 James Clyde Rogers b. May 8, 1885. Family living Washington, Pa. with three children; Helen Hook Rogers b. 1907, Georgia Luvina Rogers b. 1910 and Robert Edward Rogers b. 1913. (2) Edward Terwilliger Hook b. Aug. 23, 1882, d. Oct. 26, 1918 at American Hospital in Mexico City, Mex. He is buried there in the American Cemetery,

(9) Eliza Hook b. Mch. 19, 1856, m. June 30, 1877 Andrew Francis Silveus b. Dec. 5, 1851, d. Jan. 3, 1922. He was an attorney-at-law in Waynesburg, Pa. Issue two as follows -
  (1) Jessie Silveus b. Sept. 30, 1878, m. Oct. 2, 1901 George Edward Huffman b. May 19, 1880. Living in Waynesburg, Pa.
  (2) John T. Silveus b. Oct. 9, 1884, m. May 10, 1921 L. Gladys Meek. Issue Eliza Jane Silveus b. Apr. 1, 1922. Family living in Waynesburg, Pa.

(10) Jennie Hook b. March 12, 1858, m. May 31, 1886 John Dickerson Sturgis b. Dec. 18, 1849, d. Sept. 13, 1910, attended Waynesburg College. Widow now living in Washington, Pa. Issue two as follows -
  (1) Florence Hook Sturgis b. Sept. 21, 1888, m. Apr. 3, 1923 William Alexander Hamilton McIlvaine b. Mch. 1, 1871. He is a prominent attorney in Washington, Pa. Mrs. McIlvaine attended Washington Public Schools and graduated at Washington Seminary, a school founded 1836. Prominent in community affairs, Y.W.C.A Women's Club, D.A.R., Church and other organizations.
  (2) Bessie Madeline Sturgis b. Apr. 6, 1891, m. Oct. 30, 1913 John Charles Judson, a rising young attorney in Washington, Pa., b. Jan. 14, 1889. Issue - Mary Elizabeth Judson b. Aug. 22, 1920. Family living in Washington, Pa. Mrs. Judson graduated from Washington Seminary. At present a D.A.R., Y.W.C.A., and active in other clubs and organizations.

Children of James Hook (son of Arthur Hook and Catherine (Kent) Hook. See page 29) and Vienna (Herring) Hook.
(1) Arthur Hook b. Aug. 19, 1841, d. Nov. 16, 1841.
(2) Elizabeth Hook b. May 10, 1846, d. Nov. 25, 1846.
(3) Harriett M. Hook b. Sept. 10, 1847, d. June 24, 1852.
(4) Carrie Hook b. Sept. 14, 1853, d. Nov. 25, 1860.
(5) Mary Hook b. Mar. 4, 1859, d. Aug. 25, 1859.
(6) George Hook b. Apr. 16, 1861, died immediately.
(7) Thomas Kent Hook b. June 21, 1843, d. unmarried Aug. 10, 1878.
(8) James Hook b. Sept. 5, 1849, died unmarried Sept. 1, 1909.
(9) Anna M. Hook m. Aug. 30, 1876 Saml. L. Fenner. Family living in Terre Haute, Ind. Issue (1) Anna b. May 21, 1879, d. Mar. 25, 1916, m. May 18, 1912 Walter Beecher. (2) Lamar E. Fenner b. Dec. 10, 1880, m. May 18, 1905 Maud A. Wilbur.

Children of James Burbridge Hook (son of Jesse and Lucy (Burbridge) Hook. See page 30) and Elizabeth (Blaine) Hook.
(1) Susan Hook b. 1860, d. 1909, m. James Roberts b. 1859, d. 1910.
(2) Lucy Hook b. 1864, d. 1918, m. John McCook b. 1866, d. 1899. Issue three as follows -
  (1) Bessie McCook b. 1885, m. Reed Knox a son of the late Hon. Philander C. Knox. Issue four - (1) Philander b. 1909, (2) John b. 1913, (3) Reed b. 1917, (4) Andrew b. 1921.

(2) Sheldon McCook b. 1889, m. Ina Ayres.
(3) Anson McCook b. 1892, m. Georgia Geary b. 189[illegible]. One daughter - Elizabeth L. McCook b. 1910.
(3) Fanny Hook b. 1866, m. Isaac Johnson b. 1853, d. 1909. Family lived in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children of John Inghram Hook (son of Jesse and Lucy (Burbridge) Hook. See page 30) and Rebecca S. (Aiken) Hook.

(1) Thomas L. Hook b. 1859, m. Edith Hermandorfer who died in 1915. Family lived in Cooperstown, Pa. No issue.
(2) George A. Hook b. 1861, m. Bertha Kincaide b. 1870. Family living in Pittsburgh, Pa. Issue six as follows-
  (1) John Inghram Hook b. 1889, m. Sarah Iams b. 1889. He graduated from Waynesburg College and is a prominent attorney in Waynesburg. Issue three as follows:- (1) John I. Hook b. 1916 (2) Billy Hook b. 1918, d. 192[illegible]3 (3) Robert Aiken Hook b. Feb. 4, 1924.
  (2) Hazel Hook b. 189[illegible]. Living Pittsburgh, Pa.
  (3) Harold Hook b. 1895, m. Ruth Harvey b. 1900. Living in Burkenville, Kentucky.
  (4) Rebecca Hook b. 1903. Living Pittsburgh, Pa.
  (5) Robert K. Hook b. 1906. Living Pittsburgh, Pa.
  (6) Grace K. Hook b. 1909. Living Pittsburgh, Pa.
(3) Jesse Hook b. 1866, d. 1900, m. Rose Quinn of Pittsburg, Pa. Issue three as follows:-
  (1) Mary Hook b. 1891, m. Frank Keener. Family living in Pittsburgh, Pa. One child - Billy Keener.
  (2) Virginia Hook b. 1894, m. Mr. Sowash. Living Pittsburgh, Pa.
  (3) Wallace Hook b. 1900. Living in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Children of Enos Hook (son of John and Nancy (Adams) Hook. See page 30) and Elizabeth (Inghram) Hook.

(1) William Cather Hook b. in Waynesburg, Pa. Sept. 24, 1857, d. in Leavenworth, Kansas, 1921, m. Louise Dickson. Moved with parents to Nebraska 1863. In 1866 he moved with parents by mule and ox team to Colorado and a year later to Leavenworth, Kansas, where he lived his long and distinguished life. Educated in Public Schools of Leavenworth and graduated 1878 from Washington University Law School at St. Louis. He was a profound student and a successful lawyer. Republican in politics. Appointed 1899 U.S. District Judge for District of Kansas. Promoted June 1903 by Pres. Roosevelt to Federal Judgeship in 8th Judicial District comprising states of Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, South Dakota, North Dakota, Colorado, Oklahoma, Montana and Utah. In this work he was associated with Judges Thayer of St. Louis, Sanborn of Minneapolis and Vandeventer of Cheyenne, Wyo. Was prominently considered for seat on U.S. Supreme Court. Issue four children as follows:-
  (1) Inghram D. Hook, Police Commissioner of Kansas City, Mo. Captain in Intelligence Div. of 89th Division in World War. Married Mary Rockwell.
  (2) Louise Hook.
  (3) Dorothy Hook.
  (4) Ruth Hook.

30

30

(2) Edward E. Hook m. Ida Haag. Of issue sons - Enos and William.
(3) Elizabeth I. Hook m. Dr. A. F. Yohe.
(4) Anna A. Hook m. Henry J. Helmers, Jr.
(5) Lucy V. Hook, unmarried.
(6) Helen Hook m. Victor A. Cain.
(7) Cora Hook m. Harlan Feagans. Living Kansas City, Mo. No issue.

Children of Israel Hook (son of Samuel and Rebecca (Carlyle) Hook. See page 31) and Charlotte (Tharp) Hook.

(1) Ann Subah Hook b. May 18, 1851, m. Nov. 12, 1868 Elijah Hazleton.
(2) John F. Hook b. Mch. 4, 1853, m. Aug. 12, 1877 Anne E. Lefever b. Nov. 19, 1860, d. Apr. 11, 1901. Widower living in Zanesville, Ohio. Issue seven as follows:-
    (1) Charles Clifton Hook b. Apr. 22, 1878. Lives Buffalo, N. Y.
    (2) Walter Samuel Hook b. Jan. 15, 1880. Lives Zanesville, Ohio.
    (3) Viola Gertrude Hook b. Jan. 4, 1882, m. Mr. Williams. Lives Herkimer, N. Y.
    (4) George Wallace Hook b. Feb. 4, 1884, d. 1908.
    (5) Eunice Pearl Hook b. Feb. 21, 1886, m. Mr. Herbig, Lives Utica, N. Y.
    (6) Harley Chester Hook b. Mch. 21, 1888. Lives Miami, Fla.
    (7) Mary Catherine Hook b. Apr. 12, 1891, m. Mr. Duffy. Lives Springfield, Ohio.
    (8) Cecil Rhodes Hook b. May 26, 1893. Lives Washington, Del.
(3) William L. Hook b. Mch. 8, 1855, d. Dec. 22, 1909, m. 1st. Nov. 23, 1876 Rebecca M. Welch b. 1853, d. 1887. No issue. M. 2nd Sept. 23, 1888 Charilla Wilson b. Feb. 18, 1868, d. Dec. 16, 1915. Issue four as follows:-
    (1) Sobol E. Hook b. Apr. 6, 1890. Lives Detroit, Michigan.
    (2) Charlotte Hook b. May 27, 1892, m. Frank W. Truitt. Living Columbus, Ohio.
    (3) Fauntelle Hook b. March 18, 1894, m. Stanley Bolender. Living Columbus, Ohio.
    (4) Samuel Edward Wilson Hook b. Sept. 24, 1897. Lives Columbus, Ohio.
(4) Isabell Hook b. 1857, m. Jan. 21, 1875 William H. Carter.
(5) Mary E. Hook b. 1859, m. July 17, 1884 Howard L. Sanders.
(6) Sarah Margaret Hook b. 1861, m. Dec. 23, 1879 David Roberts, Jr.
(7) Lavina Hook b. June 9, 1863, d. Mch. 30, 1887, m. Aug. 4, 1881 Alvan W. Pierce.
(8) Aurilla Hook b. July 25, 1868, d. Aug. 2, 1904, m. Feb. 24, 1889 Howard Harrison.
(9) Mertie Matilda Hook b. 1870, d. 1882.

Children of Sarah Hook (daughter of Samuel & Rebecca (Carlyle) Hook (see page 31) and George Gaver.

(1) John Gaver b. Aug. 27, 1845, d. Feb. 21, 1847.
(2) Rebecca A. Gaver b. Dec. 15, 1846, m. L. F. Stallsmith.
(3) Samuel Gaver b. Apr. 14, 1848, d. Dec. 24, 1809, m. Margaret Aler.
(4) Henry Gaver b. Feb. 20, 1850, d. July 26, 1914; m. 1st Dec. 25, 1873 Hannah Lydia Harbaugh b. Aug. 8, 1854, d. Jan. 3, 1887. M. 2nd June 5, 1890 Ella Wilson. No issue by second marriage. Issue by first marriage -
  (1) Earl Elbert Gaver b. Aug. 16, 1875, m. Aug. 17, 1910 Maud Raymond b. Aug. 17, 1876. Issue Raymond Henry Gaver b. June 19, 1911 and Ida Gaver b. July 1, 1915. Family resides Columbus, Ohio.
  (2) Sarah Jane Gaver b. Jan. 18, 1877, m. May 14, 1896 William J. Kennedy b. May 21, 1875. Issue one daughter - Della Grace Kennedy b. Feb. 25, 1897, m. Sept. 20, 1921 Albert H. Kaiser.
  (3) Mary Rebecca Gaver b. Nov. 4, 1878, m. Oct. 12, 1904 Harry Thomas Moore b. Apr. 27, 1874. Issue - Robert Henry Moore b. May 14, 1906, d. Mar. 3, 1907, Roger Thomas Moore b. Mch. 17, 1909, Margaret Lucile Moore b. Oct. 8, 1911 and Kathryn Winifred Moore b. Aug. 5, 1914.
  (4) Margaret Gaver (unmarried).
  (5) William Lambert Gaver b. Sept. 12, 1881, d. Feb. 12, 1882.
  (6) Calvin Clyde Gaver b. Apr. 15, 1883, d. Feb. 12, 1886.
(5) Margaret Gaver b. Mch. 6, 1852, d. Apr. 12, 1880, m. John B. Platt.
(6) Mary C. Gaver b. Feb. 19, 1854, d. Dec. 30, 1908, m. Gabriel Harbaugh.
(7) Susanna Gaver b. Dec. 22, 1857, d. Aug. 13, 1908, m. John Houy.
(8) George Gaver b. Apr. 26, 1858, d. Oct. 19, 1900, m. 1st Letha Davis, m. 2nd Anna Simmers.
(9) William Gaver b. Dec. 25, 1859, d. July 1923, m. Rosette Ricketts.
(10) Sarah Isabell Gaver b. Aug. 25, 1861, m. Alexander McLane.
(11) Lucinda C. Gaver b. Nov. 22, 1864, d. Nov. 15, 1906, m. Martin Bennett.
(12) Emma Irene Gaver b. Jan. 21, 1867, d. Jan. 26, 1873.
(13) Israel Gaver b. Feb. 1, 1869, d. Sept. 22, 1869.
(14) Matilda Gaver b. Feb. 1, 1869, m. James Ricketts.

Children of Stephen Hook (son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31) and Sarah (Clark) Hook.

(1) James Madison Hook b. Nov. 5, 1855, m. Apr. 27, 1877 Laura Townsend b. Oct. 3, 1859. Family living at Macomb, Missouri. Issue five as follows, all residing Macomb, Wright Co. Mo.
  (1) Ann Olive Hook b. 1878, d. 1879.
  (2) Oliver Townsend Hook b. Dec. 30, 1879, m. Mch. 10, 1915 Lelha Mabel Pierson b. Feb. 28, 1896.
  (3) Herbert Spencer Hook b. 1883, d. 1883.
  (4) Myrtle Leola Hook b. Aug. 28, 1893, m. 1922 Harvey Waldren b. May 19, 1888.
  (5) Gwendolyn Hook b. Mch. 26, 1899, m. 1922 Jesse William Ethridge b. June 12, 1902.

(2) William Clinton Hook b. July 4, 1858, d. m. Feb. 8, 1878 Sarah Jane Baker. Family lived near Laporte City, Iowa.
  (1) Ira N. Hook b. Jan. 8, 1879, m. Mch. 9, 1904 Jennie Peterson b. Nov. 22, 1885. Living near Laporte City, Iowa. Occupation - farmer. Issue - Inez Leona Hook b. Feb. 21, 1905, Blanch Irene Hook b. July 20, 1906, Glen Hook b. Dec. 13, 1907, Alice Hook b. Nov. 14, 1909, Pauline Defoy Hook June 17, 1912, Willard A. Hook b. May 11, 1915, Zella Mae Hook b. July 27, 1918, Zora Marie Hook b. July 27, 1918 and Marvin Roy Hook b. Apr. 5, 1921.
  (2) Jason M. Hook b. July 26, 1880, m. 1901 Mary Miller. Issue - Myra Hook. Family resides Laporte City, Iowa. Occupation - farmer.
  (3) Walter L. Hook b. Mch. 20, 1882, d. 1907.
  (4) Mary Mae Hook b. Mar. 4, 1884, m. Dec. 1905 David Hiram Gilbert. Lives at Lake City, Iowa. Issue - Irone, Don and Dale.
  (5) Maude Hook b. May 5, 1886, m. 1912 Otto Lange. Resides Marion, Iowa.
  (6) Clinton S. Hook b. Apr. 19, 1888, d. 1914.
  (7) Newton Richard Hook b. Jan. 24, 1892, m. 1915 Mae Hagan of Lavina, Montana. Issue - Harold Newton Hook b. Aug. 26, 1917. Family resides Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Occupation, insurance.
  (8) Minnie Hook b. Feb. 27, 1894, m. 1912 Millard Stookey. Issue - Lorna Defoy Stookey and Jane. Family resides at Des Moines, Iowa.
  (9) Teresa Hook b. Mch. 15, 1899, d. Mch. 19, 1900.

(3) Martha Ann Hook b. Sept. 5, 1860, d. Sept. 12, 1863.

(4) Mary Elizabeth Hook b. July 6, 1862, m. Stanley Fisher. Family living at Plainview, Nebr. Issue eight -
  (1) Lottie Elva Fisher b. June 3, 1878, m. Geo. W. Kirk. Issue four sons and two daughters. Living Plainview, Neb.
  (2) Gertrude Ethelyn Fisher b. Oct. 26, 1883, m. Geo. Seabury. Issue two sons. Living Plainview, Nebr.
  (3) Claud G. Fisher b. Jan. 10, 1886, m. Elsie Lightfoot. Issue two sons and two daughters. Living Veidel, Nebr.
  (4) Frank Stanley Fisher b. Sept. 5, 1888, m. Hortense Stimson. Issue one son and one daughter. Living Brownsville, Texas.
  (5) Glen B. Fisher b. July 13, 1893, m. Vera Cheney. Issue three sons. Living at Creighton, Nebr.
  (6) Fern Lila Fisher b. Oct. 3, 1898. Unmarried.
  (7) Clyde Harold Fisher b. July 13, 1901. Unmarried.
  (8) Mary Gladys Fisher b. July 7, 1903. Unmarried.

Children of William Hook (son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31) and his first wife Amy Clark.

(1) Infant son b. 1854 died immediately.
(2) Cynthia Ann Hook b. 1855, m. Oct. 1873 Benj. H. Woodbury b. 1846. Family living at Lawrence, Kansas. Issue eight -
  (1) Mary Belle Woodbury b. 1874, m. 1907 Noel Coleman. Living near Hartsville, Tenn.
  (2) William Hook Woodbury b. 1876, m. 1908 Della M. Hamilton. Living Duluth, Minn. No issue.
  (3) Charles Levi Woodbury b. 1877, d. 1907. Unmarried.
  (4) Amy Sophronie Woodbury b. 1879. Unmarried.
  (5) Ethel Grace Woodbury b. 1881, d. 1881.
  (6) Emma Blanch Woodbury b. 1883. Unmarried.
  (7) Richard Lincoln Woodbury b. 1885, m. 1911 Olive Lenig.
  (8) Bessie Douglas Woodbury b. 1887, d. 1896.
(3) Nancy Hook b. 1857, d. 1909, m. 1875 Charles Taylor b. 1855, d. 1921. Family lived at Clearfield, Iowa. Issue five -
  (1) Leslie Taylor b. 1876, d. 1877.
  (2) Ralph Taylor b. 1879, m. 1906 Lizzie Pyle. No issue.
  (3) Emma Taylor b. 1880, d. 1905, m. 1904 Frank Webb b. 1878.
  (4) Blanch Taylor b. 1882, m. Fred Wertz b. 1880.
  (5) William Taylor b. 1890, m. Bertha Lowden b. 1890.
(4) Sarah Hook b. 1859, d. 1859.
(5) Lincoln Hook b. 1860, d. 1901, m. Mollie McVicker b. 1860. No issue. Widow living at Maryville, Mo.
(6) Emma Hook b. 1862, m. 1889 Colonel Eisminger b. in Andrew Co., Mo. Jan. 10, 1862. Family living Des Moines, Iowa. Issue one daughter Armide b. in Andrew Co. Mo., Nov. 13, 1893.who married 1920 S. V. Schauweker b. Oct, 30, 1892, Living Des Moines, Iowa.
(7) James Hook b. 1864, m. Alice Bertle b. 1867. Family lives near St. Joe, Mo. Issue two as follows - (1) Zulu Hook b. 1888. Unmarried. (2) Edgar Leighton Hook b. 1891. Unmarried.
(8) Eva Jane Hook b. 1866, d. 1912, m. Byron Biginoire b. 1867, d. 1910. Family lived in Des Moines, Iowa. Issue one son - Forest Vincent Biginoire b. 1902, married 1923 Delores-----

Children of William Hook (son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31) and his second wife Sophronie (Barnett) Hook.

(1) George William Hook b. 1871, m. 1st 1900 Jessie Boyd b. 1878, d. 1910. M. 2nd 1918 Edna Eckler Walker. Family living Bedford, Iowa. Issue by 1st marriage five as follows:-
  (1) Ruth Hook b. 1901, m. 1922 Homer Carson.
  (2) John Hook b. 1903, d. 1907.
  (3) Mary Hook b. 1905.
  (4) Infant b. 1908, died immediately.
  (5) Jessie Boyd Hook b. 1910.

Issue by 2nd marriage, three as follows:-
(1) George William Hook b. 1918.
(2) Bettie Jane Hook b. 1920.
(3) Imogene Hook b. 1923.

(2) Martha (Mattie) Hook b. 1874, m. Dr. F. P. Carey b. 1850. Family living in Minneapolis, Minn. Issue two as follows:-
(1) Mildred Carey b. 1898, m. Jack Harden.
(2) Wilma Pauline Carey b. 1906.

(3) Walter Hook b. 1875, d. 1875.

Children of Sarah Jane Hook (daughter of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31) and Jesse Ankrom.

(1) Mary Matilda Ankrom b. Nov. 29, 1865 in Wapello Co., Iowa, m. Nov. 29, 1888 W. W. Ruckman who died Sept. 5, 1922. Widow lives in Ottumwa, Iowa. Issue one son - Eugene Ruckman b. Oct. 28, 1901 who married Beatrice LaMaster.

(2) Anna Ankrom b. Oct. 25, 1871, m. Aug. 28, 1894 Chester Long. Family living Omaha, Nebr. No issue.

(3) Mattie Ankrom b. Mch. 31, 1877, m. 1898 Benjamin Young. Family living in Ottumwa, Iowa. Issue two as follows - (1) Millard A. Young b. Apr. 3, 1902. (2) Maxine Loraine Young b. May 21, 1905.

Children of James Hook (son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31) and Virginia (Eller) Hook.

(1) Mary Hook b. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Aug. 27, 1868, d. in Humboldt, Iowa, March 23, 1897. Married Oct. 19, 1892 Henry Edgar Passig of Humboldt, Iowa, b. Mch. 1, 1869. Her early education was obtained in country schools in Wapello County. In 1890 and 1891 she attended Iowa State College at Ames, Iowa. She taught in public schools at Hedrick, Iowa. She was a talented writer and devoted christian. Issue - one son b. Aug. 17, 1893, died immediately.

(2) John Hook b. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Apr. 18, 1870, m. Nov. 1, 1894 Jennie Lentner b. Sept. 7, 1873. Her parents were John Jacob Lentner b. in Athens County, Ohio, Feb. 5, 1841, died Dec. 15, 1902 and Almira Kirkpatrick b. in Madison County, Ohio, Sept. 15, 1849. Her grandparents were George M. Lentner b. in Lewiston, Delaware, Aug. 22, 1807, d. 1907, and Mary Lentner (nee Imes) b. in Ohio Apr. 16, 1808, died Nov. 19, 1892. Her mother's parents were - Minor Kirkpatrick born in Virginia Sept. 16, 1816, died December 1894 and Hanna Kirkpatrick (nee Godfrey) also born in Virginia Mch. 23, 1819, died October 1910. The Lentner immigrant ancestor was Conrad who came to America from Germany before the Revolution and joined the Army of General Lafayette. His son Jacob was an officer in the War of 1812 and moved to Athens County, Ohio, in 1816 from Lewiston, Delaware. Jacob's son, George M. Lentner, married first in 1829 Sarah Ann McGonagle and 2nd in 1831 Mary Imes. The latter family moved to Wapello County, Iowa, in a covered wagon in 1851. ~~George~~ John Jacob, enlisted in Co. D, 18th Iowa Infantry,

served throughout the Civil War and was mustered out of the service July 20, 1865 as a Second Lieutenant.

The parent of Minor Kirkpatrick was Thomas, a veteran of the War of 1812, and the grandparent was Hugh Kirkpatrick who was one of seven brothers who fought in the War for Independence from Virginia.

John Hook always showed an artistic bent. He is a cartoonist and landscape painter of no small ability and some of his work was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. He is now the California General Sales Representative of the Pitcairn Varnish Company. His home is in Claremont, California, where both of his children live. As a side line he has developed a fine Lemon Ranch which his son manages. He is a member of I.O.O.F. and various clubs and is an accomplished public speaker. Issue two as follows:-

(1) Mary Louise Hook b. June 17, 1900, m. Geo. H. Hinshaw. Issue - John Wallace Hinshaw b. 1919 and Robert Eugene Hinshaw b. 1922. Resides at Claremont, California.

(2) Max Morris Hook b. Nov. 21, 1902, m. Esther Arnold. Issue - Earle Hook b. 1922. He was on the destroyer "Fuller" that was wrecked off the coast of California September 1923. Resides Claremont, California.

(3) Orin Hook b. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Feb. 13, 1872, m. 1st. March 8, 1905 Pearl Richards b. July 8, 1884, d. June 20, 1923, daughter of George W. Richards b. in Ohio in 1851 and wife whose maiden name was Debolt b. in Illinois 1856. The Richards family resided for many years in Ottumwa, Iowa. Orin Hook was educated in the country schools near the parental home. He is a great lover of horses and a successful farmer. He left the farm in 1904 and for a few years was part owner with his father-in-law of a grocery store in Ottumwa, Iowa. In 1909 he returned to the farm where he remained until the untimely death of his wife in 1923. During the World War he was appointed by the Governor of Iowa as Food Administrator in his community and received a medal for his work that was made from metal taken from the first cannon captured by American Troops from the Germans. He was also an active worker in all Liberty Loan Campaigns. He is now residing in Pomona, California, where on July 19, 1924 he married Idylmarch Naugle (nee Rockwell) formerly of Galesburg, Illinois. Issue - one son, Warren Lernie Hook b. 1906, who is a private in the 8th Field Artillery, U.S.A.

(4) Wallace Hook b. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Jan. 12, 1874, m. Dec. 6, 1895 Isis Leota Edwards b. Aug. 29, 1877. Her parents were Levi Chesterfield Edwards b. in Hopkinsville, Ky., 1835, died in Pleasant Plains, Iowa, 1898, and Elizabeth Edwards (nee Montgomery) b. 1836 near Pittsburgh, Pa., d. 1894 near Salina, Iowa. Her grandparents on her mother's side were Andrew Montgomery and Jane Montgomery (nee Courtney) the latter of whom was born in County Antrim, Ireland, in 1800.

Wallace Hook attended the country schools near home until 1888 when he entered the Normal School in Hedrick, Iowa, graduating with the class of 1889. He ~~again~~ attended ~~this~~ school in 1893 & 4 as well as the Teachers Institute

the Hedrick Normal

in Ottumwa, Iowa, and obtained a teacher's certificate for both Wapello and Keokuk Counties. He was a teacher in various schools for several years. In 1902 he entered Iowa State College and attended for two years, taking the agricultural course. He then became a scientific farmer and tried out many theories that later made him known generally throughout the state as a corn and grain breeder. He wrote a text book for the farmer that won wide distribution and has contributed liberally to farm papers throughout the country. In February 1918 he entered the Federal Service as County Agricultural Agent, devoting his entire time to educating the farmer along lines of scientific farming in which work he is still engaged. Family now resides in Rolla, Phelps Co., Missouri, where they are active as members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Issue six as follows:-

(1) Gladys Marie Hook b. at Hedrick, Iowa, Dec. 14, 1896, m. Feb. 3, 1915 Bert E. Horner b. 1890. Family now living in Ottumwa, Iowa. Issue two children - Edward Eugene Horner b. July 25, 1916 and Maurice Hook Horner b. 1918.

(2) Lorena Margaret Hook b. at Hedrick, Iowa, Nov. 12, 1900, m. Mch. 7, 1918 William S. Oaks b. 1897. Issue - Donna Jane Oaks b. June 3, 1919. Family now living near Kirkwood, Ill.

(3) Virginia Rae Hook b. at Ames, Iowa, Sept. 24, 1902, m. June 14, 1922 George E. Stevens b. 1901. Family lives Rolla, Mo. Of issue - Jack Harlan ~~Hook~~ Stevens b. Apr. 18, 1924.

(4) James Chesterfield Hook b. at Ames, Iowa, Jan. 15, 1906.

(5) Marvin Eugene Hook b. at Packwood, Iowa, Jan. 21, 1910, d. 1913.

(6) Wallace A. Hook b. at Lockridge, Iowa, Sept. 21, 1916.

(5) Sarah (Sadie) Hook b. in Wapello Co., Iowa, Feb. 22, 1876, m. Sept. 7, 1904 Henry Edgar Passig b. Mch. 1, 1869 in Sigourney, Iowa. He was the son of Henry Frederick Passig, a jeweler and Civil War Veteran as bugler in Co. F, 5th Iowa Infantry, who was born in Schleswig Holstein, Denmark, and died on Mch. 10, 1871 in Sigourney, Iowa, and Katherine Salome Passig (nee Keller) b. in Baden, Germany, Jan. 7, 1842, d. in Sigourney, Iowa, Feb. 4, 1920. His grandparents on his mother's side were John George Keller b. in Baden, Germany, Sept. 8, 1815, died by an accident at Sigourney, Iowa, Sept. 22, 1874 and Margaret B. Keller (nee Yaeger) b. in Baden, Germany, Dec. 27, 1816, died Mch. 20, 1897, who were married in Baden July 14, 1840 and emigrated to America between 1846 and 1848 and settled in Crawford County, Ohio. They moved to Keokuk County, Iowa, about five years later.

Sarah (Hook) Passig attended public schools of Wapello County, Iowa, until 1893 when she spent the winter with her sister in Humboldt, Iowa, and attended High School. Entered Iowa State College 1895, graduated 1898 with degree of B.Sc. After the death of her mother she kept up the home for her father until 1901 when she joined the faculty of Iowa State College as instructor in Public Speaking. She introduced in 1903

and directed the Dept. of Physical Education for women in the College. She was acting head of the Dept of Public Speaking in the college during the absence on leave of Professor Adrian M. Newens 190[illegible]-1903. She resigned her position with the College at the time of her marriage in 1904. She at once became active in the affairs of her community and succeeded in obtaining a free public library for her town 1906-1907. She has been an active member of the Unitarian Church, teacher in its Sunday School, a member of its Board of Trustees, and a member of the Board of Directors of the Unitarian Association of the State of Iowa. She was chairman of the 10th Iowa District Womans Suffrage Campaign 1916-192[illegible]0, also chairman of that same district of the Womans Division Liberty Loan Campaign 1917-1919. She was County Chairman of the Finance Committee, Iowa Red Cross 1917-1919, and Chairman of the County War Savings Stamp Campaign 1918. At present she is a member of the Board of Governors of the Iowa Division of the English Speaking Union of the U. S., Treasurer and Third Vice-President Iowa League of Woman Voters, President of the Iowa State College Alumni Association, Member Iowa State Historical Association, P.E.O Sisterhood and W.R.C. and for two years has been on Speaker's Bureau of Federated Womans Club. She has addressed many audiences and is a monologist and public speaker of much talent. Resides Humboldt, Iowa. No issue.

(6) Jesse Hook b. June 1[illegible], 1878, d. Sept. 8, 1880.

(7) Infant daughter b. Sept. 20, 1880, d. Sept. 22, 1880.

(8) Freddie Hook b. Jan. 3, 188[illegible], d. Mch. 19, 1883.

(9) James William Hook b. Jan. 9, 1884 in Wapello Co., Iowa, m. Sept. 17, 1907 Hattie Rosamond Bechtel of Fort Dodge, Iowa, b. Dec. 16, 1885 (for Bechtel Genealogy see page). Attended country school and helped on father's farm until fall of 1900 when he entered Iowa State College. Graduated 1905 in Mechanical Engineering Course. Having edited college paper went to Cody, Wyoming, fall of 1905, became acquainted with Buffalo Bill and bought into and became editor of Cody, Wyoming, "Enterprise" Returned to Iowa 1906. Employed as engineer with Globe Mchy. & Supply Company of Des Moines, Iowa, 1907-1909. Sales Manager and Gen'l. Mgr. C. A. Dunham Company of Marshalltown, Iowa, 1909-1916. Vice-President and President Allied Machinery Company of America in New York City 1916-1923, during which time he resided at Tarrytown, N. Y. He was President of the Iowa State College Alumni Association 1915-1916. Was prominently identified with the large war activities of The American International Corporation of New York 1917-1919. At present President and Treasurer of The Geometric Tool Company of New Haven, Connecticut, where he resides. Member Masonic Lodge, American Society Mechanical Engineers, Engineers and Machinery Clubs of New York, New Haven Country and Quinnipiack Clubs of New Haven, Kappa Sigma Fraternity and Tau Beta Pi, the honorary scholarship engineering society. Issue three as follows:-

(1) James Phillip Hook b. at Marshalltown, Iowa, Jan. 2[illegible], 1911, d. Mch. 15, 1911.

(2) James William Hook b. at Marshalltown, Iowa, May 30, 1912.

(3) Rose Virginia Hook b. at Marshalltown, Iowa,

May 23, 1914.

(10) Frank Leslie Hook b. July 4, 1886. He attended the public schools in Wapello Co., Iowa, until 1903 when he entered Iowa State College where he remained for two years. Accompanied his father in 1905 to Park County, Wyoming. Returned after his father's death and turned his attention to cement manufacture. In 1909 he enlisted in the National Army stationed at Fort Leavenworth. Was honorably discharged 1911. Reinlisted and was granted furlough October 4, 1911 from which time he has not been heard from. He was a promising youth, a leader in his classes in school and at the time of his disappearance was in line for important advancement in the army.

(11) Morris Glen Hook b. May 7, 1889 in Wapello Co., Iowa, m. May 30, 1912 Elizabeth Clark of Toronto, Ontario, who was born June 14, 1888. She is a daughter of John Clark b. 1856 in the Province of Quebec and Janet Clark (nee Knox) b. near Stoneman, Quebec, 1856, d. 1892. Parents of John Clark were James Clark and Miriam Clark (nee Berry.)

Morris Glen Hook attended public schools os Wapello County, Iowa, until 1905 when he went to Humboldt, Iowa, to live with his sister Sarah where he graduated from High School in 1908. Attended Iowa State College for two years. Employed by C. A. Dunham Company of Marshalltown, Iowa, 1910. Sent by that company to its Canadian Factory in Toronto, Ontario, same year where he remained until Jan. 1, 1912 when he went to Winnipeg, Manitoba, to become engineer for the Provincial Architect. In 1915 he resigned his position in Winnipeg intending to re-enter college. Remained in college but one semester when he accepted position with C. A. Dunham Company as its Eastern Division Engineer with headquarters in New York City. On July 1, 1917 he was advanced to the position of Manager of his company's New York Office, which position he still holds. He is a heating engineer of repute and has published many articles on heating of buildings in Engineering Journals. He is a member of the Nominating Committee of the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers. He is also a Mason and a member of Kappa Sigma. He lives in Tuckahoe, New York. Issue one daughter -

(1) Marguerite Hook b. Apr. 22, 1913.

Divorced Elizabeth C. Hook
Married Lena C. Hook
Issue one son Glen
Hook 3/10/35.
see last page opposing

Children of Thomas Jefferson Hook (son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook. See page 31-32) and Kate (Baker) Hook.

(1) Edwin G. Hook b. Sept. 4, 1875, m. 1st July 8, 1897 Jennie L. Burnes. Family living Cheyenne Wells, Colorado. Issue by this marriage, one son, Harry H. Hook who served in the World War in the Medical Corp Dept. B.H. #113. Now living Omaha, Nebr. Married 2nd Anna Marie Guy of Chicago, Ill. Issue - Florence Catherine Hook and Helen Frances Hook.

(2) Fred Hook b. Dec. 8, 1876, d. Feb. 10, 1913. Served in Troop C, 3rd Reg. Cav. Spanish American War. Married 1899 Maud Harper of Hedrick, Iowa. Issue - Rolland Hook, an accomplished musician.

(3) Alice Marie Hook b. Aug. 24, 1879, m. Aug. 24, 1899 George Leslie Harper. Living Schuyler, Nebr. No issue.
(4) Lloyd Thomas Hook b. Oct. 27, 1884, m. Aug. 14, 1911 Maude Meyers. No issue.

Children of Sarah Inghram Hook (daughter of John T. Hook and Eliza (Inghram) Hook. See page 34) and Josiah Inghram.
(1) Eliza Inghram b. Aug. 7, 1862, d. Oct. 14, 1876.
(2) Lucy Inghram b. May 9, 1864. Living unmarried at Waynesburg, Pa.
(3) Louise Inghram b. May 27, 1867, m. Oct. 16, 1890 Eleazar Luse Denny b. Sept. 18, 1865, d. Apr. 1, 1910. Widow living at Waynesburg, Pa. Issue -
  (1) Mary Inghram Denny b. July 15, 1891.
  (2) Josephine Denny b. Aug. 31, 1893.
  (3) Helen Denny b. Mch. 26, 1896.
(4) Lizzie Inghram b. Aug. 10, 1869, m. Nov. 12, 1896 John Gerard Rinehart b. Mch. 4, 1863. Living Waynesburg, Pa.
(5) John T. Inghram b. Sept. 5, 1873, m. Oct. 26, 1897 Olive Inghram b. Nov. 22, 1870.

Children of Thomas Hook (son of John T. Hook and Eliza (Inghram) Hook. See page 34) and his first wife Sarah (Patterson) Hook.
(1) Ida Hook b. Aug. 19, 1864, m. Mch. 13, 1883 William C. Ely. Family living Waynesburg, Pa. Issue two daughters -
  (1) Mary Elizabeth Ely b. Nov. 9, 1883, m. Aug. 1, 1903 Norman Orndoff. Issue - Harry Ely Orndoff. Family living Waynesburg, Pa.
  (2) Edith Ely b. Apr. 9, 1891, d. Nov. 10, 1922, m. Sept. 9, 1919 John L. Meighen. Issue - Ida Martin Meighen b. June 18, 1920.
(2) Lucy Hook b. Sept. 30, 1870, m. Sept. 20, 1892 Florin C. Thomas. Family living near Waynesburg, Pa. Issue one daughter -
  (1) Sarah Pauline Thomas b. 1895, m. July 5, 1917 J. E. Riggs. Issue four as follows - Lucinda Caroline Riggs b. May 11, 1918; Joseph Ellsworth Riggs b. Oct. 3, 1919; Ruth Riggs b. July 31, 1921 and Lindsay Thomas Riggs b. Oct. 25, 1923.

Children of Thomas Hook (son of John T. Hook and Eliza (Inghram) Hook. See page 34) and his second wife Susannah (Inghram) Hook.
(1) Wilma Helena Hook b. Dec. 7, 1887, d. Oct. 4, 1917, m. Sept. 28, 1916 E. F. Williamson. Issue - Charles Joseph Williamson b. Sept. 23, 1917.
(2) Jane Holland Hook b. Apr. 29, 1889, m. Sept. 22, 1915 Rev. Frank D. Scott. Family living at Endeavor, Pa. Of issue - Mary Inghram Scott b. June 22, 1916 and Katherine Emily Scott b. Jan. 10, 1918.

Children of Catherine Hook (daughter of John T. Hook and Eliza (Inghram) Hook. See page 34) and her husband William Blair.

(1) Thomas Lazear Blair b. Sept. 2, 1863, graduate of Cincinnati Medical College, m. 1st Sept. 4, 1890 Ida Frye b. Mch. 9, 1867, d. Aug. 25, 1911.
m. 2nd Aug. 26, 1914 Jean Burns Wright. Issue by first marriage -
  (1) John Frye Blair b. May 8, 1894, m. Sept. 14, 1916 Helen Hutchins.
  (2) Mary Louise Blair b. Oct. 8, 1897, m. Sept. 24, 1919 Worthy Rich Scott.

(2) Laura E. Blair b. Jan. 29, 1865, d. Feb. 8, 1877.

(3) Jesse Hook Blair b. May 31, 1866, m. Mch. 1890 Sarah Summersgill. Family living Waynesburg, Pa. Issue -
  (1) Frances Katherine Blair b. Apr. 27, 1891, m. Mch. 14, 1908 Edward P. Foley.

(4) Sarah Agnes Blair b. Sept. 1, 1867, m. Oct. 3, 1889 Eli Gaddis Baily. Family living Carmichaels, Pa. Issue -
  (1) Ralph Emerson Baily b. May 15, 1892.
  (2) Florence Katherine Baily b. Jan. 11, 1896, m. Sept. 11, 1920 Frank G. Huston.
  (3) Margaret Elizabeth Baily b. Sept. 25, 1900.
  (4) Walter Lewis Baily b. Nov. 4, 1902.
  (5) William Blair Baily b. Oct. 12, 1909.

(5) Elizabeth C. Blair b. Mch. 5, 1869. Living Waynesburg, Pa.

(6) Haddie Blair b. 1870, d. 1876.

(7) Eliza Blair b. 1872, d. 1872.

(8) John Campbell Blair b. Dec. 9, 1873, m. Mch. 12, 1921 Clara Barr Jones.

(9) Margaret L. Blair b. Jan. 9, 1876, m. 1st Sept. 16, 1897 Rev. Calvin W. Rea. M. 2nd Nov. 24, 1910 R. Lloyd Baily. Issue by 1st marriage -
  (1) Catherine Blair Rea b. Dec. 19, 1900, m. Aug. 20, 1921 Donnis T. Baer.
No issue by second marriage.

(10) Ida Hook Blair b. Oct. 15, 1878, m. Aug. 28, 1907 Frank R. Hill. Living Waynesburg, Pa. Issue -
  (1) Fred Morton Hill b. Feb. 16, 1910.

The Maholm Family.

The Maholms came from Ireland to Pennsylvania and settled in Lancaster County. The ancestor was James who arrived about 1748 and settled in Little Brittan township, Lancaster County. Early records indicate that the emigrant spelled the name Melholm. On March 20, 1769 he bought 300 acres of land in Drumore Township, Lancaster County, from James Moore, in which he was called James Meholm, yeoman. He died in 1784 and his estate was appraised by his two sons James and Samuel. The name of the deceased in the appraisal papers was spelled Mulholm. The sons signed with different spellings. James spelled his name Malholam and Samuel spelled his Maleholam. On Mch. 30, 1801 the two sons signed the Administration Account still differently. Both spelled the name Mulholam. Other records indicate still further variations such as Mulhalen, Mulhallar, Mulhallon, and Mulholm, but they referred to identical persons. The name was not spelled Maholm until after Samuel and John moved to Harrison County, Ohio, in 1805. James Mulholm, or Meholm, who died in 1784 had several children among whom were -

(1) James - he deeded the land purchased by his father in 1769 to Christian Benenk in 1794. He was a soldier in the Pennsylvania Militia in the Rev. War.

(2) Samuel b. 1759, d. 1838. He applied for a pension in 1833 saying in his application that he was born in Little Brittain Township, Lancaster Co., Pa., in 1759 or 1760. He also states therein that he was drafted in the service of the U. S. in October 1775. He marched with his company under command of Capt. Jas. Morrison to Philadelphia. In consequence of his older brother being in same company, he was permitted to return home after three weeks' service. In Nov. 1776 he was again drafted for two months' service. He marched again with Capt. Morrison to Philadelphia and thence to Trenton, arriving at the latter place on the day the battle there took place. Here they met the Regular Army under command of General Washington. They marched the next night (after Lord Cornwallis arrived at Trenton) to Princeton. The militia (to which Maholm belonged) were some distance in the rear of the Regular Army and did not arrive until the battle was over. He says he marched from Princeton to Morristown where Washington's Army went into winter quarters. At the end of two months he was permitted to return home. In Sept. 1777 he was drafted again and was marched to within two or three miles of Brandywine, N. J., where he remained for two months and then discharged. He was again drafted in Sept. 1781 and marched into New Jersey where he was when news of the surrender of Lord Cornwallis reached him. He stated in his application that he moved to Harrison County, Ohio, near Cadiz, in 1805. He had a bro. John who in a deposition substantiating his bro. Samuel's application, stated that he (John) was twelve or thirteen years old when his bro. Samuel was first drafted in 1775. (This record is indicative of the militia of the Revolutionary War. Here children were drafted and many old men. Little wonder that Washington almost despaired at times of winning the war.) Samuel married Jane ------- about 1777 and had issue as follows, all of whom except Eleanor were mentioned in his will written Feb. 25, 1835 and probated in Harrison

County, Ohio, in 1838. Practically all of the children did well and some, as well as some of the son-in-laws, became very wealthy.

(1) Jane b. 1778, d. 1833, m. James Wilson b. 1777, d. 1856.
(2) Nancy b. 1779, d. , m. Walter B. Beebe b. 1786, d. 1836.
(3) Mary b. Mch. 21, 1783, d. July 26, 1853, m. William Lyle b. Jan. 18, 1777, d. Feb. 6, 1849. (For Lyle Genealogy see page 50). She was called Polly in her father's will, also in her own, but she signed the latter Mary Lyle.
(4) Elizabeth m. James McNutt, died 1855. Of issue - Arthur b. 1821, d. 1895.
(5) Margaret b. 1790, d. 1858.
(6) James b. 1794, d. 1859, m. Axie , b. 1810, d. 1871.
(7) John b. 1795, d. 1854.
(8) Hannah m. Phillips.
(9) Dorcas m. John Bleaks.
(10) Eleanor.
(11) Samuel.
(12) Sarah b. 1803, d. 1848, unmarried.
(13) Ann m. Gleason.

(3) John Maholm b. 1762-3. Moved in 1805 to Harrison Co., Ohio, near Cadiz.
(4) Hugh (probably) Will probated in Jefferson Co., O., 1822. Wife Martha, Nephew James Carson, Bro.-in-law Thomas Johnson.
(5) Joseph (probably) Will probated in Jefferson Co., O., 1826. Children mentioned in Will. Elizabeth m. Talbot, John, William, Hugh, Thomas, Joseph, Margaret m. Johnson.
(6) Patrick (probably)

The Lyle Family.

The name Lyle, Lisle, Lyll, and Lyell and similar derivations, seems to have come from "de l. Isle" meaning "of the island." This would indicate that the common ancestor was one of the Lords of the Western Islands. The name is still found among the higher gentry in Scotland. The name is also found in Southern England many centuries.back. (See Bramshott pedigree in appendix.) This would suggest that it came from Normandy with William the Conqueror. Any any rate, the name is a prominent one in Scotland and Northern Ireland from whence many immigrants found their way to America.

Although not definitely proved by actual records, it is as certain as family tradition can be certain, that the William Lyle of this genealogy who married Mary Maholm in Ohio was a descendent of the Lyles of Toreagh, County of Antrim, Ireland. The Toreagh family traces back to Ayrshire in Scotland. It was one of those Scotch families that settled on the lands of Sir Randall MacDonnell in the vicinity of Larne about 1606.

John Lyll was the son of the Scotch progenitor of the Toreagh family. He was born about 1615 and in 1640 was married to Florence Montgomery. Four of their children were Thomas, James, Jane and David. James born about 1645 and died 1723, married Martha Campbell in 1670. A daughter of this union was Mary Lyll who married John Lyle from Ayreshire, Scotland. Two sons were born to John and Mary Lyle as follows -

(1) Robert Lyle b. 1698, d. 1765, m. 1747 Mary Gilleland who died in 1792.
(2) John Lyle b. 1708, d. 1793, m. 1735 Rosanna (probably) MacDowell in Ireland.

These two brothers emigrated from their home in County Antrim, Ireland, to New Jersey in 1741 where John remined until his death. Robert moved in 1747 to Northampton Co., Pa., where he died in 1765 leaving a widow Mary and children as follows - John, Robert, Moses, Aaron, David, Jane, Elizabeth, Rosannah, Eleanor and Mary. After the Revolutionary War John, Robert Jr., and Aaron who had distinguished themselves in the service of their country moved to Washington Co., Pa., where they lived long and useful lives. Sons of Robert, Jr., named John b. 1767 and William b. 1789, moved to Belmont, later to Harrison Co., Ohio.

John Lyle and Rosanna Lyle his wife had one son, John, born 1739 in Ireland and came to America with his parents in 1741. He married Jane ------ b. 1744, d. 1786 and had issue as follows - John b. 1763, d. 1806; Andrew b. 1765, d. 1804; Mary b. 1767, d. 1834; John died young; Samuel b. 1776, d. 1850; William b. 1777; George W. b. 1778, d. 1801. The family lived near New Brunswick, New Jersey. After the death of their mother in 1786 the care of the younger children was vested in other Lyle families. William visited his cousins in Washington County, Pa., and later about 1805 moved to Harrison County, Ohio. Here he met and in 1806 married Mary (Called Polly) Maholm.

The record of the family is as follows - William Lyle b. Jan. 18, 1777 in New Brunswick, N.J., died Feb. 6, 1849 in Vinton Co., Ohio. Married in Cadiz, Ohio, Mary Maholm b. Mch. 21, 1783,

d. in Vinton Co., Ohio, July 26, 1853. (For Maholm Genealogy see page 48). About 1820 the family moved to Carrol Co., Ohio, and in 1844 to what in 1850 was organized as Vinton Co., Ohio. They were a highly respected family and frugal managers and amassed a considerable estate. Both are buried in the old cemetery about a mile out of Allenville, Vinton Co., Ohio. Their children were as follows, all but Samuel mentioned in mother's will -

(1) John Lyle.
(2) Sarah C. Lyle b. Oct. 3, 1807 in Harrison Co., Ohio, d. Aug. 4, 1882 in Wapello Co., Iowa. Married April 1826 James Grant Hook b. Sept. 8, 1805 in Greene Co., Pa., d. Sept. 4, 1884 in Wapello Co., Iowa. (For Hook Genealogy see page 28).
(3) James Lyle m. Caroline
(4) Samuel Lyle m. Susan.
(5) Mary Ann Lyle b. 1810, d. 1885, m. Eli Garret b. 1812, d. 1859.
(6) William Lyle b. 1812, d. 1861, m. Jane Lewis b. 1817.
(7) Robert Lyle b. 1814, d. 1891, m. Catherine Vogel b. 1822, d. 1901. Lived in Allenville, Ohio.
(8) George Lyle m. Harriett.
(9) Foster Lyle m. Emily Redfern.
(10) Butler Lyle m. Elizabeth Ann Sears
(11) Harrison Lyle b. 1820, d. 1876, m. Nancy Rose b. 1822, d. 1867.
(12) Jane (Jennie) Lyle m. Lawsen Williams.
(13) Andrew Jackson Lyle b. 1825, d. 1857, unmarried.

THE ELLER FAMILY

Information for the most part taken from family bibles.

The Eller family were Pennsylvania Dutch. They came to Pennsylvania from the Pallatinate of Germany between 1740 to 1747. The family stood high in the Pallatinate and the emigrants were educated men of courage and exemplary christian character. The emigrants all sailed from Rotterdam and landed in Philadelphia as follows:- Johan Georg Sept. 30, 1740, Michael Sept. 30, 1743 and George Oct. 7, 1743; Henry b. 1726 arrived Oct. 25, 1746. Christian Eller came in the ship "Restauration" from Rotterdam which arrived in Philadelphia October 9, 1747.

After living for some time in Pennsylvania, Christian Eller moved to the lower Shenandoah Valley of Virginia from whence he moved about 1760 to Davidson County, North Carolina. Of issue he had sons - George, John ~~Melcher~~, Henry and ~~Probably Peter~~ Fredrick. The father and his son John ~~Melcher~~ were soldiers in the War for Independence. About 1765 the family moved to Rowan County, North Carolina, where some descendents still live. From comparison of family names and traditions that have been handed down, there is little doubt that all of the emigrant Ellers above named were related. Christian Eller was a staunch German Baptist or Schwenek Felder (Dunkard) in which denomination he was active throughout his long life.

George Eller, son of Christian, was born in Pennsylvania about 1748. He was a Baptist preacher. At the time of the Regulators War in North Carolina, he joined Capt. Messen's company and took the oath of allegiance to King George III. For thi act, which he held inviolable, he and his wife were arrested in 1775 and placed under bond of five hundred pounds sterling to keep the peace. In 1777 he moved his family to Franklin County, Virginia, where he died about 1805. His sons John, Jacob, Henry and Peter afterwards moved to Ashe Co., North Carolina. They were workers in iron and growers of cattle and horses.

John Eller, son of George, was born in Rowan Co., North Carolina, about 1770. He moved to Franklin Co., Va. with his parents in 1777 and to Ashe Co., N.C. about 1790 where he married Susannah Kearns who was born in Guilford Co., N.C., in 1767 of Holland Dutch parentage and died in Wilkes Co., N.C., Apr. 10, 1853. The family home in Ashe Co. was on Obids Creek and it was here that all of his children were born. In 1816 he acquired a large tract of land in Wilkes Co., N.C. and settled upon it. The New Hope Baptist Meeting House was built upon a part of this land at a later date. John Eller died about 1833 and his remains were buried in the old Robert Cleveland Burial Grounds. Later about 1855, his remains were removed and placed by those of his wife in the New Hope Cemetery. Issue eight children as follows:-

(1) Capt. Simeon Eller b. Sept. 8, 1794 in Wilkes Co., N.C., d. June 19, 1850 in Wilkes Co., N.C., Married Fanny McNeil b. 1795, d. 1856. (For McNeil Genealogy see page 61). Both were earnest and active christians and members of the New Hope Baptist Church, now one of the constituent members of the Brushy Mountain Baptist Association. He was one of the deacons of this Church. His title of Captain applied to his activities in the State Militia which was kept active by an act of government passed in 1792. Both he and his brother Peter were ardent supporters of this act, the latter winning the title of Colonel.

(2) David Eller b. Apr. 11, 1796, d. 1870, m. 1st Tabitha----- m. 2nd Mary Lyons a widow. He moved to Indiana,

then to Nauvoo, Illinois, and about 1845 to Jefferson County, Iowa, near Brookville. Issue by first marriage (1) Jane Eller m. Mr. Tinsley and had several issue, (2) Jesse F. Eller who had a son Washington Eller that was appointed U. S. Marshall for Iowa by President Cleveland, (3) Clarissa Eller who married William Marion, (4) John Eller m. Mary Parnell, both of whom are buried at Atlantic, Iowa, where they had lived without issue. Children of David Eller by second marriage - (1) Alice Eller who married Marion Tracy, oldest son of Rev. R. L. Tracy of Old Marysville, Wapello Co. Had issue four children.

(3) John Eller b. Mch. 17, 1798
(4) Rachel Eller b. Apr. 1[illegible], 1800, m. John McNeil.
(5) Absolem Eller b. Feb. 17, 1803.
(6) Peter Eller b. June 17, 1805. He established an Academy in Wilkesboro where many of the Ellers and Vannoys received all the education they had from schools. Was a member of State Legislature and a man of unusually strong character. His picture hangs in State House in Raleigh.
(7) Delilah Eller b. Feb. 15, 1808.
(8) Polly Eller b. about 1810.

Children of Captain Simeon Eller and Fanny McNeil -
(1) Harvey Gordon Eller b. in Wilkes County, N. C., March 24, 1819; d. in Wapello County, Iowa, Nov. 3, 1906; married Mary Caroline Vannoy Nov. 25, 1841 in Wilkes County, N. C. She was born in Wilkes County, N.C., Feb. 18, 1823 and died in Wapello Co., Iowa, January 19, 1904. (For Vannoy Genealogy see page 63) Both died at the home of their daughter Mrs. E.D.Davis near Martinsburg, Iowa. Both buried in the Competine Cemetery near Farson, Wapello Co., Ia. Their home in Wilkes Co., N. C., was at the foot of Rendezvous Mountain which served Col. Cleveland for signal fires during the War of the Revolution. Fires from this summit could be seen from the Pilot in Surry and the peaks of the Blue Ridge Mts. in McDowell and were lighted to rally the mountaineers from the Virginia State line to South Carolina and from Guilford to the Holston settlements in Tennessee. The Ellers and Vannoys were people of much more than ordinary force of character. Both descended from educated forebears, of high moral courage and attainment. Harvey Eller and his wife were both members of the New Hope Baptist Church of which Mr. Eller became deacon to succeed his father deceased. Both aggressively opposed the whiskey industry and slave trade that flourished in their community and state. It was this traffic that decided them to move to new lands and in October 185[illegible] they sold out their belongings and with six young children started by prairie schooner for Iowa on Oct. 7, 185[illegible], where Mr. Eller's Uncle David lived near Brookville, Jefferson County. After many hardships they arrived at their destination in late November, having come by way of Cumberland Gap, Dan-

ville, Louisville, Ky. and Vincennes, Indiana, to Keokuk, Iowa, where they crossed the Mississippi. They lived first in Jefferson County, then in Wapello Co., and for a time in late life in Washington Co., Nebr., fine christian characters beloved of all who knew them. Their home farm in Wapello Co., Iowa, was purchased November 24, 1864 from James Grant Hook whose son James married their daughter Virginia, and it embraced all of what is now the town of Farson.

(2) John Eller died 1892, m. Jane Montgomery dau. of Hugh Montgomery of Wilkes Co., N. C. He moved to Jefferson County, Iowa, in 1853 and in 1873 moved to Clay Center, Nebr., where he died. Children - James Allen Eller and Alexander Hamilton Eller who lived and died in Jefferson Co., Ia., Charles Eller, Jesse Eller and Joseph Eller resided in Clay Center, Nebr. Daughters Elizabeth Eller marrier Mr. Fisher and resided in Clay Center, Nebr. Daughter Sophronie Eller married a Colvard and resided in Oklahoma.

(3) Polly Eller died May 16, 1894, m. Allen Whittington, Esq. Lived and died in Wilkes Co., N.C. Children - Leander, Elvira who married Rufus Colvard who died 1891, Emily who married a Vannoy and Benjamine who married a Colvard and died 1891.

(4) William Eller died Aug. 9, 1876, m. Catherine Parnell whose father was a drummer boy at Guilford Courthouse, on Mch. 15, 1781. The family emigrated to Iowa with brother John Eller in 1853 and later moved to near Harvard, Nebraska, where he died. Children - James Calloway Eller of Folsom, California; Thomas J. Eller of Clay Co., Nebraska; Rev. David Eller, Frank Eller, Robert M. Eller. Daughters - Henrietta who married Adelbert Peck of Wapello Co., Iowa; Angeline who married a Hackett of Harvard, Nebr., America, Emorr, Martha and Fannie all of Clay County, Nebr.

(5) Colonel James Eller b. June 25, 1828, d. m. Oct. 24, 1849 Mary Ann Carlton dau. of Thomas Carlton, Esq., of Beaver Creek, N. C. She was born Aug. 15, 1830, d. Aug 30 1924 He was made deacon of New Hope Baptist Church in 1853 and was a delegate to the Western Convention in 1860. He moved his family to Ashe Co., N.C., in 1865. He was President of the Convention that organized the New River Baptist Association. He also helped organize the Ashe and Alleghany Baptist Association in 1886 and was elected Vice-President. He was Moderator of the Ashe Association 1898, 1899, 1900 and was a member of the State Board of Missions for several years. The old couple now reside (1924) in Bina, Ashe County, N. C. Children - Harvey Augustus Eller, Adolphus Hill Eller, Albert Sidney Johnson Eller, Cicero, John who died 1896 and Plato Eller who died 1892 at Chapel Hill, N. C. His daughter Ruth Eller married Rev. David Hubbell of Smith County, N.C.

(6) Nancy Eller died 1847, married a Vannoy. No children.

(7) David Eller b. 1832, d. at Drurys Bluff, N.C., 1864. He married Polly McNeil. Was an orderly sergeant in Co. K 53rd N.C. Confederate Army. His body was removed from its first resting place and re-interred at Richmond, Virginia.

(8) Capt. Jesse F. Eller b. 1835. Was Captain in Co. K 53rd N. C. Confederate Army. Severely wounded at Spottsylvania Courthouse. Oscar P. Eller, Quincy Eller, Junius Eller, Edward Eller, Benjamin Eller and other sons live in Smythe Co., Va.

(9) Anderson Eller b. 1836, m. his cousin Alva McNeil who died June 1894. He had sons named James, Simeon, Cleveland, Gaither and Cicero. The family lived in Wilkes Co., N.C.

(10) Thomas J. Eller b. 1838, d. 1863. He was a private in the 1st N. C. Confederate Army and was killed at Chancellorsville near where Stonewall Jackson fell early on the morning of the second days' fight. He was buried where he fell. He was a bright boy, the pride of the family, a good teacher and a promising youth.

(11) America Eller b. 1840, m. 1st William Whittington son of Allen Whittington, Esq. Children - Thomas and Gaither. She married 2nd a Weaver and resides in Allegheny Co., N. C.

Children of Harvey Gordon Eller (son of Simeon Eller and Fanny (McNeil) Eller. See page 53) and Mary Caroline (Vannoy) Eller.

(1) William Hamilton Eller b. Oct. 29, 1842, d. Dec. 23, 1922, m. Nov. 8, 1866 Harriet A. Tracy b. Mch. 13th, 1840, d. Dec. 20, 1921. Moved to Iowa with parents in 1852. Was 1st. Sergeant in Co. I, 45th Iowa Inf. Union Army, Civil War. Later lived in Blair, Washington County, Nebraska, then moved to Greensboro, North Carolina, where he became President of the Keeley Institute located there. He was a lawyer by profession, became Judge of Superior Court of Nebraska, and in later life took up the Baptist Ministry and organized many churches in North Carolina. Issue three daughters as follows:-

(1) Julia A. Eller b. Sept. 20, 1875, d. Mch. 15, 1897, m. Joseph S. Moore b. Aug. 2, 1896, profession real estate and lumber, Greensboro, N.C. Issue two - Eleanore b. Aug. 4, 1893, m. May 21, 1918 Frank S. Smith, living Providence, R.I. Pauline b. Feb. 17, 1895, d. Apr. 2, 1904.

(2) Caroline (Carrie) Eller b. Sept. 28, 1881, m. May 9, 1899 Paul G. Welch b. Dec. 17, 1871; profession - wholesale motor car merchant, Greensboro, N.C. Issue two - (1) Harriet Ruth b. Jan. 25, 1905, d. Oct. 10, 1906; (2) Carolyn b. Jan. 4, 1915.

(3) Elizabeth (Bessie) Eller b. Jan. 30, 1883, m. June 3, 1903 Whitt R. Stone b. Feb. 6, 1881; profession - printer, Greensboro, N.C. Mrs. Stone is D. A. R. by reason of McNeil and Vannoy ancestry.. Issue two - (1) Troy Hamilton b. June 13, 1905, d. immediately; (2) Elizabeth Eller Stone b. July 15, 1909.

(2) ~~Benjamin~~ Barnett Cleveland Eller b. Feb. 29, 1844, d. m. Dec. 14, 1869 Annie Troxel b. Jan. 22, 1851, d. Merchant in David City, Nebr. Was 1st. Sergeant Co. K. 9th Iowa Cav., Union Army. Issue four as follows:-

(1) Hugh Eller b. Nov. 10, 1871, m. June 1903 Jessie Morgan. Occupation, R. R., living Council Bluffs, Ia. Issue - Gerald b. May 1904; Doris b. 1906, d. 1908; Helen b. Feb. 1911.

(2) Lulu Eller b. Nov. 11, 1874, m. Nov. 13, 1897 Ernest J. Sherburne. Occupation, business in Cambridge, Nebr. Issue - Leo Marguerite b. Nov. 15, 1898.

(3) Marguerite Eller b. Apr. 3, 1881, d. Sept. 5, 1923, m. Apr. 3, 1907 Julian B. Buckley; occupation, grain business David City, Nebr. Issue four - Dale b. 1908; Kenneth b. 1911; Maurice b. 1913; Lucile b. 1916.

(4) Troy Cleveland Eller b. June 1882, m. Jan. 1905 Eva Morgan. Occupation, merchant in David City, Nebr. Issue two - Eugene b. 1907; Louise b. 1911.

(3) Virginia Eller b. Oct. 18, 1845, d. Oct. 30, 1897 in Wapello Co., Ia., m. Nov. 21, 1867 James Hook b. Sept. 30, 1839, d. June 30, 1905, of Wapello Co., Iowa. She was born on the old Harvey Eller home on Parlears Creek Farm at the foot of Rendezvous Mountain, near Wilkesboro, Wilkes County, North Carolina. She obatined such education as was possible in the vicinity of her birth and went overland with her parents to Iowa in a prairie schooner in the fall of 1853. She continued her schooling in the primitive schools in Iowa for several years and then attended the Academy which later became Fairfield College, and prepared to become a teacher. She taught several terms in the country schools prior to her marriage. She was a girl of unusually fine character, of a retiring but nevertheless forceful personality and imbibed the lovable christian characteristics of her parents. She was a strong influence among the young people of her acquaintance and was an important factor in the organizing of the old Competine Baptist Church in Wapello Co., Iowa, that exerted such a large influence in the community during the Civil War and immediately after. (For children of Virginia Eller and James Hook see page 41).

(4) Nancy Eller b. May 29, 1847, d. Jan. 4, 1892, m. Nov. 3, 1878 Frazier Troxel b. Feb. 24, 1849 in Wapello Co., Ia., d. Feb. 19, 1908 in Clay Center, Nebr. - Occupation, farmer. Issue four as follows:-

(1) Caroline Troxel b. Nov. 12, 1879, d. May 10, 1909, m. Aug. 27, 1902 Jesse G. Jessup b. Dec. 7, 1878 in Indiana. He married (2) Mabel Eller dau. of Jacob Eller (See ahead). Issue by first marriage - Dorothy Miriam Jessup b. Aug. 1, 1903 and Carol Blanch Jessup b. Feb. 16, 1906.

(3) ~~(2)~~ Daniel Curtis Troxel b. July 14, 1883, m. June 16, 1912 Martha Loretta Britt b. Feb. 24, 1888. ~~Graduate~~ of Yale. ~~Veteran of~~ World War. Occupation, Christian Church Minister. Living Hiram, Ohio. Issue three as follows:- Letha Loretta Troxel b. Apr. 21, 1913; Marjorie Maxine Troxel b. Apr. 1[illegible], 1916; and Daniel Curtis Troxel, Jr. b. 1917, d. 1918.

(3)

(2) Letha Grace Troxel b. Nov. 30, 1881, unmarried. Occupation, secretarial, Washington, D.C.
(4) Bessie Eller Troxel b. Feb. 23, 1888, d. Jan. 4, 1892. She was burned to death with her mother by an explosion of gasoline.

(5) Mary O. Eller b. Dec. 10, 1848, d. Apr. 3, 1881, m. Nov. 4, 1868 Josiah Phelps in Wapello Co., Iowa. Family lived in Franklin Co., Iowa, where he was sheriff for several years. He was a veteran of Civil War, captured at Chattanooga and imprisoned at Andersonville for almost a year, where he all but starved to death. Issue -
(1) Jennie L. Phelps b. July 25, 1869, d. July 9, 1901, m. July 2, 1900 Lewis Pettis of Des Moines, Iowa.
(2) Arthur D. Phelps b. Aug. 13, 1871, living Barton, N. D.
(3) Wilbur J. Phelps b. Mch. 25, 1873.
(4) Benjamin B. Phelps b. Mch. 2, 1875, living Lesever Center, Minn.
(5-6) Jessie and Bessie Phelps, twins, b. Mch. 30, 1877.
(7) L. D. Phelps b. July 15, 1879 - Living in Canada.
(8-9) Mary and Martha Phelps, twins, b. Mch. 27, 1881.

(6) James Anderson Eller b. Apr. 30, 1850, d. m. Dec. 25, 1875 Cora Belle Mizener b. Nov. 20, 1860, d. Sept. 9, 1914. Family lived near Glenwood, Iowa. Occupation, farmer. Issue -
(1) Harvey Newton Eller b. Nov. 7, 1876 in Edgar, Nebr., m. Oct. 2, 1900 Libby Young b. Feb. 3, 1877. Family lives Omaha, Nebr. Occupation, postal clerk. Issue - Geraldine Louise Eller b. Aug. 2, 1901 who married May 26, 1919 Walter Anderson and lives in Omaha, Nebr.
(2) Tyndell Ord Eller b. Aug. 28, 1887 in Edgar, Nebr., m. Oct. 26, 1910 Minnie Grunderson b. Sept. 27, 1899. Occupation, farmer near Glenwood, Iowa.

(7) Jesse Franklin Eller b. Feb. 12, 1852 in Wilkes Co., N.C., d. m. 1st Dec. 4, 1877 Lavina Troxel b. Jan. 29, 1850, d. Nov. 21, 1892. Children by this marriage -
(1) Anna V. Eller b. Feb. 14, 1883, m. Nov. 4, 1920 Claude C. Rogers. Issue Margaret Ann Rogers b. June 6, 1922. Family lives Long Beach, Calif.
(2) Charles J. Eller b. July 25, 1886, m. Mch. 4, 1914 Hilda Lanham. Family lives Harvard, Nebr. Occupation, dentist. Issue - Gerald Eller and Donald Eller, twins, b. May 9, 1915.

July 26 1885

Married 2nd Dec. 28, 189[illegible] Elisabeth Estes b. Feb. 11, 1871. Family lives in Red Bluff, California. Occupation, realtor. Issue by this marriage -
(1) Georgia Eller b. Nov. 30, 1893, m. Ralph J. Parsons. Family resides Red Bluff, Cal. Issue - Calvin Parsons.
(2) Estes H. Eller b. Apr. 6, 1895, m. Mch. 30, 1919 Viola Burrill. Residence of family, Dunsmuir, Calif. Issue - Rex Eller b. Jan. 11, 19[illegible]1 and Robert Laird Eller b. May 25, 1923.
(3) Frank M. Eller b. Nov. 14, 1897, m. May 5, 1921 Mildred Gernardt. Family resides Hornbrook, Cal. Issue - Herald Eller b. Mar. 9, 19[illegible]2.

(4) LeRoy Eller b. June 25, 1900, unmarried. Living Red Bluff, Cal.

(8) Israel Curtis Eller b. Dec. 17, 1853 in Jefferson Co., Iowa, d. m. Nov. 3, 1886 Ellen Elizabeth Kemp b. Feb. 9, 1861 in East Troy, Wisconsin; d. June 14, 1914 in Blair, Nebr. Occupation, Attorney in Blair, Nebr. Was Representative in Nebraska Legislature. Issue:-

(1) Mary Louise Eller b. Aug. 26, 1893, m. Jan. 18, 1916 Harry L. Morris b. 1890 in Louisiana. Occupation, manufacturer in Blair, Nebr. Issue - Margaret Eloise Morris b. Mar. 13, 1917.

(2) William Curtis Eller b. Mch. 6, 1888, d. ~~Jun.~~ Dec. 27, 1900.

(3) Frances Pauline Eller b. Jan. 24, 1897, m. 1915 Ralph J. Roush. Family lives in Des Moines, Ia. Issue - Elizabeth Minnie Roush b. Apr. 1, 1916; Frances Jane Roush b. June 18, 1917; Dorothy Marguerite Roush b. June 30, 1919.

(4) Infant daughter b. and d. Dec. 1898.

(9) Martha Clementine Eller b. Sept. 19, 1855, d. m. Mch. 30, 1875 George W. Dickens b. Sept. 18, 1843 in Wyandott, Co. Ohio, d. June 22, 1917 Wapello Co., Ia. He was a large land owner, banker and member for two terms of Iowa Legislature. He first married 1864 Elizabeth Hawthorne b. Sept. 17, 1843, d. June 22, 1874 and had issue-(1)Wilbur Dickens b. 1867, d. 1871; (2) Mary D. Dickens b. 1869, d. 1922, m. Oscar Dickey; (3) Hiram Hessel Dickens b. 1871, m. Vina Ulrey. Children by George W. Dickens and Martha C. Eller -

(1) Scott Martin Dickens b. Aug. 1, 1876, d. June 15, 1905, m. Mch. 22, 1899 Mabel C. Cook b. July 9, 1876, d. Aug. 2, 1911. Issue - George Earl Dickens b. Feb. 2, 1900, m. Apr. 2, 1920 Hortense Cowan; Lloyd Martin Dickens b. Mar. 22, 1902.

Oct 1-1904

(2) Rella May Dickens b. Feb. 5, 1879, m. Nov. 3, 1897 Clyde A. Dickey of Hedrick, Ia. - occupation, farmer, contractor. Issue eight as follows - (1) Kenneth b. 1898, d. 1898, (2) Martha Lucille b. Nov. 5, 1899, teacher Hedrick, Iowa; (3) Mary b. May 18, 1901, m. Sept. 12, 1923 Glenn A. Messerschmitt, farmer near Hedrick, Ia., (4) Arthur b. July 10, 1903, farmer and contractor, Hedrick, Iowa, (5) Fern b. Aug. 1905, (6) Florence b. Aug. 28, 1907, (7) Leslie b. Aug. 1908, (8) Duane b. Feb. 4 1912.

(3) Katherine Elizabeth Dickens b. May 30, 1881, m. Dec. 29, 1905 Clyde B. Baldwin b. June 10, 1880 in Bridgeport, Ill., Family living on parental farm near Farson, Iowa. Issue three as follows - (1) Ralph b. Oct. 14, 1906, (2) Martha Elizabeth b. Jan. 5, 1909, (3) Meryl b. May 28, 1914.

(10) John Quincy Eller b. Sept 20, 1857, died by drowning in Competine Creek June 15, 1875.

(11) Thomas Arnold Eller b. Sept. 12, 1859, d. m. Sept. 22, 1881 Alice C. Phelps b. Apr. 5, 1857, Occupation, retired farmer, living Harvard, Nebr. Issue seven as follows:-

(1) Alden R. Eller b. Aug. 13, 1882, d. m. 1st Francis M. Jones b. Apr. 1882, d. Jan. 24, 1909. Issue - Kenneth Harvey Eller b. July 8, 1907. M. 2nd Dec. 25, 1916 Jennie E. Wood. Occupation, farmer, Trenton, Nebr.

(2) Ira Blaine Eller b. 1883, d. 1886,

(3) Ella Phelps Eller b. Jan. 15, 1885, d. m. Oct. 17, 1911 Harry P. Owens. Issue - Robert R. Owen b. May 24, 1920. Family resides Trenton, Nebr.

(4) Stella M. Eller b. Aug. 8, 1886, d. m. Sept. 5, 1906 Robert M. Owens. Issue - Delight Lucille Owens b. Aug. 8, 1921. Family lives Stratton, Nebr.

(5) Vernon T. Eller b. Feb. 27, 1891, d. m. Mch. 26, 1913 Stella M. Thomas b. Nov. 2, 1896. Issue - Dorothy Lucille b. Jan. 17, 1914; Donald D. b. Sept. 16, 1918; Wade b. Oct. 20, 1920. Family resides Stratton, Nebr.

(6) Cleveland Harrison Eller b. 1893, d. m. Sept. 1, 1920 Ruth J. Jesse. Issue - Jerral Vaughn Eller b. Sept 20, 1922. 353-Inf, 89th Div, A.E.F. Family resides Benkleman, Nebr. He was a Sergt Co M 89th A.E.F.

(7) John Harvey Eller b. Sept. 5, 1895, d. m. Nov. 23, 1919 Lula E. Shaw. Family resides Lincoln, Nebr. Served 89th AEF World war

(12) Jacob H. Eller b. Aug. 27, 1861, d. m. July 1, 1888 Bertha Adelade Athey b. Feb. 18, 1867, d. Jan. 25, 1914. Occupation - merchant in Clay Center, Nebr. Issue five as follows -

(1) Mary Merle Eller b. Mch. 21, 1889, m. Calvin Rollins b. June 25, 1890; occupation, merchant, Clay Center, Nebr. Issue - Bertha Catherine b. Aug. 17, 1914; Frances Mildred b. Aug. 8, 1916; Calvin, Jr. b. Sept. 4, 1918; Marjorie Rae b. Feb. 11, 1923.

(2) Mabel Ruth Eller b. Oct. 29, 1890, m. Oct. 1, 1919 J. G. Jessup. Occupation, ~~realtor~~ in California. Issue - ~~Carol Blanch and Dorothy Marion~~

(3) Florence Athey Eller b. Oct. 15, 1892, m. Aug. 14, 1917 Ralph E. Cowan b. Apr. 7, 1889. Occupation, realtor in Lincoln, Nebr. Issue - Robert Duane b. Nov. 24, 1919, Richard Eller Cowan b. Dec. 5, 1921. Charles Russell b. May 13, 1924

(4) Frances Martha Eller b. Sept. 19, 1896.

(5) Raymond Eller b. Feb. 23, 1900. ~~Is~~ Student in Univ. of Nebraska.

(13) Edson C. Eller b. May 27, 1864, d. Jan. 25, 1920 in Hastings, Nebr., m. Mch. 25, 1890 Jennie E. Davis b. Mch. 8, 1866 in Fredericksburg, Ohio. Issue four as follows:-

(1) Floyd E. Eller b. Sept. 7, 1893, m. June 18, 1918 Ella A. Decker. Issue - Floyd Edson Eller, Jr., b. Apr. 19, 1919. Occupation, engineering Was Capt. ~~13~~ AEF World War.

#
No. 12
Was married
May 27 - 1924
Mrs Francis Ray
Who was born Nov 9
1872

student University of Minn.

(2) Lyle Davis Eller b. Dec. 9, 1895, m. June 12, 1917 Erla T. McCarl. Served 89th A.E.F. Issue - Erla Jean Eller b. Feb. 28, 1920. Family resides Mitchell, S. D.

(3) Lester C. Eller b. Apr. 1st, 1898. Living Hastings, Nebr. Served in U.S. Navy, World War.

(4) Mildred C. Eller b. Dec. 17, 1900. Living Hastings, Nebr.

(14) Maggie Eller b. Mar. 2, 1866, d.
m. Sept. 4, 1884 Edward Delos Davis b. Dec. 24, 1855, d. successful farmer near Martinsburg, Iowa, Wapello County. Issue eight as follows:-

He taught school

(1) Wilbur Curtis Davis b. Aug. 15, 1885, m. Sept. 26, 1909 Kathryn Thompson. Occupation, farmer, near Farson, Iowa. Issue - Dorothy Irene b. Oct. 4, 1910; Margaret Eleanor b. Aug. 9, 1912; Waldo Edward b. July 15, 1914.

(2) Edward C. Davis b. Feb. 10, 1887, d.
m. Aug. 9, 1917 Anna Gerholz b. Apr. 24, 1894. Graduate 1911 Iowa State College, Animal Husbandry Course. Instructor two years after graduation Univ. of Minnesota. Member Masonic Lodge, Alpha Zeta and Delta ~~Sig~~ Sigma Phi. He is a veteran of the World War and engaged in the battle of the Argonne Forest in France in Co. A, 111 Inf., 28th Division, U. S. Army. Occupation, grain and seed business St. Peter, Minn. Issue - Edward Clayton b. Apr. 28, 1918; Virginia b. Feb. 28, 1920; Ruth Ann b. Feb. 1921, d. 1923.

(3) Clarence Jacob Davis b. May 19, 1891, d. July 28, 1918, m. Dec. 15, 1915 Grace Hawthorne b. Feb. 25, 1894. Issue - Lyle Delos b. Feb. 28, 1918.

a Master Mason. Member Acacia fraternity, Iowa State College. Completed 3 years of college course in agronomy I.S.C. Supt of Schools at Lewis, Iowa at time of death.

(4) Mary C. Davis b. Oct. 6, 1893, d.
m. Feb. 1916 Floyd Allen Douglas b. May 7, 1893, d. Oct. 17, 1918. No issue. She lives Ottumwa, Ia.

(5) Otis Eller Davis b. Oct. 17, 1895, d. Oct. 20, 1918. Enlisted in World War, but was soon discharged owing to weak heart which caused his untimely death.

(6) Herbert Plank Davis b. December 18, 1897, d.
m. Mch. 14, 1922 Ruth Cecil b. Mch. 4, 1898. He enlisted in S.A.T.C. at Univ. of Iowa World War but did not see service. Employee Standard Oil Company, ~~Long~~ Redondo Beach, Calif. Issue - Cecil Gene b. July 31, 1923.

Completed three years of course in Business administration S.U.I.

(7) Roy Martin Davis b. Mch. 12, 1902.

(8) Raymond L. Davis b. Apr. 26, 1904. Graduate S.U.I. 1925 Business Adm.

(15) Otis Reauer Eller b. July 20, 1870, d. Graduate Baptist Academy of Pella, Iowa. Occupation, Railway Mail Service. Residence Lincoln, Nebr. m. 1st Dec. 26, 1893 Celia G. Allbery b. Sept. 26, 1868 in Washington County, Ohio, d. June 26, 1898 in Omaha, Nebr. Issue by this marriage -

(1) Harold Otis Eller b. Oct. 9, 1894, d. Apr. 9, 1895.

(2) Warren Herbert Eller b. June 26, 1896 at Long Pine, Nebr. Graduate University of Nebraska. Occupation physician in Brooklyn, N.Y. Unmarried 1924.

Married 2nd Oct. 11, 1900 Ruth Matrau b. Aug. 18, 1873. Issue - one son Henry Matrau Eller b. Feb. 20, 1904. Student in University of Nebraska.

The McNeil Family.

Taken from "Memorial to Rev. Mr. George McNeil" a pamphlet published on occasion of 100th Anniversary of death of George McNeil by Brushy Mountain Association of Baptist Church of Wilkes Co., North Carolina.

George McNeil b. 1720, d. June 7, 1805, m. Miss Coats in Virginia. He was born near Glasgow, Scotland, and came to America as a missionary with his two brothers John and Thomas, about 1750. The three brothers landed in Virginia and George (and probably the others) settled in Grayson County, Va. Tradition says that he was a Presbyterian at first and was educated for the ministry in that denomination before coming to America. Just when or why he gave up the religion of his youth and joined the Baptist faith is not known. It is probable, however, that the change was not made until after he arrived in Virginia, which at that time was wavering in its allegiance to the organized Church of England. Having been raised in the Scotch School of Theology, he had no difficulty in joining the ranks of the dissentors and being an educated man, was immediately called upon to assist in reviving the tenets of religion in the Colony. His first important work was done in Grayson County, Virginia, where he was called upon to organize Baptist Churches and attend as pastor in that denomination. He moved from here into North Carolina and continued the work of establishing places of worship, ordaining preachers, and organizing associations of Baptist Churches. In the earlier days of his ministry he was identified with William and Joseph Murphy and contemporary with John Gano, and is rightly credited as being one of the pioneers in the establishment of the Baptist Church in North Carolina. During the Revolutionary War he joined the forces of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and became Chaplain of the regiment and preached to the soldiers throughout the memorable Kings Mountain Campaign. Upon his return from the Army, he continued his church work and in 1786 organized the Yadkin Association and acted as Moderator for several years. This was the first attempt to bring the several churches of this North Carolina district under one head. From this beginning sprang many other Baptist Associations in which the McNeils, Bakers, Vannoys and Miller (the latter two names are treated elsewhere in this volume.) played leading parts.

The home of George McNeil in Wilkes County was located about two and one-half miles from New Hope Baptist Church on the North Fork of Lewis Fork Creek.

Members of the Brushy Mountain Baptist Association met on the seventh day of June, 1905, which was one hundred years after the death of the Rev. George McNeil, and erected a permanent memorial at his grave.

His children were as follows:-

(1) Mary McNeil (probably.)
(2) John McNeil m. --- Cleveland. Lived near Greenville, S.C.
(3) William McNeil m. a sister of Jeremiah Cleveland and moved to Clayborne County, Tenn. He volunteered in War of Revolution.

(4) Rev. James McNeil b. about 1763, d. about 1840, m. Mary Shepherd. He was a Baptist minister of great force of character and ability. He settled first in Ashe County, N.C., later moving to Redies River in Wilkes County, N.C., where he married. He was living near Moravian Falls, N. C., at time of his death. He raised six sons and three daughters. (See forward for descendents.)

(5) Benjamin McNeil m. Miss Lips, lived on South Lewis Fork three miles from old Lewis Fork Baptist Church. Issue - Enoch McNeil who died 1865-6 near Moravian Falls, and six other sons and one daughter, all of whom moved west.

(6) Joseph McNeil b. 1767, d. (about) 1855, m. Miss Wilson and lived on his father's homestead and had issue - (1) Larkin McNeil m. Miss Ferguson and had sons Franklin, John and Milton, (2) Rev. James McNeil, (3) one other son, (4-5-6) three daughters.

(7) Elizabeth McNeil m. Robt. Bingham of Va. a Rev. soldier. Their sons were William, Joel and George. George had five sons, one of whom (Harvey) went to Senate of N.C. in 1876.

(8) Polly McNeil m. Henry Miller a Revolutionary soldier who was a son of William Miller. Of issue, two daughters, one of whom married a Parks and the other a Lankford.

(9) Thomas McNeil b. 1782, d. 1865, a soldier in War of 1812, m. Miss Parsons a daughter of Rev. James Parsons of Surry Co., N. C. They had sons - James d. Feb. 16, 1855, Jesse b. 1810 who died unmarried in 1830, and G. W. McNeil.

Children of Rev. James McNeil and his wife Mary Shepherd -

(1) John McNeil m. Rachel Eller, sister of Simeon Eller. Of issue - John.
(2) Larkin McNeil.
(3) George McNeil.
(4) William McNeil.
(5) Oliver McNeil.
(6) Eli McNeil.
(7) Fanny McNeil b. 1795, d. 1856, m. Simeon Eller b. 1794, d. 1850. (For Eller Genealogy see page 52.)
(8) Rebecca McNeil m. Rev. John Vannoy who was a well known minister in Wilkes and Ashe Counties. He lived on Beaver Creek and was pastor of the old Baptist Church there for years. Their children were - Jesse, William, James; and daughters Wiley, Mary, Louisa who married James Eller of Wilkes Co., and Tilda who married Henry Hardin and moved to Colorado.
(9) Nancy McNeil m. Edward J. Dancy of Wilkesboro, N. C.

THE VANNOY FAMILY.

Information obtained mostly from family bible of Jesse Vannoy.

The Vannoys of North and South Carolina were of French Huguenot extraction. Their forefathers during the 17th century were driven hither and thither by religious intolerance first to England, then to Holland, and then back to England again from whence Jesse Vannoy and perhaps his father and brothers came to America about 1692. It is said that the Vannoys were related to Oliver Cromwell under whose banner the father of Jesse Vannoy served in 1650-1659. The vessel that brought Jesse Vannoy to America also brought the grandparents of the patriot Francis Marion and landed in Georgetown, South Carolina in (about) 1692. Tradition says that Jesse Vannoy was born on the day the boat that brought him from England landed at Georgetown. Jesse Vannoy married (wife's name unknown) and of issue had -

(1) John Vannoy b. about 1714; d. about 1778; m. a ~~relative~~, Susannah ~~Vannoy~~ Baker. He served the colonists against the Spanish at St. Augustine, Florida. It is also said that he served in the French and Indian War. He was a man of strong convictions and inherited the revolutionary traits of his forefathers and put them to practical use. The children of John and Susannah Vannoy were -

(1) Rachel Vannoy b. Apr. 12, 1741.
(2) Andrew Vannoy b. Aug. 12, 1742, m. Neil Patton. He was a Captain in the 10th N.C. Reg. of Continentals.
(3) Abraham Vannoy b. Jan. 15, 1745.
(4) Frances Vannoy b. Aug. 13, 1746.
(5) Nathaniel Vannoy b. Feb. 16, 1749, d. July 26, 1835. Married Elizabeth Ray of English ancestry of Ashe Co., N.C. He was a pioneer settler in Ashe Co, N.C. and lived on Beaver Creek. Later settled on Lewis Fork of Yadkin River in Wilkes County, N. C. He was a Sergeant Major in the Regiment of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and took part in the Kings Mountain Campaign in Rev. War. It is said that at the direction of Col. Cleveland he hung three Tories, for horse stealing, to a tree that until recently stood in front of the Wilkes County Courthouse in Wilkesboro. Family tradition says that the Clevelands were related to the Vannoys and through common ancestors were related to the family of Oliver Cromwell. President Grover Cleveland presented a family bible to Caroline Yates, grandchild of Nathaniel Vannoy, as a memento of the family relation.
(6) Hannah Vannoy b. Mch. 26, 1751.
(7) Daniel Vannoy b. Feb. 2, 1752.
(8) Susannah Vannoy b. July 6, 1754.
(9) Katherine Vannoy b. Dec. 26, 1755.

Children of Nathaniel Vannoy and Elizabeth (Ray) Vannoy:-

(1) John Vannoy b. Mch. 22, 1775.

(2) Joel Vannoy b. Feb. 22, 1777.
(3) Sarah Vannoy b. Jan. 16, 1779, d. 1856, m. Jeremiah Cleveland b. 1774, d. 1845. His father was a brother of Col. Benj. Cleveland of Kings Mountain fame.
(4) Jesse Vannoy b. June 2, 1781, d. Nov. 26, 1875, married Jan. 12, 1804 to Mary Kilby b. Sept. 19, 1785, d. Feb. 14, 1864. He was a devout Baptist and it has been said that he could quote the scriptures chapter by chapter from memory. His wife Mary Kilby of English ancestry, daughter of William Kilby, was one of the constituent members of the old New Hope Baptist Church. She was called Aunt Polly by her neighbors who proclaimed her to be the most useful woman of the generation in her neighborhood. This was because of her fine christian character and her helpfulness to her neighbors in times of sickness. Both are buried in the New Hope burying grounds near Wilkesboro, N.C.
(5) Andrew Vannoy b. Nov. 4, 1783. A gifted school teacher and church worker
(6) Elizabeth Vannoy b. Mch. 4, 1786, d. Sept. 10, 1846, married a Peyton. Of issue - Caroline who married Jesse Yates.
(7) Jane Vannoy b. Aug. 20, 1788, d. Sept. 17, 1846, married a Thurston.
(8) Ann Vannoy b. Nov. 4, 1790, m. John Foster.
(9) Susannah Vannoy b. Nov. 4, 1790, m. a Parks. She was a twin sister of Ann.

Children of Jesse Vannoy and Mary (Kilby) Vannoy -
(1) Elizabeth Ray Vannoy b. Oct. 29, 1804, d. Aug. 24, 1868, m. John Eller of Lewis Forks, N. C.
(2) Joel Eden Vannoy b. Apr. 16, 1806, d. Jan. 1826.
(3) Sarah Jane Vannoy b. Aug. 1st, 1807.
(4) John Humphrey Vannoy b. Dec. 26, 1808.
(5) Katherine Ann Tolds Vannoy b. Nov. 21, 1810, married Abigal Fairchild.
(6) William Kilby Vannoy b. May 21, 1813, d. Mar. 9, 1832 or 1882.
(7) Jessie Whitfield Vannoy b. Feb. 14, 1814.
(8) James Nathaniel Vannoy b. Oct. 20, 1815, d. Sept. 3, 1881.
(9) Abraham Wesley Vannoy b. Sept. 6, 1817, d. in Iowa in 1890.
(10) Frances Susannah Vannoy b. Apr. 10, 1819, d. infancy.
(11) Andrew Jackson Vannoy b. Mch. 27, 1821.
(12) Mary Caroline Vannoy b. Feb. 18, 1823 at Lewis Fork, Wilkes County, N. C., d. in Wapello Co., Iowa, at home of her daughter Maggie Davis Jan. 19, 1904. She married Harvey Gordon Eller in Wilkes Co. Nov. 25, 1841. (For Eller genealogy see page 53). She received but scant schooling in the schools of her neighborhood, but it was sufficient to enable her to read and write, an accomplishment that enabled her to become a profound student of the bible and kindred books. She was a member of the New Hope Baptist Church to which her forebears contributed so much. ~~to the welfare of her forebears~~. The writer of her obituary has this to say of her - "The death of Mrs. Eller removed from this community one of the saints of the earth. Nothing that the Journal can say will

add to the reputation of this good woman. She spent her long life in good works and has passed to her reward, wrapped in a mantle of faith."

(13) Franklyn Matilda Vannoy b. Sept. 28, 1825, m. Alfred McNeil.

(14) Anderson Vannoy b. Apr. 23, 1829. Wounded at South Mountain and died at Winchester, Virginia, in 1862.

THE BECHTEL FAMILY

Information obtained from birth certificates and passports of the immigrants to America, and from family bibles and records.

The Bechtel, or Von Bechtel, family was one of high standing in the Rhine Province of Chenhessen, Germany. One branch of the family migrated to Switzerland, some members of which came to Pennsylvania before 1770 and left many descendents. Karl Bechtel, a Superior Court Justice of Hanau, married 1st Fredericken Ernestine Osterheld of Rebach, District of Erbach, about 1826. Of issue were two sons - Phillip and Karl Wilhelm. He was married three times.

Karl Wilhelm Bechtel, son of Karl and Ernestine Bechtel, b. Sept. 12, 1830 in Hanau, d. Oct. 11, 1871 in Iowa City, Iowa. While living in Rintelm he fell in love with Marie Laufer (b. Sept. 30, 1827 in Hersfeld, Chenhessen, Germany, d. Sept. 23, 1877 in Coralville, Iowa.) Because of her lower social station the family objected to a marriage. Perserved letters in beautiful hand and expression prove the high education of Karl Wilhelm and his ardent love for Marie. In order that he might marry her he renounced all claim to any part of his father's estate, left his home and emigrated to Lawrence, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1852. She followed the next year and the marriage took place in Lawrence Dec. 3, 1853. Here they lived until 1858 when they moved to Story Co., Iowa. They bought a quarter section of land in Story County in 1863, but only retained it for a year when they moved to Dallas Co., Iowa, where they lived until 1869. They then moved to Coralville, near Iowa City, where they both died. They were German Lutheran in religion. During the American Civil War and while living in Dallas Co., Iowa, they lost nearly everything they had by their generosity toward families whose husbands and sons were gone to war. They were then in the grocery business in Xenia, Iowa, and administered the post office. Issue six as follows:-

(1) Herman b. Sept. 17, 1854, killed in paper mill explosion in Iowa City.

(2) Frederica b. Apr. 29, 1857 in Lawrence, Mass. Still living in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(3) Augusta b. Mar. 22, 1859, m. John Davis, dec. Had one son, Louis. She is still living in Denver, Colorado.

(4) Karl Phillip b. at Nevada, Iowa, Nov. 12, 1863. Learned the baker's trade in Des Moines, Iowa. He moved to Fort Dodge, Iowa, Jan. 10, 1883 where for 37 years he operated the leading bakery and restaurant in that city. He was a member of the band in the 51st Iowa National Guard and Commander of the City's Vol. Fire Dept. for many years. It was here that he met his future wife Rose Belle Waldburger. (For Waldburger Genealogy see page 68). They were married Nov. 13, 1884. Both repudiated their traditional religions and sent their children to Presbyterian Sunday School. Later the whole family joined the Episcopal Church. At present the parents attend Christian Science Church in Fort Dodge, Iowa, where they live. Issue two as follows:-

(1) Hattie Rosamond Bechtel b. Dec. 16, 1885. Educated in schools of Ft. Dodge, Iowa. News-

paper reporter 1906, married Sept. 17, 1907 in St. Marks Episcopal Church, Fort Dodge, James William Hook b. Jan. 9, 1884. She was active in various woman's committees during World War and during her residence in Tarrytown, N. Y. was an ardent worker in the N. Y. League of Woman Voters. She is a member of several clubs and of the Episcopal Church. (For Hook Genealogy see page 41). Issue - James Phillip b. Jan. 23, 1911, d. March 15, 1911; James William, Jr. b. May 30, 1912; Rose Virginia Hook b. May 22, 1914.

(2) Carl Phillip Bechtel b. May 21, 1888, m. Nov. 1, 1911 Margaret Updegraff. Issue - Kenneth Phillip b. July 21, 1912. Family living in Gardnerville, Nevada.

(5) Henrietta b. Oct. 3, 1865 in Dallas Co., Ia., M. Fred Stocker. Living in Cedar Rapids, Iowa. One child, Charles.

(6) Oscar b. Oct. 29, 1868, died in infancy.

Phillip Bechtel, son of Karl and Ernestine Bechtel, emigrated to America about 1855-1860 and settled near Des Moines, Iowa. Of issue - Ernest Bechtel who is a prominent electrical engineer connected with the firm of Hodenpyl Hardie Company of New York City. He married Nettie and had issue two daughters - Maurine and Eleanor. Family resides at New Rochelle, N. Y.

The Waldburger Family.

Information obtained from birth certificates and passports of the emigrant to America, and from family bibles for later generations.

The family was prominent in Bohemia near Hirschberg and was undoubtedly of German origin. The emigrant to America left Bohemia, as many others did, to escape the oppression of the Hapsburgs who at the time were ruthlessly suppressing self-government, and public opinion, and forcing the youth of the country into long terms of military servitude.

Franz Waldburger, a cobbler of Hirschberg, District of Dokra, m. Barbara Leegold of Wobozok, Bohemia, about 1816. Of issue was -

Franz Xavier Waldburger b. May 1, 1819 in Hirschberg, Bohemia, district of Dokra. He died in Fort Dodge, Iowa, U.S.A., Feb. 15, 1879. In 1846 he married Theresa Josepha Kampe b. Feb. 18, 1827 in Hirschberg, d. Apr. 27, 1894 in Fort Dodge, Iowa. Her parents were Joseph Kampe a stocking maker and Theresa Kampe (nee Hergple) both of Hirschberg. Franz Xavier Waldburger and his wife and daughter Theresa emigrated to America in the fall of 1857 and landed at Castle Garden, New York City. They moved at once to Davenport, Iowa, where they lived until 1866 when they moved to Johnson township, Webster Co., Iowa. Here they resided until 1871 when they moved to Fort Dodge, Iowa. They were Catholic in their faith, but several of their children renounced this religion for others when they were grown.

On December 31, 1868 Mrs. Waldburger started with a team across the prairies to Fort Dodge, a distance of fourteen miles, to purchase provisions. She was accompanied by her fifteen year old daughter Theresa and a young man who was visiting the family. A blinding blizzard overtook them soon after they started home and very quickly the road was obliterated by drifting snow. Dusk was falling and the mother fearing lest they get lost, got out of the wagon to search for the road. Before she realized it, she was out of sight of the wagon. The horses impatient in the storm soon became unmanageable and proceeded home. For hours the distracted mother was hopelessly lost and wandered aimlessly through the storm. About ten o'clock she caught sight of a gleam of light and found herself before a farm house where she was taken in almost exhausted from cold and fatigue. The frantic family at home spent a terrible night and it was not until the following morning that they knew the wife and mother was safe. Issue nine as follows:-

(1) Franz b. July 16, 1849, d. Dch. 21, 1855.
(2) Wenzel b. Sept. 27, 1851, d. Aug. 26, 1856.
(3) Theresa b. June 21, 1853, m. Chas. Clouse.
Issue - Frances, Frank, Albert, Anna and Hiram.
(4) Franz b. Apr. 24, 1855, d. July 24, 1855
(5) Frances b. Feb. 13, 1857, m. 1st Adam Krutz.
Issue two - (1) Anna m. M. Tierney, (2) Viola m. Louis Schultz.
M. 2nd John J. Magennis, issue two - Joseph L. and John Francis.

(6) Franz Joseph b. Jan. 28, 1859, d. Aug. 14, 1911, m. Jan. 4, 1886 Sadie Snyder, widow living New Kamilche, Wash. Issue six children - (1) William b. Feb. 23, 1891, married, living Olympia, Wash., with two children Harold & Phyllis; (2) Joseph b. May 28, 1893, married, living Tacoma, Wash. (3) Myrtle b. Jan. 21, 1896, married, living Olympia, Wash., issue two daughters, one named Grace; (4) Guy b. Nov. 1, 1897; (5) Max b. Aug. 28, 1900; (6) Lester b. Aug. 29, 1903.

(7) Joseph Charles b. Mch. 2, 1862 in Davenport, Iowa, m. Mch. 10, 1889 Nettie Irene b. Apr. 20, 1868, daughter of Sidney Simmons and Melissa Isabelle Simmons (nee Crawford) of Marshalltown, Iowa. Family resides at Fort Dodge, Iowa. Occupation - Waldburger Drug Company. Issue -

(1) Ernest, died young.
(2) Rose Marie Waldburger b. Apr. 22, 1895.
(3) Robert Simmons Waldburger b. Mch. 14, 1897, m. Sept. 5, 1922 Margaret M. Miller. He was in 126th Machine Gun Battalion, 34th Division World War. Six months in France. Resides Fort Dodge, Iowa.
(4) Frank Richard Waldburger b. Apr. 4, 1902.
(5) Elizabeth Helen Waldburger b. Jan. 1, 1906.

(8) Rose Belle b. Jan. 7, 1865 in Davenport, Iowa. Married Nov. 13, 1884 in Fort Dodge, Iowa, Carl Phillip Bechtel b. Nov. 12, 1863 at Nevada, Story Co., Iowa. (For Bechtel Genealogy see page 66). Issue two - Hattie Rosamond b. Dec. 16, 1885 and Carl Phillip b. May 21, 1888.

(9) Anna b. Dec. 6, 1867, m. Ernest F. Green, a direct descendent of Nathaniel Green and Nicholas Herkimer. Issue two - Ernestine m. Herman Tiedemann residing Chicago, and Doris unmarried, librarian Laramie, Wyo. Parents reside Pueblo, Colo.

1st Generation (Hook Line).

The Hook ancestor of this personal history was Thomas Hooke who settled near the present site of Annapolis, Maryland, in 1668. He came on the ship "Goulden Wheat Sheaf of London" in April of that year as a redemptioner bound to James Connaway, Captain of the ship that brought him, until he had fully paid for his passage. Only tradition gives a clue to his life in England. He was part of the well-known family of Hooke that had been in the British Isles since the coming of the Conqueror. His parents, so tradition tells us, were small free-holders living south of London in the county of Surrey. He had illustrious cousins and other kin in London. He came to America when quite young with his uncle who was a sea captain. He named his first son after his uncle. None of these stories have been confirmed by actual records. Inference, however, is strong in support of them.

Maryland was settled for the most part by the same classes of English peoples as her neighbor, Virginia. John Fiske divides them into four divisions:- (1) The large planters. (2) The small planters. (3) The Redemptioners and white servants. (4) The colored slaves. The first class usually were members of the wealthy or privileged Cavalier families of England. They stood in with the lord proprietor and were granted large estates. The second class were made up largely of the lesser gentry of England. The third class came from a variety of sources representing at the one extreme the persecuted members of the first class and at the other extreme the banished members of the slum element of the larger English cities. The fourth class, as the name implies, represented the colored slaves imported from Africa. As time went on, many small planters and redemptioners became large ~~planters~~. Other redemptioners after discharging their importation obligation became freemen and even white servants of good breeding advanced to positions of importance. The leveling influence continued until the War of Secession destroyed the last ~~village~~ vestige of privileged classes and placed everyone upon an equal footing.

The proprietary rights to the territory of Maryland ~~was~~ were granted by King Charles the First to George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, who died before his plans for founding a colony upon the banks of the Chesapeake were consummated. His son Cecilus, the second Lord Baltimore, was the real colonizer. He was Catholic in religion and many of the original planters were of that faith. In 1649 a group of persecuted Puritans from Virginia were admitted to the colony. They founded the village of Providence which today is the city of Annapolis. They opposed the Catholics with all their power and by 1688 had succeeded in establishing Puritan control over the colony. Between 1655 and 1690 the Puritan immigration was so marked that by the latter date seventy-five percent of the population was of that belief. In 1692 the face of things was profoundly changed by William and Mary who pronounced the English Church as the established religion of the colony.

Thomas Hooke undoubtedly was a devotee of the English Church from his first appearance in Maryland. While there are no church records to prove this, it is known that his son James and his grand children Mary, James and John were active members of that denomination. The family in England for the most part remained

loyal to the established church. Some, however, became militant Puritans and after the fall of the Commonwealth were obliged to seek aid from their loyal kin to avoid persecution.

Captain James Connaway was granted land, to which he was entitled for bringing into the colony Thomas Hooke and fifty-one others, on the northern bank of the Severn River just north of Annapolis. Here Thomas Hooke lived and labored. How long was required for him to become a freeman is not known, but old records of Captain Connaway wherein he stated as early as August 1668 that he had used his rights so far as Thomas Hooke and three others were concerned, leads one to believe that Thomas and the three others had been transported on some special terms not accorded to the others.

Many old Maryland Records were lost or destroyed during the Revolution of 1688 when the Capitol of the Colony was removed from St. Marys to what is now Annapolis so that the personal history of many settlers is unavailable. Thomas Hooke, however, is mentioned in the tax lists of 1678 and again in 1681, during which time he married a girl whose first name was Annaple and settled on leased land near the present site of Laurel in Prince George County. Here on September 23, 1697 he wrote his Will, letters of administration of which were filed by his wife Annaple Hooke on the 26th of the following May.

The text of the Will is as follows:-

"The last Will and Testament of Thomas Hook of Prince George County, Province of Maryland.

"In the name of God Amen, first I bequeath my soul to God who gave it and my body to the ground and after my funeral charges is paid all my debts yt can be made honistly apps I bequeath as followeth - My will is that my sonn James Hook and my sunn Thomas Hook shall remain with their mother until they be on and twenty years of Age and if please God, my wife should dy the shall booth be at Age and at their own disposing, Item I give to my sunn James my cow betey and all her female increase and to my sunn Thomas I give my cow Pritey and all her female increase and the rest of my good and Chattele I leave to my wyfs disposing. This is my will in witness whereof I have unto put my hand and Seall this 23rd day of September 1697."

his
Signed Thomas X Hook
mark

Wittnesses - Henry Dryden
Robert Bigg
his
Joseph X Harrison.
mark

It will be noted from the above that the Will was signed with a mark and that the final "e" was omitted. All the early records, some of which were signed by himself, used the final "e" and Annaple Hooke used the final "e" when signing the Administration papers. This leads one to suspect that Thomas was very feeble when his Will was written and that the person who wrote his name omitted the final "e". Succeeding generations almost universally used the simpler spelling.

The children of Thomas and Annaple Hooke as mentioned in the above Will were James and Thomas in the order named. James married and raised a large family. Thomas dropped out of sight entirely.

2nd Generation (Hook Line).

James Hook, son of Thomas and Annaple Hooke, was born in what later became Prince George, Maryland, about 1680 to 1685. His education must have been very meager as records indicate that he signed his name with a mark. His children, however, fared better; one of which, James Hook, Jr., became a large planter in Frederick County and built the stately Potomac Mills Mansion which still stands. Another son, John, was also a prominent planter in Frederick County and was well on the road to fortune and a large estate when death cut his career short.

James Hook, Sr. was a member of the Rock Creek Parish in whose archives is registered the birth of his daughter and first child Mary on Nov. 17, 1708. His wife's name was Margaret (probably Thrasher) whom he married about 1707.

On Aug. 9, 1714 he leased 150 acres of land from John Bradford whose land was located on Hegoe (later Sligo) Creek a few miles north of the present site of Washington, D. C. He was to have and hold these premises "for and during the natural life of him, the said James Hook, Margaret his wife, and his daughter Mary, and the longest liver of them, yielding and paying therefor yearly and every yeare during ye said terme unto the said John Bradford, his heirs and assigns, ye yearly rent of 500 pounds of Tobacco in casque clear of all manner of trash and ground leaves." James was called a "Planter" in the lease.

The family still lived here in 1726 as proved by the Will of John Bradford. It is also quite certain that he lived here at the time of his death in 1738.

James had many good friends in the neighborhood, none of which was better than John Magruder of the well-known Magruder family. The latter gave to James Hook, Junior, 150 acres of land after the death of James, Sr., and in other ways showed his friendship for the family.

Benjamin Thrasher was also a friend of the family. It is very probable that he was a brother of the wife of James Hook, Sr. In 1727 he gave a "dark bay mare" to James Hook, Jr. and had the gift recorded.

James, Sr. died in 1738 and letters of administration of his estate were filed by his widow Margaret and James Lee on July 3, 1738. The inventory of his estate was filed March 27, 1739 by his sons James and John and John Magruder.

The children of James and Margaret Hook were as follows:-

(1) Mary Hook b. Nov. 17, 1708.
(2) Samuel Hook.
(3) Stephen Hook
(4) James Hook b. about 1716, d. 1803.
(5) John Hook b. about 1718, d. 1763.
(6) Rachel Hook and probably others.

3rd Generation (Hook Line)

John Hook, son of James and Margaret Hook, was born about 1718 in Prince George County, Maryland, and died 1762 in Lower Frederick County, Maryland. He married 1748 Sarah Simpson said to have been a direct descendant of Thomas Greene, the second proprietary governor of Maryland.

After his father's death he and his brother James moved to what later became Lower Frederick County, Maryland. They settled upon 150 acres of land which John Magruder had given to his "good friend James Hook" by deed of gift dated and recorded in Prince George County August 26, 1740. On November 27, 1740 James by deed of gift conveyed to his "loving brother John" fifty acres of this land. This was the advent of the Hook family in Lower Frederick County, Maryland, where it was prominent for almost a hundred years. The land was described as "a certain piece of land lying near the mouth of Ketanken Creek which falls into the Potomack River about ten miles North of Monocacoy, it being a part of a tract of land called Ketanken Bottom laid out for 150 acres more or less." John and his brother James were both members of the English Church and in 174[illegible] were among the signers of the petition that succeeded in dividing the Prince George Parish and erecting a new one to be known as All Saints Parish.

After Frederick County was formed out of the western part of Prince George County in 1748 a tract of land to be known as "The John and Sarah" was laid out for 100 acres in Lower Frederick County. On a warrant issued July 27, 1750 this tract was resurveyed for John Hook and found to contain 114 acres to which was added 274 acres. This tract of 388 acres was thereafter called the John and Sarah; named, no doubt, for the occupants.

On Jan. 18, 1752 a parcel of 133 acres of this land was deeded to Richard Ankrum, for which the latter paid a sum of 6 pounds, 14 shillings and 8 pounds currency. There evidently was something wrong in the description in this deed, because it was deeded again to Richard Ankrum on March 8, 1753 with a slight change in description. The consideration was the same in both deeds.

On April 4, 1754 John deeded back to his brother James the fifty acres of land formerly given to him by that brother, receiving for same 1000 pounds of Tobacco, one horse, two sheep and two barrels of Indian corn. Old court records indicate that the two brothers, about this time, were opposing witnesses in several law suits which leads one to believe that an estrangement had grown up between them. This seems to have been dissipated later, however. John's son James seems to have lived with his Uncle James after John's death in 176[illegible] and named sons after three of his uncle's children.

There are no records to indicate that John Hook was ever a slave owner. None are mentioned in his Will and neither of his children possessed any. His brother James was a large slave owner and the progenitor of a family of typical southern gentlemen. The descendents of John so far as records have been searched were soldiers on the side of the Union. The descendents of James espoused the cause of the Confederacy. The descendents of John emigrated westward, those of James emigrated southward into Virginia and Georgia. They were all men of

sterling character and high ideals, ancestors of whom the present generation north or south may well be proud.

The Will of John Hook reads in part as follows:-
After leaving his soul to God he gives -

> "to his son James Hook 135 acres of land of the plantation I now live on to him and his heirs forever after my wife's decease, then I give to my son John Snowden Hook 135 acres of land (interlined before signed) a part of the same tract I now live on at the south end of the tract called John and Sarah. I leave it to him and his heirs forever after my wife's decease. Then I give to my wife Sarah all my movable effects to her for her to settle my affairs and pay my debts with all I have and I leave my wife Sarah my whole and sole executor."

Signed John Hook.

The children of John and Sarah Hook were James and John Snowden Hook. The former is the subject of the next generation. John Snowden Hook married Elizabeth Ward in 1778 and moved to Allegany County, Maryland, where he was a well-known and prominent citizen until his death in 1826. There has been much conjecture as to the origin of his middle name. The Snowden family had been a very prominent one in Maryland from a very early day. It does not seem, however, to have been in any way connected with the Hook family. John Snowden Hook named his children after his Simpson kin which supports the tradition that he and his mother lived with her brother John Simpson after the death of John Hook in 1762.

4th Generation (Hook Line)

James Hook b. 1749 in Frederick Co., Md., d. Jan. 25, 1824 in Greene Co., Pa., son of John Hook and Sarah (Simpson) Hook, married 1769 Mary b. Sept. 1, 1743, died in Greene County, Pa. Jan. 20, 1815. Both were buried in the old cemetery on the Pratt farm about four miles east of Waynesburg, Pa. The marker at the grave of Mary Hook was found recently half buried under a mat of undergrowth. The marker at the grave of her husband has entirely disappeared. James seems to have married a second time after the death of his first wife. His deposition, which accompanied his application for pension for services in the Revolutionary War dated June 1821, states that his wife was about fifty-six years of age at that time. He left no Will, but a deed dated January 19, 1824 conveys to his sons James, Stephen and Israel Hook the moiety in land granted to him by the State of Virginia for his services as Captain in the Revolutionary War. It reads as follows:-

> "Whereas, 4000 acres of land was granted to me by the State of Virginia for my services as a Captain in the Revolutionary War, 2000 acres of which I gave Colonel Rees Hill for his trouble in procuring the same.
>
> "Now know all men by these presents, that in consideration of the natural love and affection and the many good offices rendered me by my son James Hook,

I do hereby convey unto him all my right, title, claim and interest in and to 100 acres of my moiety of said land.

"To have and to hold the same, his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns forever. The residue of my 2000 acres of said land I give to my two sons, Stephen and Israel Hook to be equally divided between them."

Captain James Hook had other children as follows:- Sarah, John, Samuel, Daniel, Arthur and Thomas.

He grew to manhood in Frederick County, Maryland, where he married in 1769. His daughter Sarah, was probably born the next year and died in 1797 as indicated by an old weather worn marker in the neglected cemetery four miles east of Waynesburg.

On August 20th, 1771 he and his wife Mary deeded 100 acres of the land on John and Sarah, willed to him by his father, to Abraham Leakin. The deed was confirmed by another dated April 10, 1775.

On June 17, 1775 he and his wife Mary deeded the remainder of their property in Frederick County to his brother John Snowden Hook and his cousin Samuel J. Hook (no doubt James Samuel Hook)

It is probable that he moved with his family to southwestern Pennsylvania immediately after disposing of the major portion of his property to Abraham Leakin (in one deed it is spelled Lakin) in August 1771. In his application for bounty land dated November 22, 18 2 he stated that he was a captain in the Virginia Militia for "some years previously to the year 1776." James Seals under oath said that he was acquainted with Captain James Hook in 1774 at which time he was a Captain in the Virginia Militia.

Before the year 1779 when the boundary dispute between Virginia and Pennsylvania was settled, many settlers in Southwestern Pennsylvania considered themselves Virginians. Many enlisted under the banner of that state in the Revolutionary War and James Hook was one of them. His bounty application and his deposition in support of his pension claim, the former filed in the State Library in Virginia at Richmond, tells of his services in defense of his country in his own words. These documents are supported by many old residenters of Greene County, Pa., all of whom, on oath attest to the good character of the petitioner and corrobate his statements.

His application for bounty land reads as follows:-

Pennsylvania,
Greene County, S. C.

" Personally came Captain James Hook aged seventy three years, before me a Justice of the Peace in and for said County and on his solemn oath did depose and say that he served some years previously to the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six as a Militia Captain of the State of Virginia, that in seventeen hundred and seventy-six he was appointed and commissioned a Captain of the Virginia line upon the Continental establishment

and as soon as he had recruited a company, which was done in the same year, he was attached to the thirteenth Virginia Regiment, remained with the Regiment until the fall of seventeen hundred and seventy-eight at which time agreeably to a general order Colonel Brodhead was to have gone with his Regiment on the Western Frontier, he being at that time Commandant of the thirteenth Virginia Regiment. Colonel Brodhead pursued his march westward as far as Fort Pitt where he halted for awhile, deponent continued his march westward (where his family resided) by the entire approbation of Colonel Brodhead, deponent continued in command on the Western Frontier until the close of the War, fighting against the common enemy, never was re-attached to the State line after he joined the Continental line in 1776, always considered himself in the Continental service, deponent was in many skirmishes both in the eastern part of the Continent and the Western, never was in but two general engagements Brandawine and Germantown.

Signed James Hook, Senr. (Seal)

Sworn and subscribed before me this twenty-first day of November eighteen hundred and twenty-two.

Thomas Burson.

Pennsylvania,
Greene Co., S. C.

"I William R. Hayes, Promonotary of the Court of common pleas in and for the County of Greene aforesaid, do certify that Thomas Burson Esq. before whom the annexed deposition appears to have been taken is a Justice of the Peace in and for the County of Greene aforesaid duly commissioned and qualified and as such full faith and credit are due and ought to be given to all his official acts. In testimony whereof, I have hereinto set my hand and seal of the Court this 23rd day of November A.D. 1822.

William T. Hayes, Prothy. "

Captain James Hook's deposition in support of his claim for Pension gives some additional information. He was appointed a Captain in the Regiment raised by Colonel Crawford. He recruited his company in the old Jackson Fort a few miles from his residence in Greene County (then Washington County) and marched with it to Wheeling where he remained until the spring of 1777. His command guarded a shipment of gun-powder to Pittsburg after which it marched under orders to the State of New Jersey.

There is some question as to Captain Hook's activity in the service after his return to the Western Frontier in 1778. He remained a Captain in the Continental Line until the end of the War as records prove, but he could not have seen much service after the fall of 1778. He admits as much in his pension application.

Tradition says that he was at Valley Forge during the memorable winter of 1777 and 1778. This is very probable and while nothing in the records left by him prove it, it is known that he was with Washington's Army at the Battle of Germantown and must have remained with it during the winter. According to his own sworn statement he did not leave the main army for the Western Frontier until the summer or fall of 1778.

And during all his absence his wife remained at home in Western Pennsylvania caring for a family of four small children and enduring privations and hardships that would try the stoutest heart. We may speak of Valley Forge, we may honor the names of those brave patriots who fought in defense of their country, but where do we find in all the pages of history an example of sacrifice and devotion that equals that of the brave mothers like Mary Hook who, at the very edge of civilization, braved the dangers of starvation and protected the family and home while their husbands and sons were away to War? Any one who would take the trouble to read the history of Southwestern Pennsylvania between 1776 and 1779, may properly ask the question - do human beings like Mary Hook any longer exist?

One of the disappointing things about history concerning the Revolutionary War is the scant records that are obtainable about Regimental and Company commands. From the pension papers of Captain Hook, the 13th Virginia Volunteer Infantry on the Continental establishment was organized in the fall of 1776 by Colonel Crawford who was its commander until 1778. He further states that he marched westward under command of Colonel Russell after which he was under the command of Colonel Brodhead. This doesn't quite check with Captain Hook's deposition supporting his claim for bounty land wherein he states that he marched westward under command of Colonel Brodhead.

The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography under title of "Virginia Soldiers in the Revolutionary War" says that the 13th Virginia Volunteer Infantry on the Continental Establishment was raised in the West Augusta District largely through the efforts of Colonel Crawford of the seventh. It formed a part of Muhlenberg's Brigade. In September of 1778 it was renumbered the 9th Virginia at the White Plains re-arrangement. The 9th was in Service west of the Alleghenies in the spring of 1779 reporting one colonel, five captains and 275 rank and file of that year. The assignment to service on the western frontier, according to the above reference, explains why the 9th alone of the Virginia Continental Line was not captured at Charleston May 1780.

Crumrine's History of Washington Co., Pa., page 76, says that the 7th Virginia Regiment was recruited by Colonel William Crawford in the fall of 1775. It also says that the 13th was recruited by Colonel Crawford largely from the same district as the 7th.

One affidavit attached to Captain Hook's pension application throws additional light upon his Revolutionary services. It reads as follows:-

Greene County,
Pennsylvania, S. C.

"Before me David Gray, Esq. one of the Associate Judges of the Court of Common Pleas

in and for the County aforesaid personally appeared Joseph Gwyne of said County, who being duly sworn doth depose and say that the first time he saw Captain James Hook after he entered the service was in August 1777 at a place called Grimes Park in Penn'a about 20 miles from Philadelphia at which place He saw Capt. Hook with his company attached to the 15th Virginia Regiment commanded by Colonel Russel marching to meet the enemy at Brandywine. This deponent was ordered off with some sick men of the Reg. to the hospital in Phil'a. in consequence of which he was neither in the Battle of Brandywine or Germantown but after the battle of Germantown he saw many of Capt. Hooks men who were his acquaintances and told this deponent that Captain Hook commanded them both in Brandywine and Germantown Battles; further this deponent sayeth not.

Joseph Gwyne

Sworn and Subscribed before me Sept. 30, 1819.
David Gray.

Other affidavits by prominent men of Greene County attest to substantially the same information as given above and to his good character and standing in the community.

On March 1st, 1780 James Hook purchased 400 acres of land located on Ten Mile Creek from David Owens. The consideration was 2000 pounds lawful money of the State of Pennsylvania (Deed book B, Vol. 1, p. 60, Wash. Co., Pa.) The tax lists of Washington County in 1781 lists James Hook as owning 400 acres of land, two horses, three cattle and four sheep. (Vol. 22 - 3 series Penna. Archives.)

A deed dated May 20, 1785 in Washington Co. (Deed Book B, Vol. 1, p. 133, Wash. Co.) conveys 400 acres of land to James Samuel Hook of Frederick County, Maryland. The conveyor is described as Captain James Hook of Ten Mile settlement of Washington Co., Pa. Again on May 26, 1785 Captain Hook conveys to James Samuel Hook of Frederick County, Maryland, 200 acres of land on the South fork of Lower Ten Mile Creek in Washington County. (Deed book B, Vol. 1, p. 135, Washington Co., Pa.)

Captain James Hook and James Samuel Hook were cousins. The above land is now a part of Greene County, Pa., which was formed out of the southern part of Washington County by an act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania dated the 9th day of February 1796. On November 8th of the same year, the appointment of James Hook as the first sheriff of the new county was confirmed by the governor of the state.

There are many other deeds on record in Washington County, in which Capt. Hook was the grantee or grantor. An effort was made to check them all out by the records, but the task was found to be next to impossible without an effort wholly unwarranted for the historical and genealogical information it would yield. Frequently deeds were not recorded and were lost. Re-surveys altered acreage of land parcels as well as their descriptions.

Boundaries were usually established by courses and distances between trees that have long since disappeared. Sometimes deeds were issued only as a security of one kind or another and no actual transfer took place. Very often the wife was not a party to the transfer. This occurred sometimes on deeds that were not presented for record until long after the sale was consummated.

The records at Harrisburg (Patent book P, No. 15, p. 17, Harrisburg) shows but one parcel of land that was conveyed to Capt. Hook by the Commonwealth of Penna. It was a tract of four hundred acres on Lower Ten Mile Creek, certificate for which was originally granted to David Owings by the Council of the State of Virginia evidently before the settlement of the Virginia-Pennsylvania boundary dispute in 1779. It had been surveyed for David Owings in pursuance of the orders of the Board of Property of Penna. on the 15th of Sept. 1784 and the 7th of March 1785. Owings conveyed it by deed to James Hook for whom warrant of acceptance issued May 9th, 1789. It is very probable that this is the same land that James Hook bought of David Owings March 1, 1780.

Descriptions of this land would lead one to believe that it was the same as described in the first deed of Capt. James Hook to James Samuel Hook. There is no record of the latter conveying it to anyone at a later date, however, The supposition is that it really belonged to the State of Pennsylvania who did not convey it until warrant of acceptance was issued to James Hook May 9th, 1789.

In the years immediately following the settlement of the Virginia-Pennsylvania boundary dispute, there were persons who made a business of entering on various parcels of land and disposing of them to unsuspecting settlers. In view of the records prior to 1790 in Washington County, there is reason to suspect that James Hook was a purchaser of some of these parcels which he in turn deeded to others.

On May 30, 1797 Greene Co. Records (Deed Book I, page 125, Greene Co., Pa.) a deed issued from James Hook, Senr. and his wife Mary to John Snowden Hook of Allegany Co., Maryland. The grantor and grantee of this deed were brothers and a witness was Samuel Hook son of the grantor.

Other deeds prior to 1800 in Greene Co. show James Hook, Senr. and James Hook, Jr. as grantees to land in Greene County. A lot in the new town of Waynesburg was conveyed to James Hook, Senr. very shortly after Greene County was formed.

The other records referring to Captain James Hook have already been cited in former references to his claim for bounty land and pension. The claim for bounty land was granted and warrant delivered to his attorney Joseph Sisdon Febr. 12, 1824. The moiety of said land (see page) was deeded to his sons James, Stephen, and Israel, but the sons evidently allowed the claim to lapse. No records have been found to show that the land was actually entered by them.

Capt. Hook and his wife were devoted Methodists and donated the land in East Waynesburg (called Hookstown) for the old church parsonage and cemetery.

In 1875 and 1876 the editor of the WAYNESBURG, PA. REPUBLICAN, Mr. L. K. Evans, published a series of historical sketches of early life and events in Washington and Greene Counties, Pa. In August 1896 "The Womans Centennial Paper" was published in Waynesburg to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Greene County. These publications contain much information relating to the Hook families, some incidents of which are applicable to this history. In Article No. 22 by Mr. Evans appears the following anecdote pertaining to Captain James Hook that must have occurred about 1775 or 1776.

"It appears that John Minor and Jacob Vanmeter, both holding Justice of the Peace Commissions from the Governor of Virginia, had visited Fort Jackson on some business connected with the public interests of the settlement. Whilst making known their errand they were surrounded by all the male inhabitants of the fort. Among them appeared the redoubtable Joe Archer, a rough, burly fellow, and at this time with his hands and clothes beameared with blood. Jas. Hook, the grandfather of Capt. Jesse Hook, who now owns the fort premises, asked him what was the matter. He made answer, "I have been marking hogs," and placing his hand with an open knife in it to Hook's ear, he said, "would you like to be marked?" Hook giving a sudden jerk, by some means Archer's knife came in contact with his ear and actually took off a slice. Hook considered that carrying the joke too far, and struck Archer, when a fight became imminent. Jacob Vanmeter being a rigid Baptist, as well as a Justice, interferred and commanded peace. Minor, however, regarding the act as a piece of barbarism deserving punishment, succeeded in beguiling Vanmeter into a cabin and entertaining him there, whilst the fight was renewed and fought to the bitter end. Hook being long winded and tough, finally got the better of Archer, and after a long and desperate struggle, succeeded in biting a piece out of Archer's ear fully as large as had been cut off his own. This appearing to all the bystanders as the one handsome thing to do, the belligerants were separated and the difficulty stood adjudicated for all time to come. Thus the god of battles was the arbiter of peace and might the measure of justice."

An interview with Mrs. Margaret Strawn, an old lady of nearly one hundred and three years, was published in the "Womans Centennial Paper" above referred to, and that old lady referred to Capt. James Hook several times as follows:-

"A man named Jim Hook had the first sawmill in Waynesburg. He gave the ground for the church and furnished the lumber to build it. It was a Methodist Church. My father belonged to it. The Methodists were very good people - very good people. Jim Hook gave the ground for a grave yard near the church." Some irrelevant conversation was interjected here and then she added. "Jim Hook gave the lumber that built the bridge below town and the people built it. It was a very strong bridge."

Mrs. Strawn was then asked for a story of early days and this is the story she told -

"Betty Storen and Betsy Manning went to the still-house and got a half-gallon jug of whisky (who kept the still-house? let me see - Duvall - Leonard Duvall), and they crossed the creek on the ice, going over to the still-house, and when they came back they thought they could cross it well enough down

below. But there must have been an air hole and they both got in. Betty went down and Betsy called her daughter to help her, and she got her by the hand and pulled her in too. They got them out, Betty was drowned and the little girl was dead, but Betsy was still alive and asked for her jug. She died in a little while. But Jim Hook would not let them be buried in the graveyard, because they were drunk, and they were buried close to the hillside in some bushes."

The story recited by Mrs. Strawn is very interesting from the fact that it indicates that Capt. James Hook had a change of heart since the Whiskey Insurrection in 1791-93. During those memorable years Capt. James Hook was interested with several other prominent people in the neighborhood in a distillery. Do not gasp now, you descendents of this iron hearted old pioneer. Just picture yourself in his place in a wilderness where there was no market for surplus grain, where there were no roads or practical means for transportation of produce to the eastern markets, and ask yourself if you might not have engaged yourself in some business of converting your own and your neighbors surplus grain into something that could be transported easily even though it might have been whiskey. Remember that six times as much grain can be transported in the form of spirits than in the kernel itself. And remember that pack horses were the only practical day in and day out means of transportation eastward through the mountain passes. Yes, Capt. James Hook was interested in a distillery. There are no records so far as I have seen that prove for sure that he owned one or that he partially owned one, but I do know that together with Rev. John Corbly, Esquire Sedgwick and none less than his old Colonel in the Revolutionary War, William Crawford, he prominently opposed the excise tax that the Congress on March 3, 1791 imposed on spiritous liquors. These men were, in fact, the leaders of the sentiment against the new law in the neighborhood. The law had also been bitterly opposed and debated in Congress, and none less than Thomas Jefferson called attention to its odious nature and strongly applauded the popular clamor against it. Of course the whole opposition was wrong, but for the moment and in light of the circumstances and sentiment in those isolated frontier communities, there was much to commend its views. When the soldiers of the government arrived, Corbly, Sedgwick and others were arrested and taken to Philadelphia for trial. Capt. Hook was too foxy for them and took to the woods and remained there until the excitement was over and the soldiers gone. During his hiding, Professor Waychoff of Waynesburg, Pa., says that the great grandmother of Don P. Rinehart, Esq., of Waynesburg, who was a Hook, is said to have kept him supplied with food.

In the summer of 1774, after the Indians of the vicinity, goaded to desperation by outrages committed by white renegades, began their reign of terror on the banks of Ten Mile Creek, the settlers built old Jackson Fort as a means of defense. This old fort located on a site not far from the eastern boundary of the town of Waynesburg played a prominent part in the history of the community. Captain James Hook, according to tradition, owned one of the cabins that formed the enclusure and no doubt repaired there with his family many times from his home further down stream when an Indian attack was impending.

L. K. Evans describes the fort as follows:-

"At first this fortification was but a single cabin remodeled and reconstructed into a sort of block house. But in the course of fleet-footed time, when the inhabitants increased and dangers thickened, a regular stockade of great capacity and superior strength was constructed. This consisted of a regular system of cabins, arranged in the form of a hollow square and enclosing an acre of ground. Between these cabins were palisades ten or twelve feet high and all supplied with portholes and other necessary conveniences essential to effective defense. Each prominent, thrifty settler in the neighborhood who looked to Fort Jackson for protection, owned one of its elementary cabins, and besides a home on his farm had a home of defense to which he resorted in case of alarm. The doors of these cabins all opened towards the enclosure and on the outward side there was neither door nor window except it would be some contrivance of an opening in the upper part as a means of observation. To this fortification there was one common entrance gate, but once inside each family controlled its own apartment and latch string."

There is but small doubt that Mary Hook and her little family lived in her cabin in this fort while the husband and father was away to war. She could hardly have dared to live alone in the little cabin on the Hook Homestead, for during the eventful years of 1777-1778 but few families in that wild country, who were unprotected, escaped completely the horrors of Indian tomahawk and scalping knife.

There is a tendency on the part of historians to confine their heroic and tragic anecdotes of colonization in America to the Atlantic seaboard. Colonization did not end by any means when the Puritans established themselves in New England or when Virginia and Maryland and New York, Pennsylvania and the Carolinas carved out their local governments. It did not end until the vast territory reaching all the way to the Pacific was conquered by successive vanguards of settlers, all of whom, even to the middle of the nineteenth century, submitted to privations and dangers that called forth fully as much fortitude and courage as characterized the earlier generations.

This family record has not the space to devote to the history of Washington and Greene Counties in Pennsylvania. It is a fascinating history, however, and aside from the tragedy it enacts, it tells of the growth of a pioneer civilization that for incident and romance can hardly be surpassed.

The children of Captain James Hook and Mary Hook were as follows:-

(1) Sarah Hook.
(2) John Hook.
(3) Samuel Hook.
(4) James Hook.
(5) Stephen Hook
(6) Israel Hook
(7) Daniel Hook.
(8) Arthur Hook
(9) Thomas Hook.

5th Generation (Hook Line.)

When Captain James Hook and his little family arrived in Southwestern Pennsylvania in the autumn of 1771 it was a frontier country in every sense of the word. Comparatively few settlers had arrived before them and very little land was under cultivation. It is hard to understand what a settler who desired to earn a livelihood from the soil could have seen in those steep hills and narrow valleys, far away from markets and among hostile Indians.

The French and Indian War had awakened the people of the eastern colonies to the opportunities beyond the Allegheny Ridge. As early as 1760 vanguards of settlers started the pilgrimage which was destined to become one of the greatest migratory movements that the human race had ever known.

Captain James Hook was one of this vanguard. He arrived on Ten Mile Creek when hostile Indians roamed the adjacent country and committed depredations that almost defy a parallel in the American History. He was there when old Jackson Fort was built in 1774 as a protection to the settlers against these cruel savages. He was Captain of a Militia Company raised by the colony of Virginia for the duel purpose of holding these red men in check and keeping the lands of the Monongahela from becoming a part of the colony of Pennsylvania.

For many years Southwestern Pennsylvania was claimed both by Virginia and Pennsylvania. Many of the settlers considered themselves to be Virginians and Captain James Hook raised his company for service in the Revolutionary War under the colors of that colony. Even George Washington at one time considered it to be a part of the Virginian domain and visited it to study the practicability of widening and deepening Ten Mile Creek so that produce could be sent with a short portage all the way to the Ohio without passing into the taxable jurisdiction of any other colony . It was not until 1779 after much debate and some bitter feeling that the boundary dispute was settled that fixed the borders of Pennsylvania as they now exist.

It was in the environment of such early events in a frontier country that the family of Capt. James Hook was reared. There were no schools worthy of the name and save for the inspiration of God that had been drilled into the heart and fiber of those courageous men and women by their forbears, there was nothing upon which to establish the heartstone of a new home or build

the foundation of a new civilization.

Stephen Hook, fourth son of Captain James and Mary Hook was born on August 15, 1780 in the log cabin home of his parents on Lower Ten Mile Creek. He was a strong and rugged lad who at maturity was six feet high and broad shouldered. His grand children remember him as tall and clean shaven, vigorous in speech, and devoted to his friends and family. He was a great reader of the bible and kindred books and samples of his writing lead one to suspect that he educated himself beyong the average of others in the communities where he lived. He managed to give all his children a fair education largely, however, from his own store of knowledge. After moving to Ohio in 1817, he took an active part in organizing a school in his neighborhood and saw to it that his five sons attended a portion of each year until they were almost grown men.

On August 10th or 12th, 1803, (part of the date in the old family bible is blurred) Stephen Hook married a young Scotch girl of the neighborhood by the name of Anna Subah Grant. Family tradition, which is strong in all branches of the family, says that she was an aunt of President U. S. Grant. The grandfather of President Grant was Noah Grant who married twice. His first wife was Anna Richardson who died in 1789. His second wife was Rachel Kelly. A son of the second marriage was the father of President Grant. The writer has not been able to confirm that Noah was the father of Anna Subah Grant. He married Anna Richardson in 1777 and moved to Southwestern Pennsylvania in 1790. Anna Subah Grant was born Jan. 31, 1780. The dates and events, even the name of the first wife of Noah, make it appear very probable that Anna Subah Grant was his daughter by his first marriage, but the genealogy of the Grant family does not mention her. It does say that Noah and Anna Grant had two sons; one born 1779 and the other in November 1781.

To Stephen and Anna (Grant) Hook were born six sons as follows-

(1) Samuel Hook born 1804, died 1873. He married 1826 Rebecca Carlisle born 1796, died 1871.
(2) James Grant Hook born Sept. 8, 1805, died Sept. 4, 1884. He married April 18.6 Sarah C. Lyle born October 3, 1807, died August 4, 1883.
(3) Daniel Hook born 1807, died 1880, married 1836 Elizabeth Shuman born 1811, died 1887.
(4) Sylvanus Hook born 1809, died 1862, married 1836 Nancy Redmond.
(5) John Hook born 1811, died 1887, married Lydia Shuman born 1814, died 1906.
(6) Stephen Hook born 1813, died 1814.

The family lived on Ten Mile Creek in Greene County, Pennsylvania where they acquired land in 1806. Schools in Greene County at that time were very poor, but by personal effort at home the parents succeeded in instilling in their sons the basis for fine christian characters which all of them maintained throughout their lives. The family bible is still perserved and is one of the cherished possessions of a descendent of Samuel and Rebecca Hook.

The father harbored a restless spirit, however, and longed for the frontier life of his youth which by now was beginning to be extinguished by the arrival of more and more settlers in Greene

County. His eyes were on the broad unoccupied country of Ohio when his devoted wife was taken ill and on October 8th, 1816 passed away, leaving him with five young sons to rear without a mother's tender assistance. Her death was a severe blow to the family, but the father met his new responsibilities with courage and perseverance.

He revived his desire to move west and in the spring of 1817 set out by wagon to what is now Carrol County, Ohio. He lived on leased land until 1824 when he obtained a grant of land from the government and established a permanent home. He married a second wife, Marguerite Bodkin, on February 5th, 1818. She was born July 15, 1791 and died about 1843 in Perry County, Ohio. Marguerite Bodkin Hook was remembered as a loving step-mother who devoted her life to the raising of her adopted family, as well as to rearing of a family of her own. Four children were born to this union -

(1) Anna Subah Hook named after the father's first wife was born 1819. She married 1840 Hugh Lockhart.
(2) Sarah Hook born 1822 married 1841 John S. Alwine.
(3) Arthur Hook born 1826, died 1827.
(4) Enos Hook born 1829, died 1842.

In 1833 the family became interested in land opportunities farther south in Perry County, Ohio. Samuel and Sylvanus acquired land in the southern part of this county in 1837 and settled upon it. The father moved there also in 1838. In 1844 James Grant Hook and his brothers Daniel and John disposed of their holdings in Carrol County and moved to what is now Vinton County, Ohio, near Allenville.

The father, Stephen, notwithstanding his years was still active and in 1842 set out to match his sons and build for himself a new home. He purchased a tract of land in Perry County, but had barely moved upon it when his second wife suddenly died. He was urged by his sons and daughters to give up work and live the remainder of his life with them, but he refused. He could not realize that age was creeping upon him and his independent spirit and desire to have and maintain a home of his own prompted him in his sixty-sixth year to take a third wife. He was married to Rebecca Glum on November 17, 1846. There was no issue by this union.

By 1848 the old pioneer spirit began to give under the weight of years and he could not keep up his farm. His son Samuel prevailed upon him to sell it to him, which he did late in 1848. He defied death until March 3, 1856 when in the 76th year of his age he passed away at the home of his son Samuel.

6th Generation (Hook Line)

James Grant Hook, second son of Stephen and Anna Subah (Grant) Hook, was born in Greene County, Pennsylvania, September 8, 1805. He was a tall, angular youth who inherited the Scotch instincts for thrift of his mother and pioneering and persevering traits of his father. As with his parents, he grew to manhood in a new country. His friends and relatives remembered him as being a lovable youth of high integrity and quiet manners, traits which remained with him throughout life. He loved his home and always

provided one, difficult though it was when his family began to approach the large number of twelve which it finally reached.

In the matter of schooling he was handicapped much as his father had been. He attended such primitive country schools as existed in the place of his birth and learned how to read and write and do simple numbers. After moving to Carrol County, Ohio, and greatly encouraged by his father, he continued his education in even worse schools. He learned one subject well, however, and that was the bible and his children often stated that he was the best posted man on that book that they ever knew. In this he did not greatly surpass his wife who joined with him in making the bible the principal study of the fireside and drilling its teachings into the heart and fiber of every one of their children.

It is interesting to note that the Hook line, treated in this personal history, sought the frontiers of civilization generation after generation from the arrival of the immigrant ancestor in Maryland in 1668 to 1905 when James Hook, the subject of the next generation, made his final attempt to build a home for each of his children on the last frontier in Wyoming. None of them ever lived in a town or city, because there were none such in the vicinity of their respective settlements. They were forced to seek a living from the soil and were, therefore, farmers who after all were among the true empire builders of America. As the country developed, towns and villages sprang into existence and later generations from the pioneers drifted into them and engaged in the professions. But in the case of the direct Hook line herein treated, the descendent moved on west and in every instance clung to the soil as the best means of providing a livelihood.

Education among the early pioneers was largely self-induced and was obtained from the family bible and a few volumes that the head of the family chanced by good fortune to find. These were read and studied intensively. If there was a loss sustained in this wise, it was largely compensated by the opportunity for development of strong and rugged physique that formed the basis for an enduring civilization. In the last generation or two, we see the descendents of some of these pioneers leading their classes in schools and colleges and occupying some of the major positions of leadership in all walks of life.

James Grant Hook (he dropped his middle name at an early age) grew to manhood in the open country that spread itself in immeasurable miles in all directions. What now is a rich and prosperous county in Ohio, was then an untouched land sparsely settled and covered with trees and plant life that made cultivation difficult.

In April 1836 James Grant Hook married Sarah C. Lyle, a Scotch-Irish girl lately arrived from Harrison County, Ohio. She was born in the latter county October 3, 1807 and died in Wapello County, Iowa, August 4, 188[illegible]. On her father's side she was descended from the Lyles of Toreagh County, Antrim, Ireland. Her great grandfather was a John Lyle who emigrated to New Jersey with his brother Robert in 174[illegible]. Her mother was Mary Maholm whose grandfather (James Meholm or Maholm) emigrated to America from Ireland about 1748. A son of James Meholm and the father of Mary (Maholm) Lyle was Samuel Meholm who served in the Militia in the Revolutionary War from Lancaster County, Pa., and moved to Harrison County, Ohio, in 1805.

The children of James Grant Hook and Sarah C. Lyle were as follows:-

(1) Mary Ann Hook b. 1827, died 1857, m. James Clark b. 1829.
(2) Stephen Hook b. 1830, disappeared 1867, m. Sarah Clark b. 1833, d. 1895. Civil War Veteran in 1st Iowa Cavalry.
(3) William Hook b. 1832, d. 1905, m. 1st Amy Clark b. 1833, d. 1870.
(4-5) Twin sons b. 1833, died immediately.
(6) Walter Hook b. 1835, died of smallpox while at home on furlough 1863.
(7) Sarah Jane Hook b. 1837, d. m. Jesse Ankrom b. 1839, . Old couple still live (1924) in Agency City, Iowa.
(8) James Hook born in Carrol County, Ohio, Sept. 30, 1839, died in Wapello County, Iowa, June 30, 1905. He married Nov. 21, 1867. Virginia Miller born Oct. 18, 1845 in Wilkes County, North Carolina, died Oct. 30, 1897 in Wapello Co., Iowa. James Hook served in 18th Ohio Vol. Inf. and 7th Ohio Vol. Cav. throughout Civil War.
(9) John Hook b. 1841, d. 1919, m. Mary Fowler b. 1860, d. . He served in Civil War in 65th Ohio Vol. Inf.
(10) Alexander Hook b. 1843, d. 1863. He died in Army Hospital near Gallitin, Tenn., while serving his country in Civil War.
(11) Nancy Hook b. 1846, d. 1919, m. 1st Mike LaChappelle. M. 2nd Geo. W. Hayes.
(12) Martha Hook b. 1849, d. 1923. Never married.
(13) Thomas Jefferson Hook b. 1854, d. 1913, m. Kate Baker b. 1856.
(14) Samuel Hook b. 1857, d. 1910, m. Elizabeth Baker b. 1859, d. 1903.

The family lived in Carrol County, Ohio, until 1844 when it moved to what is now Vinton County, Ohio, and settled west of McArthur near Allenville.

The farm was at first a dense wood. The family arrived in September and moved into a log cabin for the winter. During the winter heroic efforts were made to clear some of the land for crops in the spring. They bought a few sheep and some pigs and two cows and fenced in a small wooded field for them to range in. Their first crop was very meager. A small patch of wheat and corn yielded a scant living through the second winter. The wheat was threshed with a flail and the corn was converted into hominy or ground into meal for Johnnie Cakes. As the sheep multiplied they were carefully sheared and the wool, after being thoroughly picked, was made into rolls from which it was spun into yarn by a large spinning wheel. The mother was very skillful in spinning and weaving cloth and besides making most of the clothes for her family, also made the coverlets used on the beds. She understood dyeing also and one of the coverlets perserved in the family of her daughter Sara Jane is an object of beauty still.

The father had learned the tanners trade and was a shoemaker. He made shoes for the family and at odd times for various neighbors.

The family lived in this forest home for several years, after which they moved to their new home located on an unusually high knoll that might seem to be almost inaccessible. This site was chosen for its healthful environment, it being an established fact in the minds of the settlers that low land was conducive to the dread disease of small-pox. The old house and barns have long since disappeared, but the beautiful landscape with its high wooded hills and angling paths and roadways still remain. How it was possible to produce enough on those steep and rocky hillsides to raise a family of twelve children is a mystery to the writer and is eloquent evidence of the thrift and frugality of those Hook parents.

Perserved letters prove the love and high regard that existed between parents and children and between the children themselves of this large family. Five of the sons entered the service of their country in the Civil War and two of them contracted disease which took their lives. It is to be regretted that letters written by the father to their sons during this great conflict were not perserved. They must have been inspiring, however, judging by the replies that were made by the sons. One letter written by James Hook, Jr., on January 1st, 1863 from Camp Ripley to his folks at home is evidently in reply to one of encouragement that his parents had written. Excerpts from it are as follows:-

> "I received a nice New Year's gift this morning and it was a letter from you which I read with great satisfaction. By your letter you seem to think that I am dissatisfied with the Army. You must not think that for I have the best times I ever had away from home. I know that my last letter was somewhat discouraging, but I am very well satisfied with my occupation. I only wrote it to give you to understand that I have the privilege of coming home if I want to and when I get dissatisfied I intend to do as I please about it. You need not think that I would do anything that is not honorable, for I intend to do my duty so long as I stay in the service. It is certain that I am not satisfied with the proceedings which have been carried on in my company, but as they have nothing to do with me I don't care what they do, but if I had been in the company (at the time) I would have gone home before any man should buy me for four dollars. I don't want you think that I am discouraged for I am in as good heart as I ever was."
>
> Yours 'til death,
>
> (Signed) James Hook.

James, Jr. usually signed his letters "Yours 'til death" and saluted his folks at home "Dear Friends."

In another letter dated Lexington, Kentucky, March 2nd, 1863 James Hook, Jr. shows great concern about his brother Alexander who had not been heard from for a long period and suggests ways of getting word about him. In the same letter he says - "Well, Well, I have been after the rebels for the last ten days. Kentucky is full of them and I have only slept two whole

nights since last Friday week. We have been going night and day ever since. I have been as long as 48 hours without a particle of sleep. Two of our boys were taken prisoners, Bobo and Oren Jennings. They were paroled and are now in camp again. We took Captain Morgan and three of his men the same night they took our boys. He is a brother of old John Morgan.

"It is getting so dark that I will have to quit writing. I am going to express some money to Mander and you can go and get it. It may be there before you can get this letter. I will start it out in the morning."

Other letters indicate that he sent part of his pay home to his parents.

In a letter dated April 26th, 1863 from Lexington, Ky. to his brother John he says he is writing on top of the stable and wishes that he might jump over on the old stable at home and finish the letter. He also expresses the hope that the "conscript may ketch the last devil of the Rebs about Allenville (meaning southern sympathizers) and send them "down there to fight the rebels." He says "Tell them I hope the next time I see them it will be in Kentucky with their knapsacks on their backs and their muskets on their shoulders. I say like all the soldiers, damn the traitors in the North; they have been the cause of more bloodshed than the traitors of the South."

When the war ended and all of the surviving sons returned, preparations were begun to go to Iowa where sons William and Stephen and daughter Mary Ann Clark had settled in 1855 and 1856. These sons had married twin sisters in Vinton County, Ohio, and Mary Ann Hook had married a brother of the sisters. Both sons offered themselves for service in the War of the Rebellion, but William was rejected on account of ill health. Stephen enlisted in the 1st Iowa Cavalry and served throughout the War.

James Grant Hook visited his sons and daughter in Iowa in the late spring of 1862. In 1864 he made another visit, this time taking his wife with him. During the earlier visit he purchased from Martin and Elizabeth Dickens, deed dated June 10, 1862, a tract of 240 acres of unbroken prairie and paid therefore the sum of $760.00. It was the same tract which he sold Nov. 24, 1864 to Harvey Eller. When the War ended he disposed of his property in Vinton County, Ohio, and on Sept. 18th, 1865 started with his whole family (except John who remained in Ohio and William and Stephen and daughter Mary Ann Clark who had gone before) on the long journey to Wapello County, Iowa. The family travelled by two prairie schooners, one driven by James Hook Jr. and the other by Jesse Ankrom, a son-in-law who had married Sarah Jane Hook on Jan. 31, 1865. Their route was via Indianapolis to Burlington and thence across the prairies to Wapello County.

The trip was made without mishap and late in October 1865 the travellers arrived at the home of son and brother William Hook who was living on the Rollin-Baker Place in the northern part of Highland Township, Wapello County, Iowa, two and one-half miles southeast of the present site of Hedrick, Iowa. The William Hook home was a small affair of five rooms, but William welcomed his parents and brothers and sisters and shared his cramped quarters with them until the following spring.


TOWN OF
TOWN OF
WEST
EAST
NORTH
SOUTH
NOTE A
NOTE B
NOTE C

Jesse Ankrom moved into the James Baker house located three eighths of a mile due west of the William Hook home and, being a carpenter by trade, set at once to the task of building an addition to the old house. The house was completed during the winter and on April 25, 1866 James Grant Hook purchased it from his son William, paying $1400 for it. (how much land went with the house?)

When James Grant Hook and family moved into the James Baker house Jesse Ankrom and wife occupied a room with William Hook for a year. Meantime, they moved the old house that stood across the road east of the William Hook home to the Weimer house one-eighth of a mile south and added it to it. In 1867 they leased the Weimer eighty and lived upon it until May 1869 when they moved into the old Billy Deuser House one quarter of a mile further south. Their next move was to the Crane place just south of the present residence of Eli Breon where they lived until 1873, when they moved to Agency City, Iowa, where they still (1924) reside.

North

On April 24, 1866 James Grant Hook purchased from David W. Deily of Bartholomew County, Indiana, an additional eighty acres of land bordering the James Baker eighty on the north and lying directly across the road from it for which he paid $450.00. During the winter of 1866 and spring of 1867 he built a frame house upon this new land directly across the road from the house he was then occupying. This house is still standing in a grove of tall maple trees, considerably altered from its original architecture, but still a reminder of happy days to the writer of this history and his brothers and sisters, all of whom, except Morris Glen Hook, spent much of their early youth there. The house was occupied by the family of James Grant Hook in the summer of 1867.

The old portion of the James Baker house across the road was immediately occupied by Sarah (Clark) Hook, wife of Stephen Hook (who had lately disappeared never to return) and her family of three children.

On November 21, 1867 James Hook, Junior, son of James Grant Hook, married Virginia Miller daughter of Harvey and Mary Caroline (Vannoy) Miller and the young couple moved into the new portion of the James Baker house. Their first child, Mary Hook, was born here August 27, 1868.

In May 1869 James Hook, jr. bought the Weimer lease of Jesse Ankrom. Here three sons - John (April 18, 1870) Orin (February 13, 1872) and Wallace (January 12, 1874) were born on the dates given.

Early in the autumn of 1875 (the deed is dated Sept. 14, 1875) James and Virginia Hook purchased from his father and mother, the latter's entire holdings in Mapello and Keokuk Counties, Iowa. This included the James Baker eighty, the eighty lying across the road to the north of it, and twenty acres of timber land lying in Keokuk County north of Waughs Point (later called Hedrick.) They paid $5,000 for the two eighties and $200 for the timber land.

The James and Virginia Hook family moved to its new home during the fall of 1875. Here six more children were born. Sarah born February 22, 1876; Jesse born June 18, 1878, died Sept. 8, 1880; infant daughter born Sept. 30, 1880, died immediately; Freddie born January 3, 1882, died on the 19th of March 1883:

Sarah (Lyle) Hook

James William born January 9, 1884 and Frank Leslie born July 4, 1886.

In 1882 (the deed was dated April 18th) James and Virginia Hook purchased from William Payne one hundred acres of land, eighty acres of which bordered the James Baker eighty on the east. In 1888 a fine new residence was built on the site of the Rollin-Baker residence and the family moved into it during the late fall of the same year. Here the last child of James and Virginia Hook, Morris Glen Hook, was born on May 7, 1889.

The James and Virginia Hook home now comprised two hundred and sixty acres of land all in one parcel. It was a fine farm, very productive and reasonably close to the market of Hedrick, Keokuk County, Iowa, which lay two and one-half miles to the northwest and through which was now running three railroads. They also owned one hundred and sixty acres of land in Box Butte County, Nebraska, which they had obtained in 1888 from Samuel Kaufman by a trade of a considerable herd of horses.

James Grant Hook and his wife Sarah (Lyle) Hook had owned other tracts of land in the vicinity. The Harvey Eller homestead three and one-half miles southeast of the Payne eighty was sold to Harvey Eller by James Grant Hook during the latter's visit to Iowa in 1864. Harvey Eller was the father of Virginia Eller who married James Hook, Jr. in 1867.

After disposing of his property, James Grant Hook and wife lived at Agency City, Iowa ~~with the home one of their children~~ until death claimed them. The old mother was first to pass away on August 4, 1882 at the ripe age of 74 years and 10 months. She was a strong character, a loyal Methodist and a devout Christian. She never could do enough for her children and spent her strength many times almost to the limit of endurance in helping them and even her grandchildren and neighbors through seiges of illness. On one occasion when the children of her son William Hook who had moved to St. Clair Co., Missouri, were thought to have been exposed to smallpox, she insisted that she must go to help care for them. She and her aged husband made the trip, part of which was by stage, and when they arrived found that the children only had measles, so they had a good visit and returned.

After the death of the mother the father failed rapidly and passed away at the home of his daughter Sarah Ankrom September 4, 1884. He was laid to rest alongside his wife in the Hook family plot ~~of his son James Hook, Jr.~~ in Martinsburg Cemetery two and three quarters miles east of his first permanent home in Iowa.

The only surviving child of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook is Sarah Jane Ankrom, wife of Jesse Ankrom who is still living (1934) with her aged husband in Agency City, Wapello County, Iowa. Three children, all of whom are living were born to them as follows

(1) Mary Matilda Ankrom born Nov. 29, 1865 in Wapello Co., Iowa. Married Nov. 29, 1888 W. S. Buckman, late of the C. B. & Q. R.R. of Ottumwa, Iowa. One son, Eugene Buckman, was born to them Oct. 28, 1901. He married Beatrice LeMaster.

(2) Anna Ankrom born October 5, 1871, married August 8, 1894 Chester Long. Family lives in Omaha, Nebr. No issue.

(3) Mattie Ankrom born March 31, 1877, married 1898

Benjamin Young. Issue - Billard A. Young born April 3, 1902, m. Pauline Reese; and Maxine Loraine Young born May 21, 1905 unmarried. Family lives in Ottumwa, Iowa.

THE ELLER FAMILY

(First Generation).

The Eller family came to America from the Rhenish Pallatinate of Germany at the time of the great "Pennsylvania Dutch Emigration" after 1720. The family stood high in the Rhine provinces and farther inland from a very early date and numbered among its members, able men of many professions and political leaders of standing and importance. At the time of devastation of the Rhenish Pallatinate by the French in 1688 to 1694, the Eller family lost much of its accumulation of wealth and property. It was to find a source of new wealth that could be cultivated without restraint that turned the eyes of certain members of the family toward America.

Between the years 1740 and 1747 inclusive, five members of the Rhenish family boarded ships at Rotterdam and sailed westward to the port of Philadelphia from whence after taking the oath of allegiance, they settled in the Susquehanna Valley. Johan Georg Eller was the first to come. He arrived on the ship "Samuel & Elizabeth" September 30, 1740. Michael, George and Henry, the latter only 20 years of age, came next on September 30, 1743 October 7, 1743 and October 25, 1746 respectively. The fifth to come was Christian Eller who reached Philadelphia from Rotterdam on the ship "Restauration" October 9, 1747.

These immigrants were men of liberal education and high Christian character. They were German Baptists, Schwenck Felders or Dunkards.

Christian did not remain long in Pennsylvania. He first settled in Lancaster County, but about 1755 lured by opportunities further south and encouraged by the extensive movement of German and Scotch families into the Shenandoah Valley, started on his slow migration southward which finally ended when he reached Davidson County, North Carolina, about 1760. He remained here for a few years, after which he moved to Rowan County, North Carolina, where he settled permanently and raised his family.

Western North Carolina at this date was beginning to revive from its earlier struggles, due largely to the influx of Pallatine Germans, Scotch Irish from Ulster, and Huguenots from France and England and the seaboard of South Carolina. These newcomers found a country almost devoid of schools and churches and a population so shiftless that it was necessary right at the outset to organize a new social unit and establish connection with outside currents of thought. The Ellers together with the McNeils and Vannoys, with which families they intermarried, devoted much effort in establishing the Baptist Church in the vicinity of the Yadkin River all the way from Rowan County through Wilkes and into Ashe Counties. This church was one of the very first to be established in that frontier country and under the leadership of members of the families above named and others equally devout, it has remained to the present time one of the most potent influences for good in Western North Carolina.

This sketch of the family only follows some of the descendents of Christian Eller, but there is good reason to think that all of the above emigrants were related. Henry Eller was certainly a brother of Christian and there are records that make it appear probable that George, Michael or Melcher, and John Georg were also his brothers or near kin.

Christian Eller had sons - George, John ~~Melcher~~, Henry and Fredrick, ~~Christian Peter~~. The father enlisted in the Revolutionary Army and according to family traditions accompanied one of the southern detachments throughout that memorable campaign that ended triumphantly at Yorktown. A John Melcher Eller was also a soldier in the War for Independence.

Second Generation.
(Eller Line)

George Eller, son of Christian, was born in Pennsylvania about 1748. He was self educated and a devout christian. He early decided upon the ministry as a profession and after his marriage about 1767 he attended as pastor in various Baptist Meeting Houses in Rowan County. At the time of the Regulators War he joined Capt. Hessen's Company and took the oath of allegiance to King George III. He and his wife were immediately arrested and placed under bond to keep the peace. He was a man of conviction and could not be severed from any position which seemed to him to be right. After two years of trouble and hardship he moved his family to Franklin County, Va., where he died about 1805. He had of issue four sons - Peter, Henry, Jacob and John, all of whom moved to Ashe County, North Carolina about 1790. They were workers in iron and growers of cattle and horses.

Third Generation
(Eller Line)

John Eller, son of George, was born in Rowan Co., North Carolina about 1770. He moved to Franklin County, Virginia, with his parents in 1777 and to Ashe County, North Carolina, about 1790. In the latter place he married Susannah Kearns who was born in Guilford County, North Carolina, of Holland Dutch parentage in 1767 and died in Wilkes County, North Carolina, April 10, 1853. The family home in Ashe County was on Obids Creek and it was here that all of their children were born. In 1816 the family acquired a large tract of land near what is now Wilkesboro, North Carolina, and moved upon it. The parents were devout Baptists and contributed much to the work of the church. The New Hope Baptist Meeting House and Cemetery was later located on land formerly owned by John Eller. John Eller died about 18[illegible]3 and was buried in the old Robert Cleveland Burial Grounds. Later about 1855 his remains were removed and re-interred beside those of his wife in the New Hope Cemetery. Some of this family and many of its descendents followed the frontiers of the new country westward as far as Nebraska and today are scattered throughout America from Canada to the Rio Grande and from the Mississippi to California.

During the War of the Rebellion, cousins fought against cousins, the old family in the south remaining loyal to the cause of the Confederacy and the sons of those who had moved beyond the Mississippi fighting to maintain the Union. Unassailable records left in the many and various communities where they lived proved almost without exception the devotion of the family to the high principles of human service. For the most part they were tillers of the soil, but later generations produced successful men and women whose courage and thrift were rewarded by important positions in all walks of life. No family in America is prouder of its hertitage of fine Christian qualities which the forefathers handed down than that which descended from these Eller ancestors.

Fourth Generation
(Eller Line)

Simeon Eller first son of John and Susannah (Kearns) Eller was born in Ashe County, North Carolina, September 7th, 1794 and died in Wilkes County June 19, 1850. He married in 1818 Fanny McNeil born in Wilkes County near Moravian Falls in 1795 and died in the same county in 1856. She was a daughter of Rev. James McNeil and grand-daughter of the Rev. George McNeil who emigrated to America from near Glasgow, Scotland, about 1750 and became one of the organizers of the Baptist Church in Western North Carolina. Her father, the Rev. James McNeil, was a man of great force of character as his father had been before him. He lived near Moravian Falls at the time of his death about 1840 and for many years had been a Baptist minister of great ability and a faithful successor of his father in the work of the church. For further information regarding the McNeil family see page .

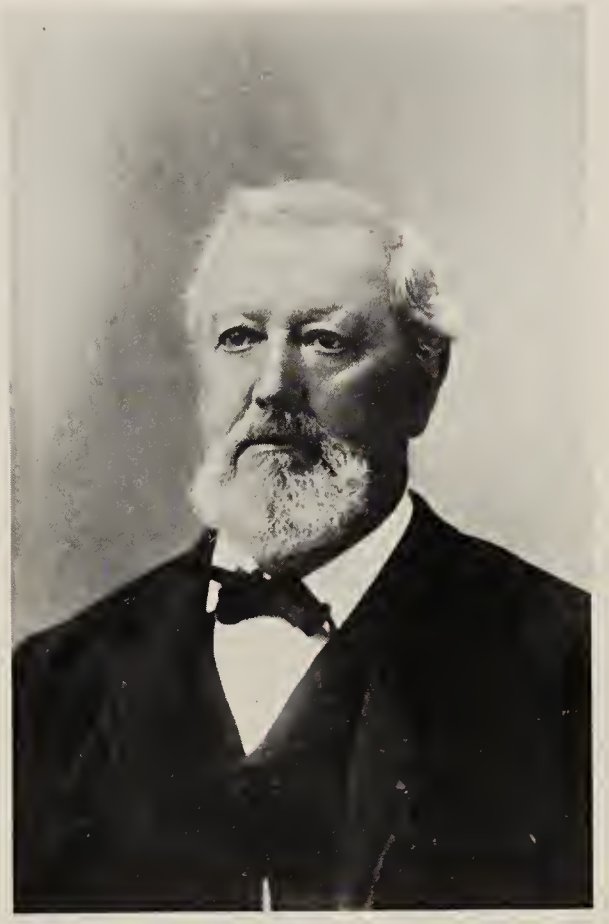
Simeon Eller and his wife owned land near Wilkesboro. They were active christians and devoted their lives to their family of eleven children, every one of whom they managed to educate far above the average in that backward country. They assisted Simeon's brother Peter in establishing the old Academy that for many years supplied educational advantages to that mountainous community that would have done credit to many other sections of the state far better situated. This great work was recognized by a grateful community later when it recommended and succeeded in having Peter appointed Colonel and Simeon Captain of the County Militia, which by state law was a regularly drilled guard under the chief command of the Governor. They held these offices for many years. Peter was further honored by being chosen and re-chosen to represent his community in the State Legislature. Here he did important work and his memory is kept alive by a fine portrait which hangs in the State House in Raleigh.

Simeon Eller was a blacksmith and gunsmith by trade and did much of the work of the neighborhood in these lines. Both he and his wife were members of the New Hope Baptist Church, now one of the constituent members of the Brushy Mountain Baptist Association. He was a deacon in this church for many years prior to his death. He was stricken with acute indigestion in June 1850 and died on the ninth day of that month and year at the home of his son James. His wife survived him for six years when she too passed away and was buried beside her husband in the New Hope Cemetery near Wilkesboro.

Fifth Generation
(Eller Line)

The first son of Simeon and Fanny (McNeil) Eller was Harvey Gordon Eller who was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, March 24, 1819 and died in Wapello County, Iowa, November 3, 1906. He never attended regular school, but with the assistance of his parents and his Uncle Peter whom he looked on as an ideal, he succeeded in attaining an education that enabled him later to teach in the old Academy. He was always a diligent student and mastered all of the books that came within his reach. These were not of great variety, but such as they were, they gave him the foundation for the fine christian character that stood out so nobly in later years. When he reached his majority he was

Mary Caroline (Vannoy) Eller



Harvey Gordon Eller

a finely featured lad of six feet two inches in his stocking feet. ¶On November 25, 1841 when twenty-two years of age, he married Mary Caroline Vannoy born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, February 18, 1823, died in Wapello County, Iowa, January 19, 1904. She was of French Hugenot extraction, the twelfth child of Jesse Vannoy born June 2, 1781, died November 26, 1875 and his wife Mary Kilby of English ancestry. The great grandfather of Jesse Vannoy (also named Jesse) came to America from England about 1692 on the same ship that brought the grandparents of the patriot Francis Marion. They landed at Georgetown, South Carolina. The early family had been driven out of France during the early protestant persecutions. They first went to England, thence to Holland where the Van was attached to their name, and thence back to England where the father of the emigrant Jesse served under the banner of Oliver Cromwell.

One son of the emigrant Jesse Vannoy was John Vannoy who served the Colonists against the Spaniards at St. Augustine 1739-1742 and later according to family tradition took part in the French and Indian War under Colonel George Washington. A son of John was Nathaniel born Feb. 16, 1749, died July 26, 1835 who was a Sergeant Major in the command of Colonel Benjamin Cleveland and took part in the Kings Mountain Campaign. At the direction of Colonel Cleveland he hung three Tories to a tree for horse stealing, that until recently stood in front of the Court House in Wilkesboro. A son of Nathaniel was Jesse Vannoy who was the father of the wife of Harvey Gordon Eller.

Both Harvey and his wife early professed Christianity and became members of the New Hope Baptist Church. After the death of Simeon Eller, the son Harvey was chosen deacon of the church to succeed his father.

Several years after his marriage Harvey joined with his father in the purchase of a tract of land that lay at the foot of Rendezvous Mountain near Wilkesboro. This mountain served Colonel Cleveland for signal fires during the Revolutionary War. Fires on its summit could be seen from the Pilot in Surrey and the Peaks of the Blue Ridge in McDowell and were lighted to rally the mountaineers from the Virginia State Line to South Carolina, and from Guilford to the Holston settlements in eastern Tennessee. The farm at first was a virgin wilderness. Harvey and his father by diligent effort succeeded in clearing it and building first a log cabin and later a frame dwelling and were just beginning to reap some profits from this venture when the father suddenly died. To settle the estate of which Harvey was the executor, it was necessary to dispose of the farm. Harvey's brother James who had lately married into the wealthy Carleton family, bought it. The two families lived together for almost two years until the fall of 1852 when Harvey and his wife decided to move their family to Iowa. According to their son, Benjamin Cleveland Eller, the event that brought about this decision was a punishment that was meted out to an unfortunate slave by a neighbor near by. Harvey watched the cruel spectacle until he could stand it no longer, when he stepped up and threatened to whip the white man within an inch of his life if he didn't stop. And he did stop and took the lecture that Harvey dealt him without a word.

Harvey Eller was a bitter opponent of slavery from boyhood and a staunch Republican even when he lived in that arch democratic

state of North Carolina. In later years he after said that he accepted the perilous journey to Iowa with his large and youthful family as a lesser danger than remining in North Carolina and raising his family among slave traders and distillers of bad liquor. Traffic in the latter industry flourished in that mountainous country and kept the better element in the countryside alert and vigilant in their efforts to overcome its evil influence.

Early in the fall of 1852 Harvey began to make preparations. He fitted up a strong wagon with a schooner body, covered it with the best covering he could find over bows of bent hickory, carefully planned his provisions, disposed of his surplus belongings and early in October set off on that perilous journey with his wife and seven children. No one thought he would succeed in finishing the journey and his friends and relatives did all in their power to dissuade him from attempting it. But he was resolute and in this respect he was strongly upheld by his wife. Their oldest child, William, was barely ten years old and Jesse, the youngest, was a baby of only seven months. Between these were Cleveland aged eight, Virginia aged seven, Nancy aged five, Mary aged four and James aged two. Anderson

It is hard for modern minds to comprehend the character of their forefathers whose faith in Almighty Providence would prompt them to undertake such a perilous journey in those times of bad roads, sparce civilization, bad food, no doctors and uncharted wilderness inhabited by Indians and crossed by dangerous streams and high mountains.

None of their neighbors ever expected to see them again and as they piled intothe wagon sad goodbyes were said and farewell songs sung. Harvey's brother James sang the song that the departing son had sung to his mother, but even this did not deter those hardy and courageous spirits whose eyes were set westward with a determination that knows not defeat. Several young men relatives on horseback escorted the travellers until they passed safely over the range beyond the "jumping off place" west of Wilkesboro, after which the lonely wagon with its sacred charge passed on and out of sight below the western horizon.

The wagon was drawn by four horses and the father rode one of the wheelers and drove the lead team.

They passed silently and safely through Cumberland Gap and reached Danville, Kentucky, where the mother worn by the long trip became ill. They went into camp and a smiling Providence placed that camp near a former friend and neighbor by name Cones, who finding them, placed one of his cabins at their disposal. Before resuming the journey the father was forced to sell one of his horses and the remainder of the trip was made with three horses.

From here they drove over perilous country to Louisville, Kentucky, where they were ferried across the Ohio. While crossing ~~the~~ Tennessee they saw their first railroad train. They came to the crossing and Harvey and the older children got out to look at it. Just as they did a train came along and so frightened the horses that it was only by a miracle that the remaining occupants of the wagon were able to manage them. The mother often told of this experience in later life.

On several occasions as they crossed Kentucky they met prowling Indians who came to them begging for food and trinkets. They were a treacherous lot, bent at all times upon robbery, but Harvey by being tactful and considerate was able to satisfy them and keep his scant belongings from getting into their hands. Many nights, according to accounts given by him in later years, he slept with one eye open fearing lest they should take off his horses which on one occasion a band of them attempted to do.

From Louisville the road lead across Indiana to Springfield, Illinois, from whence it continued to Keokuk where it ferried the Mississippi. It was along this road across the broad plains that the family found great difficulty in finding camping places that afforded spring water suitable for drinking purposes, and wood with which to make a camp fire. On some days it was necessary to subsist on cold victuals and questionable water from little streams. They crossed the Wabash River at Vincennes, Indiana, on an old, dilapidated row ferry that almost capsized with them in mid stream.

The old Fort Des Moines Road westward from Keokuk was better supplied with springs and the family, accustomed by the long journey, had little difficulty in reaching what was later known as the old Marion Tracey Farm two and one-half miles south east of Brookville where Harvey's Uncle David Eller lived. They arrived there the latter part of November in the year 1852 and well that they did not arrive later because winter began early that year and heaped untold hardships upon later arrivals who had no warm homes to keep out the cold.

The David Eller homestead was a beautiful farm of more than two hundred acres, part prairie and part timber, that sloped gradually to the southeastward toward Cedar Creek. It had a bearing orchard on it from trees that had been brought by David from his first home in Indiana. The building where David lived was a double log house set in the shape of an "L" with a lean-to to the east and south. One of these log structures was about 20 x 24 and the other 16 x 18 and both were weatherboarded on the outside with oak and bass-wood lumber sawed at the old saw mill nearby from timber grown on David's holdings. There was a large fire place in each house fully equipped with cranes and stone ovens for cooking. David welcomed the coming of Harvey and his family and shared his house with them for three months until they could arrange a lease on some property nearby. It was in this vicinity that two more children, Israel Curtis and Martha Clementine Eller, were born.

In 1856 the family moved to the Agnes Davis Farm north of Ottumwa near Dalonega where they lived until the latter part of December of that same year. They then moved to an eighty acre farm, which they had recently purchased, that was located in the extreme northern end of Wapello County just south of Martinsburg, Keokuk County, Iowa. The following extract from a letter written by Israel Curtis Eller on July 4, 1923 tells in vivid language of experiences in this new home.

> 'When we moved it was cold and we had no house to move to, though father had spent quite a bit of time in getting out timber and lumber (for a new house.) We first moved into the old Chilacotha Schoolhouse where we lived while dad finished the house in which

we were to live. He built it from newly sawed green oak lumber with split oak shingles and barely got it enclosed when we moved in about Christmas time. That was the coldest winter ever experienced in that country and we almost froze to death. Try as he would, he and Will and Cleve could not keep us in fuel which they had to haul from Skunk River Timber eight miles away. We had no heating stove, but had a big, wide, consuming fire-place built from Skunk River limestone. The weather boarding of the house did not fit snugly and as it began to season and warp one could see daylight through it, and the roof at many places allowed snow to drift in. I remember this distinctly as brother Jesse, sister Martha and myself had no shoes and when we got cold mother would put us on a feather bed where we would play until we got warm.

"Father had contracted for this farm from a man named J. C. Hamilton who lived in Fairfield and had made some payments on it. He broke a little prairie on it the summer we lived north of Ottumwa so we had ground enough ready to sow a little wheat and plant some corn the next spring, and during the year we raised some fine corn and our wheat turned out good. I remember this distinctly as we had to live on corn bread until we raised our bread.

"The winter of 1857-8 was nearly as bad as the former year. Father had a nice little start in cattle when the deflation in everything came in 1857 and father owed a store bill in Dalonega. The creditor put the account into judgment and had an execution issued and the constable (Jim Phelps) came and drove off every one of our cattle except one, our old milk cow, which was exempt or he would have taken her. I remember it well. Father was at the timber for wood; Will and Cleve were working and the others were in school, and I remember how mother cried. And why would she not cry when you think of her surroundings with a family of ten children, none yet grown and all suffering from cold and hunger? None but the stoutiot heart could have endured it. It makes me cry now when I recall it."

Three more children, John, Thomas and Jacob Eller were born at this home, the former of which was just a baby during the trying winter of 1857-8. Other children of Harvey Eller tell of the terrible experiences of these early years. Food was scarce, warm clothing almost unobtainable, and the family subsisted for the mosr part on pumpkin, molasses and corn bread. In another letter written by Israel Curtis Eller dated February 12th, 1934, he describes the house that his father built on this new land as follows:-

"This house was built in the fall of 1856 when Fremont was running for president; that is how I am helped to remember the date.

"You must know that those days were before railroads, and all pine lumber had to be freighted from Mississippi

River points, and as all the settlers were poor, the buildings were of logs or sawed boards sawed by local saw mills run by water power.

"The house father built was a frame structure having three rooms. One room was about 20 x 24 with a partition running through it from north to south which cut off a room about 7 x 20. In the latter room were three beds, two of them end on end, and the other setting crosswise, which left just enough room for us to get in and to bed. There were nails driven in the walls and partitions all along for us to hang our clothes on. The larger room contained one bed and a trundle bed underneath it so with some of us sleeping at the foot we had room enough.

"The house was built of green oak and hickory; frames, joists, rafters, plates and studs hewn out of logs and weather boarding sawed to about 1 x 6 inches. It fitted pretty tight at first, but soon warped and was quite open.

"The third room was a shed, or lean-to, about 10 x 24 which served as a kitchen and dining room and here mother had her loom where she wove home-spun wool and flax sufficient to clothe us and make our bedding. She not only did the weaving, but would also card, spin and dye the material and then cut and make it up, so our clothing if not very fine was good and comfortable. After doing all this, mother always had a meal for a traveler or a neighbor and she was a wonderful cook as everyone who fed on her bounty could testify.

"The house was without plaster and we had no stove except an old broken backed cook stove, one of the first made and the first mother ever used. Most of the cooking was done over the fireplace. Our sufferings during the first winters were great, but we were all healthy and strong and soon forgot."

In late 1864 Harvey Eller sold this farm to Elisha Godfrey who had sold his farm (The Farrel Riley place three miles south east of Hedrick, Iowa.) to William Hook, and immediately purchased from James Grant Hook of Vinton County, Ohio, later Wapello County, Iowa, (Father of William Hook) the unimproved quarter section of land which became the permanent Eller home in Wapello County. It was located one and one-quarter miles west of the Village of Maryville and today includes the entire town of Farson which was founded in 1898 in a field immediately back of the Eller house and barn-yard. What a pity that this new town was not christened Eller or Ellerton. It is a sad commentary on the friends and relatives of the Eller family in that community that they permitted another and much uglier name to be fastened upon it.

While building a house upon this new land the Eller family lived on the McIlroy farm shown on the map as the Goldsby place. The new house was finished in the fall of 1865 and was occupied in December of that year. A son, Edson Eller, was born in the McIlroy house in 1864.

Israel Curtis Miller in his letter of February 1?, 1934, from which other extracts have already been taken, writes as follows of his parents home after they sold their former home to Elisha Godfrey:-

"We had to give possession at once, or as soon as the corn was husked. Father rented the eighty acre tract adjoining the Lary Baker Farm on the south, afterwards known as the McIlroy farm, and we moved there in November 1864 and lived there a year, meantime breaking out 40 acres on the Farson place and building a log house, a log barn, a frame smoke house and digging a well. Both house and barn father bought of a Mr. Lazure who lived about two miles northwest of old Abington, Iowa. In the spring of 1865 father sold the best horse he had for $250.00 and with the money purchased three yoke of cattle. While he and brother Jesse moved the log house and barn from the Lazure place, dug the well, built the smoke house, etc., brother Anderson and I plowed the ground on the McIlroy place, sowed the spring wheat and oats, and got ready for planting. This was all done with the cattle. Anderson plowed with the heavier cattle and I did all the harrowing and dragging with the lighter cattle. Then we all planted the corn and changed about on cultivating it. You will understand that at this time there was not a two horse cultivator in that country, so we plowed the corn with single team cultivators drawn by one horse. My sisters often hoed the crops. Father and Jesse then took the cattle and broke 40 acres of prairie on the Farson farm. They rode the two year old colts down to the farm, took their dinners with them, and plowed all day with the cattle, then turned them out to graze over night. Next morning thay would drive them into a corral, yoke them and resume work.

"I remember well when we got the news of the assassination of President Lincoln. We boys were playing on the old straw pile and some one came along and told us about it. Nearly all the grown-ups were crying.

"The first home on the Farson farm was a story and a half log house 24 x 24 with a shed porch to the east which was open. There was just one room downstairs and one room upstairs. It was quite primitive. The upstairs was not plastered, but there was room enough for six beds which with one bed downstairs where our parents slept, there was room enough, The house was heated by the cook stove with a little common coal stove added in the winter season.

"The upstairs was reached by a little ladder in the southwest corner made of two fence boards with cleats nailed on, on which the treads rested, and there was a trap door at the top which on account of the cold we kept closed as we went back and forth in the winter season. We continued to occupy this house until the summer of 1875 when we built the big square frame house which you knew. We built that house the spring before

brother John was drowned who, up to June 15th of that year, the date he was drowned, hauled all of the lumber therefor.

"Your parents (meaning James Hook who married Virginia Eller) were married in this log house in 1867. We were then, as I have always felt, the most happy and contented family in the whole countryside."

It was in the old log house on the Parson farm that the last two children of Harvey and Mary Caroline Vannoy Eller were born. Maggie was born in 1866 and Otis R. was born in 1870. It is remarkable to note that every child of this large family of fifteen lived to adult manhood and womanhood and honored their christian parents by doing well in their chosen walks of life. The first death to sadden their fireside came on June 15, 1875 when John Quincy Eller, a promising lad of eighteen, was drowned in Competine Creek. With some other boys he had gone swimming when the stream was swollen by recent rains. He was caught in the swift current and drowned before assistance could reach him.

The Parson home responded immediately to the skillful and thrifty hands of its occupants and became in a few years one of the best farms in the community. It was retained by the parents until 1890, by which time all of the children were grown and making homes of their own, when they sold it to their son-in-law George W. Dickens who had married their daughter Martha Clementine Eller. The parents then moved to Blair, Nebraska, where their sons William and Israel Curtis Eller were then living. Here they lived until 1895 when they moved back to Iowa and lived until 1902 in Hedrick, Iowa. Thereafter and until their death they lived with their daughter Maggie Davis southeast of Martinsburg, Iowa, and for a time with their daughter Mrs. Geo. W. Dickens near Parson.

The following paragraphs taken from the obituaries published in the Hedrick Journal sums up their life's achievements in a few words:-

"Both Mr. and Mrs. Eller were exemplary pioneers and helpers of the pioneer ministry in the English River and Oskaloosa Baptist Associations. All the surviving sons and daughters are earnest and active christians identified in an earnest and practical way in the effort to evangelize the world to the knowledge of Jesus."

"Mr. Eller often held offices of public trust in his school district and township, but never aspired to leadership. He was fixed in his convictions, wise in counsel, conservative in expression and devout in demeanor. The home habit of both father and mother was to begin the day by reading the scriptures and family prayer, a custom which for fifty years was hardly ever neglected."

"The death of Mrs. Eller removes from the community one of the saints of the earth. Nothing that the Journal can say will add to the reputation of this good woman. She spent her long life in good works and has passed to her reward wrapped in the mantle of faith."

Both were buried in Competine Cemetery near the church which they had actively supported since its organization during war times. Both funerals were largely attended. A touching feature of the father's funeral was the pall bearers, six sons, who with solemn treed carried their precious load to its final resting place.

Family of James and Virginia (Eller) Hook
Taken about 1894

7th Generation (Hook Line.)
6th Generation (Ellier Line.)

James Hook, son of James Grant Hook and Sarah (Lyle) Hook, was born in Carrol County, Ohio, Sept. 30th, 1839 and died in Mapello County, Iowa, June 30, 1905. When he was five years old his parents moved to what is now Vinton County, Ohio, and settled near Allenville. Here he attended the primitive country schools and helped on his father's farm until he was twenty years of age when he taught two terms in the Allenville School. He then hired out as a clerk in a small general store in Allenville and was so employed when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion. He immediately resigned his position in the store and on April 30, 1861, eight days after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, enlisted in Co. D of the 18th Ohio Volunteer Infantry for three months' service. He was a powerfully built lad, not so tall as his father, but broader shouldered. He was the best athlete in the neighborhood and held the record among his associates in high and broad jumping, running and wrestling. He was also a great reader and a good student and spent much time in tutoring his companions in the three R's and making them realize the importance of education. His popularity is still remembered by old residenters in and about Allenville, some of whom proclaim him as having been the most promising lad in the neighborhood.

The 18th Ohio Volunteer Infantry in which he enlisted was mustered into the service at Camp Putnam, Marietta, Ohio, on April 24, 1861. The regiment with eight companies was ordered to Parkersburg, Virginia, where regimental organization was perfected on May 29th. The following day the companies were stationed at different points on the B & O Railroad between Parkersburg and Clarksburg and served as guards and escorts for supply trains and building a telegraph line to Rich Mountain where McClellan's forces had gone. This work, while not spectacular, was important and was continued until the middle of August when the time of enlistment being almost completed, the regiment was ordered home and mustered out at Columbus, Ohio, on August 28, 1861. It lost two men; one of disease and another in a railroad accident.

James Hook remained at home during the fall and winter and in the spring of 1862 accompanied his father on a visit to his brothers William and Stephen who lived in Iowa. During this visit he met his future wife, Virginia Miller, but the acquaintance was not cultivated until several years later. Upon his return to Ohio he found his friends much concerned over the trend of the War. General Bragg who had out-marched and out-flanked General Buel was threatening to invade Ohio from the south. On August 25, 1863 Governor Tod ordered the 7th Ohio Vol. Cavalry to be recruited for service on the northern bank of the Ohio. It was known as the River Regiment and was to remain close to the Ohio border, driving back raiders, protecting lines of communication, and keeping the enemy

from obtaining a foothold on the Ohio.

The company was commanded by Colonel Malcom McDowell and Lt. Col. Israel Garrard. For several months it operated on the north bank of the Ohio River and while the number of troops involved in its movements were not large, the engagements were bitter and the strategy and individual initiative of its officers and men were not excelled during the whole war.

James Hook enlisted in C of this regiment on September 9th, 1863 and never left it even on furlough until he was mustered out of the service on June 22, 1865 at Raleigh, N. C. He was in the hospital for several weeks at Cincinnati with smallpox and rheumatism early in 1865, but aside from this was continuously in the service, first in the Hospital Corp and later as dispatch carrier. In the latter service he came in contact with many of the great generals of the War, including Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Schofield, Hooker, Rosecrans, Ewing and Howard. In later life he told thrilling stories of his experiences in carrying messages for miles through hostile territory from one army to another.

The regiment operated almost alone for the first eighteen months, first on the north bank of the Ohio and then in eastern Kentucky and Tennessee. It was in many sharp skirmishes, some of which for bitterness, equalled those of the main armies. It was sent in pursuit of the Morgan Raiders, was engaged in the battles of Carter's Station, Mt. Sterling, Ky., Dutton Hill, Ky., and Cumberland Gap, where it distinguished itself in resourcefulness, courage, daring and discipline. When Burnside's forces were besieged at Knoxville, Tennessee, in the latter part of 1863, the seventh was menacing the enemy's lines of communication east of the city. General Grant, desirous of reaching Burnside to inform him of the coming of Sherman with a strong force to attack the besieging army, dispatched a message to Colonel Garrard with instructions to get it to Burnside at all hazards. Garrard asked for volunteers to execute this hazardous adventure. Sergeants Little and Davis and James Hook who was an experienced and trusted dispatch carrier, volunteered and after many thrilling adventures succeeded in penetrating the Confederate Lines and delivering the dispatch. Little was promoted, but Davis and Hook who were equally entitled to credit, received not even a citation. Hook's name is not mentioned in the history of this episode, but he often told about it and the writer has a very vivid picture of the adventure, and remembers how his father exulted at reading a notice of the event in an old Civil War History and how put out he was that neither his nor his companion's names were mentioned. He told of creeping for miles on his belly at night and of hiding one whole day in a thicket of underbrush and of passing so near a sentry that he could hear him walking to and fro, and of hearing the enemy soldiers talking to one another, and of once thinking he was heard as he crept over dead sticks, and of the delivery of the message to General Burnside who complimented them on the success of their adventure.

In the early part of 1864 the regiment had an experience comparable to that of the soldiers who suffered at Valley Forge. The whole country in which it had been operating was devastated of supplies, and clothing and food for the army had not been received. For weeks the half naked and half starved soldiers kept themselves from freezing by crudely constructed huts and

campfires. A half bushel of corn meal was a day's rations for a whole company. Some of the men were without trousers and nearly all without shoes and wrapped their feet in strips of tenting and pieces of blankets to keep them from freezing. James Hook often told of this experience and expressed wonderment at the fortitude of human nature to endure such torture. After supplies were received the regiment moved into Knoxville where it remained until spring when it again went in pursuit of Morgan and drove his band of marauders into the mountains of Eastern Tennessee.

On July 4, 1864 the regiment was ordered to join Sherman at Atlanta. It started from Nicholsville, Tenn., the same day and reached Sherman's Army on July 26th. It was engaged in all of the important battles on the outskirts of that city until September 2, 1864 when Hood by masterful strategy escaped by the only road left open by the encircling army.

The following letter of James Hook written at this time throws some light upon that great campaign -

Headquarters,
Army of the Ohio,
Near Atlanta, Ga.
July 31, 1864.

Pa:

You request me to give you my opinion of matters, so I will go at it. We are now very near Atlanta, so near that I have seen the city myself. Our line of battle extends around three sides of the city, having possession of the two railroads the one running east the one running north. The one running west has been destroyed some distance from here, only leaving the enemy one way to get out, and thats to go south. We have had three very hard battles here at this place, one on the 20th of the month in which the enemy lost five thousand in killed, wounded and prisoners. Two thousand were left dead on the field which our men buried the next day, three thousand were taken prisoners of this number one thousand were wounded, on the 22d the enemy massed their forces in order to press back our left wing. They attacked us about eleven o'clock after which a dreadful battle followed, which lasted til late in the evening. The enemy finding that it was impossible to brake our lines, fell back leaving many of their dead and wounded on the field. I am unable to state the number of killed and wounded on either side, as I have not heard the official report of the engagement, but do know that it was a day that will long be remembered by many of us as it was the day that General McPerson was killed. He was a noble man and a good general, just such a man as we need in command of our army. Now for another battle. The greatest battle that we have had, came off on the 28th on our extreme rite. Directly after the battle which I have just been writing about, the front of our army was changed, the three corps namely the 15th, 16th and 17th which were on the left wing were sent on the extreme rite. After they found a suitable position they

fortified themselves some distance from the enemies works. This was on the 27th of the month, and on the 28th the 16th corps made a fals charge on the enemies work. They charged up near their works and then fell back as though they were repulsed. The enemy seeing them falling back raised up out of their works and rased yil mad a charge. Our men fell back to their work where the 15th and 17th corps were and the rebs charged rite up to our works and then the yank went for them and if they didn't give them their own rights its strange to me as we captured nearly the last one of them.

Sherman's official report says that we killed and wounded ten thousand of them besides capturing a great many guns. Our loss was three thousand, killed and wounded. Now it is true that the rebs still have possession of Atlanta but I am just as certain that we will whip them out of it as I am living, although they are well fortified and it may take us some time yet, but sooner or later, it must fall. Deserters acknowledge that they are whipped, a prisoner being asked the number of men they had said that he thought they had about two days killing yet, so you may know they are whiped. Now my opinion is that we will make a clean sweep of this end of the southern confederacy, and if Grant is only successful in taking Richmond, the gig is up with them, and I hope to live to see the day when the leaders of this unholy rebellion will have to submit and yield to Justice and Truth.

I will close, write soon, Yours

Jim Hook.

Hood's escape from Atlanta has reflected somewhat upon Sherman's generalship. The latter, instead of pursuing him and against the express wishes of General Grant, decided upon his march to the sea, leaving General Thomas to pursue Hood with a small badly equipped army of 28,000 men. When one recalls the vain effort of Sherman's superb army of 90,000 men to destroy Hood's army, it is difficult to understand what he was thinking about when he delegated to Thomas the task of doing with 28,000 men what he failed to do with a force more than three times as great. His orders to Thomas were most extraordinary. They instructed that great general to pursue Hood and recruit his forces, mainly made up of the 4th and 23rd army corps under Generals Stanley and Schofield, from army hospitals and State Militia along the way.

The campaign of General Thomas following the parting of the two armies at Atlanta is in the writer's mind without parallel in the whole history of the Civil War, if indeed it has been matched by any General in history.

The Seventh Ohio after the fall of Atlanta went to Decatur, six miles east of that city, and until October 4, 1864 was engaged in scouting for supplies preparatory to marching north with General Schofield. It was engaged at the battle of Franklin, Tennessee, which for casualties in proportion to the forces engaged, was one of the bloodiest of the whole Civil War. The Seventh Ohio operated on the right of Schofield's army where it held its position. James Hook often described this bitter fight. He told of the dense wood and the position of the Union army on a side hill and the advance of Hood's army. The Union forces had constructed breast works behind which were three lines of infantry. The

advancing army was not fired upon until it was near enough to be easily seen through the trees, whereupon the first Union Line fired and immediately fell behind the third line. The second line immediately fired and fell back to third position as the first line had done. The original third line raised and fired and the whole operation was repeated. When the battle ended, the writer recalls his father saying that one could have walked all over the field in front of the breast works by stepping from one dead Confederate soldier to another.

After the battle the victorious Union Army started for Nashville to join the main army under Thomas. The Seventh Ohio operated on the flanks of the main army and did itself great credit. After reaching Nashville it was engaged in scouting, picketing and skirmishing until Dec. 13th when Thomas took the offensive that resulted in the destruction of Hood's army. When the great offensive began, after General Thomas was all but removed from command for his delay, the Seventh Ohio Cavalry conducted itself in brilliant style. The detailed story of the overwhelming defeat of the retreating army of Hood is thrilling, and considering the fact that the attacking army often engaged detachments double in numbers, is almost unbelievable.

When Hood's army was pushed beyond the Tennessee River, the Seventh Ohio went into winter quarters at Gravelly Spring, Alabama.

On March 22, 1865 General Wilson with an army of 18,000 of which the Seventh Ohio was a part, started to further invade the Confederacy. The object was to destroy all railroad communications and divide the rebel armies of the East and West. It destroyed the Iron Works at Elyton and the Shelby Iron Works at Monticello and marched to Columbiana and destroyed the iron works there. The pursued army made a stand below Columbiana and was badly defeated. The Seventh Ohio was ordered to pursue the retreating Confederates along the Anderson ville road. The pursuers were in full gallop after the enemy when the latter displayed a flag of truce. The armies halted and were informed of the surrender of Lee at Appomatox and the end of the War. The opposing armies so lately in bitter contest joined hands and bivouaced on the same field.

The regiment remained in Macon until May 15th to prevent the escape of Jefferson Davis. After the latters capture the Seventh guarded his removal to Augusta, Georgia, after which, with the exception of Company G which marched to Raleigh, North Carolina, it was sent to Nashville, Tennessee where it was mustered out of the service July 4, 1865. Company G, including James Hook, was mustered out in Raleigh, N. C., June 22, 1865.

Including recruits, 1400 men actually saw service in the Seventh during the War. It mustered out 840 men, showing a loss by casualties of War of 560.

During the winter and early spring of 1865 James Hook was stricken with smallpox and rheumatism and was sent to the Army Hospital at Cincinnati for treatment. Letters written by him during this time are interesting.

Washington Park Hospital
Cincinnati, O., February 21st

Dear Friends,

This will inform you that I just received a con-

munication from you which was read with much pleasure. I was sorry to hear that Nancy was unwell I hope she will soon be well again. I am getting along first rate. I am much better than I was when I last wrote. I think I will soon be able to go to my company. I am almost well of the Smallpox. I had it very light and since I have broke out I feel much better, The rheumatism has bothered me but little since and I began to feel first rate. I was out on the street yesterday for the first time since I came here. I did not stay out very long I feel first rate to day. Pap as to you coming down here you can come when it suits you best as you need not put yourself out any on my account for I am in need of nothing at this time. I would like to have you come before I leave here and I dont expect to leave for some time yet I don't expect to come home ~~without~~ before you come down if you come inside 10 days. If you get word from (Mrn) and have any business to attend to here come as soon after you get ~~word~~ the word as you can. I believe I have nothing of importance to write to you I will close.

Yours truly

Jim Hook.

Pap write often.

Mother you need not trouble your self about me for I am getting along just as well as if I were at home. I have plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep in and this is all I can wish for. I want you to take good care of Sarah Jane and Jesse til I come home and then I will take them in to hands. I am going to write to them so I will save my time writing to you about them so no more, yours til Death

Jim Hook.

P.S. Pap I want you to let me know how often you get mail from McArthur and what days you get it. Write soon without fail.

Good By

Washington Park Hospital,
Cincinnati, Ohio.
April 12, 1865.

Dear Friends:

This will inform you that I arrived here last Saturday evening and found everything right side up. The doctors dont know yet that I was at home, they never missed me or knew of me being gone. We had a big time here last Monday after receiving the news of the surrender of Lee. The whole city was in a perfect state of rejoicing every bell in the city was wringing, canons, muskets, pistols, and all kinds of firearms were fired. The people are preparing for a big time on Friday. There is to be two hundred guns fired here on that day, one hundred to be fired at 12 o'clock M. At 2 P.M. there is to be a great procession and at 6 P.M. one hundred more guns fired. I expect to see a great jubilee. I have nothing of importance to write at this time, so I will close by requesting you to write often and give me all the news.

Let me hear from John as often as you hear from him. I do not know how long I will stay here, I may stay here this week and I may not. I am going to my company just as soon as the doctors will let me go, so no more.

Yours,

Jim Hook.

Louisville, Ky.
April 16, 1865.

Dear Friends:

This will inform you that I am on my way to the Regiment. We arrived here yesterday morning and will leave here at five this evening for Cairo, Ill. after which we will go to Mobile. I left Cincinnati last Friday noon. They were having a great time there, every one rejoicing over the successes of our armies. Little did any one think of the danger that was hovering over us. Little did we think that the close of that day would bring to our ears the startling news of the murder of the President of the United States, one of the blackest crimes that ever was committed, or found in the pages of history. Just to think that one of the best men in our government, one who has used every exertion in his power to suppress this infernal rebellion and restore peace to the people was murdered, cruelly murdered by an imp of Satan, who I hope will soon be caught and sent to report to his Superior Officer in the lower pits of Hell.

I believe I have written enough so i will close. I will write whenever I am favored with an opportunity. I dont expect it is worth your while to write to me until you hear from me again.

so good by

Yours

Jim Hook.

While at Pulaski, Tennessee, he had the good fortune to meet his brother John of the 65th Ohio Vol. Inf. The two brothers wrote the following joint letter home.

Pulaski, Tenn.
November 17, 1864.

Dear Friends,

This will inform you that I am in good health hoping that my letter will find you all in possession of the same blessing. I received a letter from you some time ago which I have not had time to answer til now. We have been on the move ever since we left Decatur. I will tell you where we have been so you may know we a not been idle. We left Decatur and went to Resaca marched through Snake

Creek Gap and thence to Galesville, Alabama. We laid there 2 days and then went to Cedar Bluffs and from there we went to Rome, Ga. and from there back Resaca then we took the cars and went to Nashville and from Nashville to Jonstonville. We staid there 2 days and went to Nashville again. We staid there 3 or 4 days and came down here where we expect to stay for some time. We may stay here all winter but I do not know for certain that we will. I was very much surprised to meet John down here. We are here together. He is in the 65 O.V.I. and is getting along fine. I am going to try to get him transferred to my company. If I can I will let you know. I wish I could. He is here so I will let him finish my letter. I want you all to write often for it is very seldom I have the chance.

Jim has got tired he is in our Reg. this afternoon. I have been geting super for him I will tell you what we have to eat, hardtack, coffee and fresh muton. We are going about one mile to see Samuel Hook and the rest of the 90th Boys. I saw Tom Parish and Aron Harkloss. Super is ready and it is geting late and I will close. Jim looks harty and well. Ben Micken is with Jim. Oh, we are gay boys. I don't know how long we will stay here, probably all winter. I rather think we will for it is very mudy here. We have a great deel of rain. Don't eat all the super from me. Stop or get Cheated, no more at present.

From James & John Hook

to all at home.

James Hook went directly home from Raleigh, N. C. and found his parents preparing for removal to Iowa. He helped cover and prepare the wagons, which were fitted with schooner bodies, and assisted at the public sale of all the surplus personal property which was held early in September 1865. The journey was begun on September 18th and for six weeks the two wagons rumbled over rough prairie roads, James driving one team and Jesse Ankrom the other, and late in October arrived at their destination. The trip was uneventful. The weather was fine and so many other movers were on the road that the time, especially the evenings, assumed something of a social aspect, with travellers from many parts telling stories and singing songs and young folks dancing around the camp-fires.

During the winter of 1865 and 66 James Hook assisted Jesse Ankrom at building the addition to the Jim Baker house where the family of James Grant Hook moved in the spring of 1866. In the summer of 1866 he worked on his father's farm and during the winter of 1866-67 taught the Kirkpatrick school. He again worked on his father's farm during the spring and summer of 1867. On November 21, 1867 he married Virginia Eller daughter of Harvey and Mary Caroline (Vanney) Eller. The wedding was solemnized in the old log house on the Parson farm of Harvey Eller, and after the ceremony the bride and groom rode horseback to their future home which was the new part of the Jim Baker house. ~~which was to be their first home.~~

The following extracts from a letter from Cynthia Hook Woodbury, daughter of William Hook, speak very interestingly of her Uncle James Hook and Aunt Virginia Hook. The letter is dated May 18, 1913.

"I think Uncle Jim became acquainted with Aunt Jennie Eller the first year he lived in Iowa. My father said that he told Jim if he wanted to win one of the best girls he knew of, he'd better try to get Jennie Eller. Uncle Jim must have taken that advice for they were married a year or so after he came to Iowa. You will know the year. My mother had bad health and didn't go to the wedding, but I remember Uncle Jim stopped on his way to the wedding to invite mother to the "infare" dinner at Grandfather's for the next day. We lived on the Rollin Baker place then, where we were when Grandfathers all came out to Iowa.

"The second year, I think it was, Uncle Jim bought a span of little clay-bank horses. Soon after, I remember seeing him putting liniment on one of them, for he feared a spavin, or one had really developed. That was one trial he had before marriage. I can't remember what he did with them. I know I had the impression that he was a poor man and could ill afford having anything happen to his team. He and Aunt Jennie lived in the addition that had been put on to the old "Jim Baker" house. It consisted of one room down-stairs and porch on south side, the west end shut up by the old house projecting south (forming an ell with the porch in the angle) The old house was on the west. I think the upstairs was used for a bedroom, when company came. They seemed to live in one room, but it was so neat with the new furniture, etc., that I thought it was wonderfully nice and cozy and they seemed so happy and contented. I was so young I didn't really know if they had any hardships. I suppose they did, however.

"Uncle Jim taught the Kirkpatrick school first winter, next year the one right close to Chris Deusers, a rather new school house I think. Last year we were there he taught "Blue Jeans." That was the winter Mary was a baby a few months old. As I was on my way home from school, I would stop to see her - and to see Uncle Jim come in. He would begin to talk to her in his loud, playful voice and she would begin to laugh and jump. Aunt Jennie said Mary knew her father just as soon as he came in. He loved children. All of us thought so much of him. I had the old fashioned ague that first winter and he would try to warm me in his arms when I was chilling.

"The winter he taught at Blue Jeans, Mark Winner and Harry Coffman had a fight on their way from school. Uncle Jim decided they must be whipped if he let them come back to school. Mark was a big, husky fellow. He came back and took the whipping and it was laid on good and hard. (I remember how my father could use the stick. I think both he and Uncle Jim were so strong they didn't realize how hard they whipped.) Harry didn't come back. He was a thin, rather tall boy who didn't seem to have good health and it was near the end of school. I remember we thought Mark was the braver of the two. I heard Uncle Jim say he didn't like to whip Mark, he was so manly about it (this, of course, not publicly) and he and we would have thought more of Harry if he had come back.

"Uncle Jim taught the older girls to sing for the last day of school. He taught us "Mic Jewell" and "Keep to the Right Boys". He was a good singer, as were most

of his family. Aunt Martha had such a sweet melodious voice, Aunt Sarah a very strong one, I don't remember how sweet. The second fall, Robert Black held a "singing school" at the school house near Chris Reuser's. Of course, Uncle Jim attended and some of his folks, for they all liked to sing. The Eller young folks were there also for they were quite musical.

"I remember your grandfather Eller leading the songs when we had Sunday School at the old Fuller school house, when I was a child. At that time Rev. Elliott's daughter taught that school and paid for her board and lodging by giving music lessons to the Eller girls, on her melodian. She stayed at the Ellers. Her name was Josephine. Her father was the Baptist minister there. That was about in 1861 or 62. When there was no Sunday School at the old Fuller School House, Mr. Eller took his family to Martinsburg.

"Uncle Jim was our Sunday School Superintendent at Blue Jeans the last summer we lived there. I can see Uncle Joe Gibson leading the prayer, when he could come. He would become so engaged in prayer that he would forget that he was opening and shutting his spectacles. I know for I looked, although I had all confidence in Uncle Joe and his religion. He was United Bretheren.

"I never saw Aunt Jennie after we left Iowa for Mo. Uncle Jim came to see us the fall of 1879. Our old Iowa neighbor, Chas. Barbour, came the same time from somewhere in Kansas where he then lived. I remember Uncle Jim speaking of his religious life and recommending it to others. He and my father were both very emotional. They got that from Grandmother Hook. You know she was Scotch Irish. I've heard her shout when she was happy. When she couldn't go to church she would take her Bible and hymn book and get very happy. One hymn I remember she got so happy over "Of Him Who Did Salvation Bring, I Could Forever Think and Sing." When she came to the line, "He closed His eyes to show no God," the thought of His wonderful love and sacrifice made her shouting happy. She could scold too, but I think she thought it was right to tell folks of their faults and fallings. I had all faith in her and her religion, although she would sometimes get after me and call me Cynthia Ann, in a very impressive way. I have dropped the Ann part of my name and use my surname (Hook) initial, making it Cynthia H. Wonder if that would please Grandmother Hook? I was named Ann for Aunt Mary Ann, father's oldest sister (the mother of Will, Henry, Clint and little Sarah Clark.)

"The Ellers came from one of the Carolinas, I think North Carolina. They were a mild placid people, gentle and easy to get along with. Aunt Jennie taught Blue Jeans School, I think the summer before Grandfathers come in the fall. She visited the different pupils as she was invited, staying all night with them. She came home with us one evening and how proud we were to have teacher visit us. While we sat on the porch after supper Father asked her to sing some of the Sunday School songs in our new books. I was very helpful to her almost going on before to show

James Hook in 1885

Virginia (Eller) Hook
Wife of James Hook

James Hook in 1903

that I knew it too. My father rebuked me and how ashamed I was. She was a very kind teacher and we loved her. The Ellers were intellectual, loved school and music and made the most of all their opportunities. Of a religious turn of mind, I think all Baptists.

"In 1874 two men came from Clinton to Father's to buy hogs. It was Sunday evening. One of the men seemed to be suffering with a very bad cold. They spent the evening in our family room. I was so indignant that they came Sunday that I stayed in the kitchen. Next morning I sat beside the affected one at the breakfast table. When the men got back to Clinton, a doctor there wrote to Father that the man had smallpox and for us to prepare for it. None of us had ever had it, the neighbors were afraid of us and we were in a quandary as to what we should do. Father decided to write to his father and tell him about it. He knew they had all passed through it when Uncle Walter died at home while on furlough. Grandfather and Grandmother thought they ought to come to care for us. Before they arrived we got another letter from the doctor saying that it was measles the man had, so we felt some easier. I took them the 15th day after, although I had stayed out of the room and the man had held our baby Will on his lap. I was just able to be up when they arrived, for father didn't ask them to come till I was taken sick. I gave the measles to all the other children. Grandmother said as she came along 'Wouldn't it be a joke on us all if Cynth had only the chickenpox." Well, we had a good visit with them, the last time I ever saw them. I can't tell you how dear they were to us. It was a long, hard trip for them. They had come part of the way by stage. Poor old Grandmother was nearly exhausted, but she loved her children so. I heard Father once say "She was never weary of trying to do something for us if we were sick, getting up any time in the night or staying up with us." I can't forget it."

Virginia Eller, wife of James Hook, was born in Wilkes County, North Carolina, October 18, 1845. She died in Wapello County, Iowa, October 30, 1897. She was a lovable child with long dark hair and brown eyes, characteristics which her mother's people had perpetuated generation after generation from the time the family arrived in America. She was only seven years old when her parents left North Carolina for Iowa and while a part of her early education was obtained in the former place, it was not until after she arrived in Iowa that she attended school regularly. She was a good student and in 1864 to 1866 attended Axlines Academy at Fairfield (Now Parsons College) and obtained a teacher's certificate. She later taught in various country schools in the neighborhood. At an early date she joined the Baptist Church and taught in its Sunday School at Old Maryville.

The following extracts of letters from her brother Israel Curtis Eller throw interesting light on her early life:-

"In 1866 Elder Tracy came down from Fremont to hold a protracted meeting in the old schoolhouse that stood about forty rods northwest of Old Maryville. He had preached and sung for about two weeks without asking for converts.

On this particular night at the supper table at our house Elder Tracy said he was going to extend an invitation to those who wanted the prayers of those in attendance, to simply rise in their seats. Polly Baker, who later married Chris Breon, was at our house. She and sister were great friends. About two wagon loads of our people went down to the meeting that night and after a powerful sermon by Elder Tracy the invitation was extended to those who wanted the prayers of God's People to stand while the congregation sang. About six verses of a good old song was sung and no one arose. The Elder exhorted them again and the song was repeated. Sister whispered to Polly that since they were not very well known that it might be well if they stood up and that perhaps others would follow. As they arose the Elder shouted "Amen" and before the thing ended over a hundred had stood up. It was the biggest meeting the Elder ever had, resulting in many conversions and the organization of a very strong church. I heard the folks talking about the meeting when they came home. I did not attend. I had no shoes."

The following letter from Israel Curtis Elder tells of the admirers of his sister Virginia and of the courtship of her future husband James Hook. He refers to his sister as Jennie, which was a contraction of her true name and almost universally used.

"I was about eight years younger than my sister "Jennie" and may not remember as well as brother Cleveland or Anderson.

"The first admirer that I remember was Chris Breon, a Pennsylvania German boy of our neighborhood when we lived on the farm in the old Chillicothe District. He frequently came to our house and the younger people with Cleve and others went to church or spelling schools and at one time attended a class in singing at Martinsburgh. Jennie and Chris were quite friendly, but I do not think he proved to be the one to obtain favor from sister. When Brother Cleve went to the war, which was in August 1863, Chris Breon also went and they were buddies together. The latter formed an attachment with a friend of Jennie's, Polly Baker, and they were married after his return from the war. Just before Cleve went to war in August 1863, Jennie went to Fairfield to school and kept house for brother Will at Fairfield where he was publishing a little newspaper while she attended the Axeline School which later became Parsons College.

"Here at Fairfield she made many new acquaintances and I remember when she would come home she would talk to her sisters and I overheard some of the talk.

"She told them of such a nice young man she had met by the name of Edson Christie. She evidently thought much of him for when Brother Ed was born in May 1864, she wrote home and also came home a little later and insisted on naming the baby "Edson Christie". This was done. She returned to Fairfield the winter of

1864 and 1865 and came home in May or June and went again in fall of 1865, but came home in March 1866, and taught school the summer of 1866 at the Jack Harmon School, south of the old Martin Dickins farm, on Cedar Creek. At various times when she came home she would talk of the friends she had made and was full of the school work and agreeable acquaintances she had formed. Among them was William Ball, Tinley Brooks and others.

"In the years just before going away to school she was quite resourceful and reliable and much liked by the people of the neighborhood. She was often sought after to go to the neighbors and help them out in times of sickness, or times of stress of work. She was never allowed to work out for wages, but you must know that my parents were kind-hearted people and if a neighbor needed assistance some one of our family was dispatched to help them without reward. In this way Jennie helped many a neighbor and, God knows, many of them needed all the help they could get.

"The first time she met her future husband was just before he vetraned, or rather entered upon his second enlistment. He had come to Iowa to visit his brother William, a near neighbor of my people. If my memory serves me aright, his coming happened to be about the time that little Emma was born and sister Jennie was at William Hooks helping them and caring for Mrs. Hook. I remember of her coming home and telling of your father and she seemed much impressed with his personality. I do not believe they corresponded thereafter. Not long after this, Jennie, in like manner was helping Mrs. William Dinsmore with her household duties and was there several weeks. As I remember it, Mrs. Dinsmore was sick a long time. While staying there a relative of the Dinsmores, a young man home on a furlough from his service in the First Iowa Cavalry, came there. His name was Samuel Sisson. He seemed to be much in love with Jennie and wrote to her upon occasion while finishing out his service and after he returned called upon her for some time. His attentions toward her kept up until 1866 at least. He would come down from Fremont or Oskaloosa to see her, always staying over night.

"In the Fall of 1865 or near winter when Jennie was home there were many returned soldier boys and a nice lot of young women in the neighborhood and, of course, you know they will always contrive to get together in a public meeting or party and there were many of these. Bob Black and sisters had then moved in the neighborhood, and Black was a good singer and was a teacher of vocal music and they would meet at the different neighbors and have a young peoples singing, or go to spelling schools. Just before we moved to the Farson farm we had many such affairs in the old neighborhood in and about the old Chilacothe School House. It was at one of these functions that James Hook and Virginia Eller met again and seemed to be well acquainted from the first.

"After this second meeting and when they had become better acquainted, James Hook was a frequent caller at our house. At that time, however, he did not confine

his whole attentions to sister Jennie, for I used to hear her talk of one of the Black girls and she seemed to be jealous of her. About this time I heard mother remonstrate with her and say that she should either tell Jim Hook not to come any more, or else she should tell Sam Sisson not to come. In reply Jennie would say, "Well, I believe I like Jim the best, but he still goes with this Black girl and until he gives her up I won't give up Sam." This thing kept up for a matter of six or eight months when your father's suit prevailed and she told Mr. Sisson that she did not love him. This almost broke his heart. He was a splendid fellow. He removed to Dodge County, Nebraska, took up a homestead and grew to be wealthy and influential. He had a son who was a Methodist Presiding Elder at Norfolk, Nebraska, not many years ago.

"After this your father was sister's steady company until they were married.

"Your father would always come down Saturday afternoon, and bring candy, oranges or apples for all of the children besides a generous amount for Jennie. He would always set up with her on Saturday night, frequently staying all night and going to church the next day with the whole family of us. We boys all liked Jim and he and brother Cleveland were particularly chummy.

"The last time I saw your father was in February 1905, I believe. Anyhow it was when mother was first taken sick and brother William came up from Greensboro. Ella and I took the children and went over to Hedrick. Brother William preached in the Baptist Church. At that time he had lost one or two of his front teeth which caused him to purse his mouth in such a manner as to make his expression of mouth the same as your mothers had been. He did not preach long. He never did, but gave a good old fashioned family talk and when he had finished, I looked into your father's face, who was sitting beside me, and the tears were streaming down his cheeks. I do not see how he could help it, brother Will looked so much like your mother that day."

The record of the preceding generation tells of the several homes of James and Virginia Hook. In addition to these home farms, they from time to time owned other property in the state, including a tract of 226 acres south of Ottumwa, 80 acres north of Hedrick, Iowa, which was sold to Irvin Clark, 80 acres in Story County, and town property in Hedrick and other places. They were excellent managers and contrived to establish a large estate of land and stock. They were both devout christians, although James never joined the church. He was for years a Justice of the Peace, frequently attended county and state Republican Conventions as a delegate, and was active in the educational work of the community. After the death of his wife in 1897 he did his best to keep the home together and in 1901 married a second time, Mrs. Caroline Andrews (nee Ebelsheiser). She was stricken with a serious malady shortly after her marriage, which caused her death on July 15, 1905. There was no issue by the second marriage.

In 1904 James Hook became interested in land opportunities in Big Horn County, Wyoming. He wanted to establish a home for each of his children. He purchased a large tract of land there and entered on a much larger quantity. He had returned to visit his invalid wife when he was suddenly stricken with apoplexy on a train in Ottumwa, Iowa, on June 30, 1905 and died immediately. He had eaten a hearty supper and had hurried onto a train which was to take him to his old home near Hedrick. His friend and comrade of a life-time, Jesse Ankrom, greeted him and asked him how he was feeling. With the words "I never felt better in my life" on his lips, he sank to the floor and died immediately. He was buried beside his first wife in the Hook family plot in Martinsburg Cemetery.

Home of family of James and Virginia (Elier) Hook. Built 1888. Photograph taken Aug. 1920. All surviving children shown, reading Left to right, John, Orin, Wallace, Sarah James W. and Morris Glen.

Personal Statements of Children of James and Virginia Eller Hook.

The year 1923

The following statements carry the personal history of James and Virginia Eller Hook down to the death of the survivor James, in 1905. ~~Some may claim, and in a measure be justified, that personal accounts of living descendents have no place in a family history. The writer considered this matter carefully and came to the conclusion that a record of what transpired on an Iowa Farm so shortly after the pioneer period, might in years to come have a general historical value that would justify its present publication.~~

The home life of this family on the broad, rolling prairies of Iowa was one of those ~~beautiful~~ experiences that is hard to describe. Never was a family more congenial. To this day the children occasionally get together for a reunion, another of which is planned for 1925. When one considers that they are scattered from New Haven, Connecticut, to Los Angeles, California, one can appreciate the attachment between them that would bring them so far. For years they have kept a circle letter going from one to the other. This letter makes a complete circuit once about every six weeks. It is understood between the writers of these letters that they may discuss any subject they please in just the way they feel. Politics, religion, business and personal experiences are the popular subjects treated. The letters are being preserved to be handed to the children of the writers when the circle disappears.

~~The following is the~~ Account of John Hook assisted by Orin Hook.

"About the first thing that I can remember was the death of old Granny Deuser in about 1873. Old Billy came over crying to tell us and I also cried to beat the band. Grandfather Eller teased me for a long time afterwards for crying so hard. We were then living on the Chas. Weimer place. About this time father had a dandy watermelon patch. The melons were hardly ripe, but one day I slipped out with a case knife and plugged about 30 nice big ones to find them all green. I had to be dragged out from under the bed this time to get a well deserved spanking.

"At this time the country was mostly prairie and we could go as the crow flies, across corners to grandpa Ellers. Sister Mary, who was the oldest child of our family, was a perfect little mother to us boys, but a tomboy from start to finish. She could ride anything from a cow to a billy goat, could whip all three of us ~~older boys~~ younger boys at once and do it easy, and when she snapped her finger at us we sure did move.

"My greatest pleasure, according to my earlier recollection, was going to Grandpa Ellers to play with Uncle Otis who is almost exactly my age. I being three months ~~the older.~~ younger. My great love for my Uncle Otis has always stuck to me and I never miss the opportunity to visit him and we always have a bully time.

"I don't want to miss the opportunity to say a few words about the Eller family. I am proud to know that our mother came from this wonderful family of American patriots who can look back with great pride upon their ancestors, who for almost 200 years have had much to do morally, religiously and politically with the up-building of our country. I know of no greater gift to this Nation than to endow a bronze statue of Grandmother Eller and dedicate it to American Motherhood; for Grandmother Eller will live just as long as the faintest trace of her blood flows in the veins of her descendents.

"I remember many things that took place while we were still living on the Reimer lease. Father had a yoke of cattle, old Buck and Ben. I can remember seeing Grandpa Hook drive these cattle hitched to his old linch pin wagon. Old Jack and John were the main standby team, our dog's name was "Old Guess" and we had black hogs and all colors of chickens. Martinsburg was our Post Office and occasionally we went to Ottumwa which seemed a long, long ways away. At this writing I have seen many of the largest cities ~~of the world~~ in America but I have never seen anything to compare with those two and three story brick buildings in Ottumwa in the early 70's. The Woolworth Building of today is just a little shack when compared with A. D. Moss's Store at that time, as it seemed to me. Our mother was the real balance wheel of our family, inheriting all the good qualities of her mother. She was a good manager, a splendid housekeeper, could bake the world's most wonderful cookies, and could make fifteen cents go farther than John D. Rockefeller could stretch a million dollars. She was a real diplomat when it came to managing our father, who was somewhat erratic and more or less ~~never by personal influence~~ easily influenced, making him an easy victim of unscrupulous traders. Being absolutely honest, he naturally trusted everybody. He grew a rank growth of whiskers all over his face which made him resemble a man who had swallowed a horse all but his tail, and that sticking out of his mouth. He was frequently being "drummed by the unscrupulous "Fruit tree pedler", "Insurance Agent" and men of like kind. Mother was entirely different. These chaps couldn't sell her anything. She was ~~entirely~~ keenly wise and many a time put the ki-bosh on deals that some shyster was trying to slip over on father.

"As near as I can remember it was in 1875 that father purchased the Grandpa Hook Farm of 160 acres for $5,200 - $32.50 per acre - and as I look back on my boyhood life it really begins at this time. The many real joys and pleasures, as well as trials and tribulations, date from this time. I presume we were not different from most children of that time who lived on the many frontier farms of our country. Somehow I have always seen the happy-go-lucky side of life, and for some reason I can remember to the very smallest detail the many pleasantries of my boyhood days and I've about forgotten the unpleasant things; which proves that unpleasant things are, after all, largely imaginary.

"I am going to relate a few of the real funny things that actually happened. Although we had a good warm hen-house, quite a number of our chickens insisted on roosting in the maple trees in our dooryard. Orin, Wallace, myself, and usually sister Mary, would have some sport along about milking time every evening corn cobbing these chickens out of the trees.

"Our father was one of the most rugged men of his time. It is an actual fact that he went for many years without wearing a pair of socks. Even in the coldest winters his bare feet were jammed down in his big cow-hide boots. One very cold day mother prevailed on him to put on a pair of woolen socks she had knit. He did so and froze both of his big toes. He never wore mittens and seldom an overcoat, although he had a big Army over-coat with U. S. brass buttons on the front.

"The farm was infested with cockle-burrs and velvet weeds, the most obnoxious, "Hell Bent emblems of the evil spirit" that could possibly pollute a farm and if Orin, Wall and myself had 50 cents a dozen for all these weeds we pulled up in our boyhood days, we would make Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller look like paupers.

"~~From~~ The years 1880 up until 1890 marked the period when we older children were home and during this time our Cousin Sam LaChappelle spent a great amount of time with us. Sam was a very likable boy and should be counted in on most of our boyhood pranks; one in particular, when we decided to hitch up old Pete, a sort of a pet three year old steer, to the end of the tongue of an old roller which stood over in the corner of our feed yard. We could all ride old Pete and he was a regular pet. However, he had never been hitched up before and while he stood all right while we adjusted some good, heavy harness on him, when we finally hitched him solid to the end of the big stout roller tongue and he discovered that he was fast to something, he started off like a bucking bronco. ~~Sam~~ Harlie, Wallace, Sam and myself clung to different parts of the roller while Orin ~~[illegible]~~ occupied the seat. Away he went, bucking, kicking and bellowing, the tongue gouging him in the flank and making him leap in the air and kick. Away he went down a narrow lane leading to a big pasture. At the end of this lane were two big solid fence posts. Old Pete headed through them

at a mile a minute gait. When the roller stuck fast between the posts, Old Pete kept right on going, breaking the single-tree, both tugs, and most of the harness. He turned a double somersault, lit on his side, and darned near busted himself. Orin just passed on into the air and it seemed he was never coming down. He finally landed down in the pasture somewhere and after regaining consciousness, came sneaking back without any broken bones. The rest of us boys had jolted off on the road, bruised up a bit, but able to follow the procession. We finally managed to get the harness off of old Pete, put it together as best we could, and it was always a mystery to father how that roller got down the lane. He also gave a hired man a good scolding for breaking the harness.

"In the 80's father did very little farming himself. He sowed the oats which was all done by hand from a sack hanging on his shoulder. He also drove the corn planter. We three older boys did the rest of the work, harrowing, plowing, plowed all the corn four times whether it needed it or not, shucked all the corn, cut 700 rod of miserable ~~old~~ hedge fence, some of it twice a year, moved rail fences, pulled weeds, cut wood and ground feed, hauled hay and did the other chores. Father being a Justice of the Peace was known as "Squire Hook", settled most of the neighborhood controversies, was a chronic jury setter, attended every public sale for miles around and usually did the clerking and bought and sold horses cattle and hogs on a large scale. Many a time we boys helped drive a herd of several hundred head of fat hogs overland to the packing house in Ottumwa, fourteen miles, one incident of which I will relate. About four o'clock one autumn morning we started out with about 300 head of heavy hogs. Orin and myself were on the job along with Wallie Baker, John Parker and a tough sort of a guy who had been working a short time for us. Father waited to come along with the team and wagon a few hours later. In the herd was a contrary old sow that wanted to go every way but the right ~~way~~ way, and about the only way we could get her across a bridge was to catch her and drag her over. The big bridge across Cedar Creek was the jonar. The whole herd balked at this bridge and we had a heck of a time getting them over. We finally succeeded with all but the contrary old sow which the three men caught and dragged over. When across, this strange hired man pulled out a big knife and with a quick movement, cut out both of the poor sow's eyes and filled them full of dirt. She emitted a sickening sort of a squeal and which the poor thing was suffering the tortures of Hell ~~when~~ father drove up and wanted to know what in the world was the matter with that sow. She had gone insane from ~~the awful~~ intense and pain. I told him what this fellow had done and it made him so mad he called this guy back and says "let's see, I owe you just so much money up to right now, don't I." The fellow said yes and father handed him the money. The fellow put it in his pocket and quick as a flash father ~~reached over and took him by the neck~~ grabbed him by the shoulders, nearly jerked him out of his boots, and gave him a kick which sent him sprawling to the ground. No sooner had the fellow ~~he~~ regained his feet than father had him by the scruff of the neck and seat of his breeches and literally threw him clear over the ~~top of a~~ stake-and-rider fence. I never did know whether it broke his neck or not, for as far as we could see he was still lying there, but we

never saw or heard of him again.

"Our annual hay harvest was our biggest job. I will give father credit for stacking the hay, although he always had us boys tromp it down while we rested. We were shocking hay one time in the south meadow which was badly infested with bumble bees, and I want to say right here that the boy who has never had the pleasure of fighting a bumble bees' nest has never really known what real fun is. There is just enough element of danger mixed up with fighting out a nest of old brown fuzzy-back bumble bees to make the job interesting, exciting and full of real sport. There is no ~~animal~~ critter, no matter how vicious he may be, that a bumble bee cannot whip and he knows it; so therefore he fully expects to ~~whip~~ out wit him, ~~and we always had~~ but we some well laid plan of attack, but usually got stung before the battle was over. We always had a flat board or wide shingle and struck at the bees as ~~you~~ one would a ball, but they were good dodgers and we didn't always get them and they would always make a bee line ~~direct sneak~~ for our eyes which was their favorite place for injecting their hypodermic and Oh! Lord! how it would hurt. We would actually think for a few minutes that a sharp shod mule had kicked us in the eye, and while we suffered ~~all the awful torture and excruciating pain,~~ all the other boys would ~~nearly die~~ double up laughing. Therefore, the real fun was in seeing the other fellow stung and before we could whip out a nest ~~we could all~~ of us would get stung, sometimes several times. But we would finally dig them out, kill the young ones, and swipe their honey - very sweet but strong and usually dirty, but we would eat it ~~all~~ just the same. ~~One evening~~ [illegible] we were shocking hay in the South Meadow ~~where we~~ and planned an attack ~~on a big vicious nest. I was detailed to take a pitchfork and stir them up.~~ We first dug a big hole in the side of a hay shock. I was to ~~hand~~ stand up the hay shock and then make a hasty retreat ~~after stirring them up~~ and duck head first in this hole. Brother Orin was to stand close by and when I had shot into the hole he was to throw a big bunch of hay over the hole so the bumble bees wouldn't get me from the rear. For some reason we had overlooked what might happen to Orin standing by this hole. So when he saw me coming like a race horse with about fifteen angry bumble bees only a few feet behind, he threw the hay to the ground and made his get-away. I went head first in to the hole and so did the bees. Say boy! you may guess the rest. They hit me square, some of them got up my pant legs and if you ever saw a shock of hay get a couple of legs under it ~~and jump up~~ and run off, that one surely did. Orin and Wallace never have stopped laughing about it.

"Running all the way through the low, swampy ground on the south part of our farm was a little stream called Wolf Creek, and on the extreme west was a couple of big shallow ponds of water entirely surrounded by native slough grass which grew much higher than our heads. This pond was well stocked with bull-head, cat-fish, ~~and~~ sunfish, and now and then a slender looking fish which we called a silver side. I remember distinctly the first time I went fishing there. Mother made fish hooks out of good strong pins and rigged up line and poles and went with us and we caught a mess of cat-fish. From this time on fishing in this

pond was great sport. A few years later this pond became a sort of a neighborhood swimming hole. The Riley boys, Wilma Mefford, the Neff boys and ourselves, made this our Sunday meeting place and invariably would either fall in or be thrown in and come sneaking home sopping wet and dirty to get a licking for disobeying orders. We had so much fun that we preferred the licking to staying away, so we slipped off and went again the next Sunday. ¶ Sometimes we went on a hunt for crow's nests, or to drown out ground squirrels, hunt rabbits, hunt prairie chicken eggs and roast them. We played all kinds of tricks on old Billy Deuser, old Bob McMillan and especially the German people of the neighborhood who were devout christians (on Sundays) and never missed gathering at their little old church where they were preached to by a German Lutheran in their own language every Sunday and Sunday night. Orin and myself were mixed up in some pranks on them. One night we caught live tom cats, securely tied their tails together with a stout cord, slipped up and hung them over the outside door knob. This broke up the meeting, but it wasn't as bad as throwing a skunk in a church. as somewhere else.

"I believe as a boy I had them all beat as a diplomat. I could think up so many different kinds of devilment to get into and then get out of it without a scratch, that father said I could work the hardest doing nothing of anybody he ever saw. I was always day dreaming ~~something that would come true~~, and he would say that the only time I ever used my head was when I was asleep. I could mock every specie of bird or beast, and in mimic could start a train coming up above the old graveyard and bring it down past the house and send it on for two or three more miles. I played tricks on the calves, pigs, colts, chickens, geese and birds and very little escaped me. I once exchanged the eggs from a robins nest in the old apple tree with a blue bird's nest in the old hollow gate post. The blue bird hatched a nest of robins and the robin hatched a bunch of blue birds. I watched the experiment very closely and the result was the wise old robin soon found out that she had been fooled and kicked the little blue birds out and tore up her nest and left, but the blue bird did her best to raise the robins. You see, the latter were down in a sort of a dark hole in the post where the little blue bird couldn't see them very well, so she did her best to raise them, but they finally died. We had lots of chickens and would occasionally get a big double yolk egg. I set a hen one time on nine big eggs, three of which hatched twin chickens. They were very weak and more or less deformed and soon died. One had three legs and was the only one that lived, and she lived to be an old hen. However, the extra leg grew from the thigh and just dangled down useless.

"We amused ourselves with cock fights, dog fights, bull fights and boy fights. I was the runt of the family, but could fight like a tom cat. Brother Orin and I somewhat resembled Mutt and Jeff and the only reason I couldn't whip him was that I couldn't get within a block of him when he struck out his long arm. He was fully six feet tall when he was fifteen years old and could whip the whole crowd, if he wanted to do it, but he was a peaceable

boy and it seemed he never got into trouble.

"Wallace was the arithmetic wizard and knew every part of the multiplication table before he started to school; in fact, long before I knew it. Father gave him a 25¢ piece for being able to repeat it all from memory up to and including the twelves the day he was five years old.

"We always called our father Pa, and mother Mammy. Pa didn't have much use for doctors. He followed closely the many and diverse instructions set forth in old Doctor Gunns Book of Home Remedies. One time Orin hurt his foot and for three months he limped around with what later proved to be a piece of glass as large as a quarter healed up in the center of his foot. It would fester and swell and occasionally Pa would hold him between his legs and twist it and squeeze it and wonder why it wouldn't heal up. Orin would yell bloody murder every time father touched him. Finally Pa decided there must be something in Orin's foot, so he sharpened up ~~an~~ old ~~razor~~ razor, caught Orin on the front porch, threw him down, got his long leg firmly clinched between his own legs and proceeded to dissect his foot. You could have heard the poor kid yell for four miles. Finally father gouged out the piece of glass the size of a quarter and after cutting out all the proud flesh, as he called it, he washed it out with carbolic acid and turned Orin loose. That has been about 45 years ago and Orin still has a tender foot and a big ugly scar.

"I also had a similar experience. Orin and I were cutting cockle burs down on the Payne place 1/2 mile from home. We ran across some tall hollyhocks and wanted to take a bunch home with us. We were using big sharp corn knives and Orin had a wicked swing, and just as he swung to cut one down, I reached for it and he cut me across the back of my left hand, almost cut my hand off, severed two leaders, and cut a big artery. The blood flew out just as my heart beat. We ran for home as fast as we could and when we arrived I was all in. Another 15 minutes and I would not be here to tell the story. I fell in a faint and mother tied strong cords around my wrist and wrapped up the cut in sugar and tallow. I was so weak I didn't walk a step for several days. Pa was away from home and when he got home the next day tore off all the hard clotted clothes and strings. It started to bleed again and I fainted away. Father got a board about 6 inches long and 4 inches wide, straightened out my fingers and securely tied my hand to this board and I carried my hand on this board for six weeks. It was wrapped so tight and solid it resembled the hand of an Egyptian mummy. It was a year before I could shut my fist, but it finally got well and never bothered me again. My left hand is still decorated with a beautiful ~~emblem of~~ sign to attest the truth of the story.

"I could tell many more stories of the childhood days of us older children. The hardships and pleasures combined would make an interesting book. I could write pages regarding my love affairs, but when all is said and done, there never was but one girl for me and I have her pretty well perserved yet. Our romance began when we were barefooted kids.

"At this writing I am 53 years old, enjoying perfect health, and have spent the last twenty-five years travelling and selling paint and varnish, and can still do the best job of remembering, to the slightest detail, many of the unimportant comical and foolish things and at the same time forgetting the serious and sober happenings of life of anybody one ever saw.

"We live on our little California Ranch. We have two children, both of whom are married and live on the same ranch with us. Mary Louise, our oldest child, is 23 years old, is married to Geo. H. Hinshaw, has two lovely children both boys - John Wallace 4 years old and Robert Eugene 1-1/2 years old. They own their own little home of two acres well improved and George is manager of the Valley Paint Store at Pomona. He has a nice income and is doing fine. Our second and youngest child, Max Morris Hook, 21 years old, has just lately taken over the general management of my ranch where we raise Eureka Lemons in a commercial way, which in the beginning promised great wealth and happiness. Well, it is still promising but in a much less vigorous manner.

"However, we have just entered into a partnership plan for the building up of a modern chicken ranch and our goal is 4000 laying hens in three years. There are more than one million people in Los Angeles who have to be fed every day and eggs are good wholesome food.

"Max is married, has a lovely wife who was Esther Arnold a native of California. They have two beautiful children, Wilma Maxine 2-1/2 years old and Earl about 14 months old, an exact duplicate of Max at that age. I believe my wife and myself are the happiest grand parents in the world with these four grand children. There is never a dull moment when I am at home. I look forward to the day when I can quit the road entirely and retire to live all my life over with these grand children. To make it all the more pleasant and interesting, I have brother Orin with me and I hope he and his son ~~Bernie~~ Warren will decide to stay in California, for it is a great pleasure to ~~be near each other~~ have them near me. "

John Hook.
Upland California
1923

ACCOUNT OF WALLACE HOOK.

Our father was of medium height, but stoutly built. He was very active and early became skillful in the art of wrestling and jumping. He was a good swimmer and a very swift walker. His fame as a rail splitter was well known and often spoken of by old timers who knew him in his youth. Up to the time he moved with his parents to Iowa, he worked for them on the farm during the summer and after he grew up, taught school or clerked in a store in the winter.

According to old neighbors both in Ohio and Iowa, father was quite a favorite among the young people of his acquaintance. He attended parties, singing schools and spelling schools. In the summer time he often joined with other young men of the neighborhood on fishing and swimming trips, or other excursions. Once when he and a number of his friends were swimming, he rescued a boy from drowning. He was sitting on the trunk of a tree which had fallen into the stream and which the boys used as a point from which to dive. Suddenly one of the number was seized with cramps and screamed for help. Father dived toward him and landed with his head between the drowning boy's legs. He seized the lad tightly by his ankles and with herculean strength threw him upward over his back much as he had been accustomed to doing in wrestling matches. The lad landed face downward across the trunk of the big tree and was seized by others and carried safely to the bank of the stream. In a short time they succeeded in reviving the strangling lad who was, of course, very grateful to father for his quick action.

As has been previously stated, father was a good jumper. He could stand flat-footed and jump the ordinary fences ~~used~~ in use at that time. The running high jump was not known then as we know it now. At that time it was counted a great feat to stand perfectly still and jump straight up, and it took a very strong and active person to become a high jumper. Father's fame in this respect followed him to Iowa where his new acquaintances were quite impressed at his agility and strength.

He was a swift runner and it took the whole crowd to catch him in a game of Black Man or Dare Base.

When he returned from the War in 1865 he ~~suffered sunstroke~~ was not well and ~~which left him~~ as a result of sunstroke almost blind in the left eye. He recuperated during the summer and by fall was ready for the trip overland to Iowa. In the Army he was dispatch carrier during the term of his second enlistment. He never carried a ~~gun~~ rifle and never had to defend himself with his revolver. Once he was bearing important messages and encountered several suspicious characters whom he closely watched. He rode on by them toward a stream that was running bank full and very swift. He noticed that as soon as he passed they closed in on him, evidently expecting to capture him at the stream. He always rode a good horse and at this time was riding his favorite mare. While she was very high strung, she was also very intelligent. When he reached the bank he coaxed her into the water and she swam safely across, barely in time to save her rider from being captured.

As stated before, ~~he~~ father was a favorite with the young folks.

When he arrived in Iowa in 1865, he at once became acquainted with many young people, among whom were the Ellers, Blacks, Breons, Meffords, Rileys, Winners, Gibsons, Shaws and others. He had ~~been on a visit~~ visited in March and April of 1862, but a number of new settlers had arrived during the interval, among them being Robert Black better known as Bob the Singing School Master. He and father became great friends and Bob's sister, Sarah, became very much enamored of him. However, father would not allow himself to become infatuated with any girl but made friends with all. He was jolly, a good mixer and took great delight in singing. He attended the singing schools conducted by his friend Black and after he started to go with mother, sang in a mixed quartette composed of mother who sang soprana, Polly Baker who sang alto, Cleveland Eller bass, and father tenor. He loved to sing those selections that gave him a chance to bring out his part. One such song was "Fairy Moonlight" the last two lines of the chorus of which ran as follows:-

"Fairy Moonlight, Fairy Moonlight,
Fairy, Fairy, Fairy, moonlight."

the words "Fairy, fairy, fairy being sung by the tenor. As related by mother's younger brothers, this was so much a favorite with father that they nicknamed him "Old Fairy".

Among his early Ohio friends was Jesse Ankrom who ~~afterwards~~ married his sister Sarah. They remained friends throughout the life of our father and when father died so suddenly, it was Jesse Ankrom who happened to be with him and took charge of his remains. They were pals in the true sense of the word, each having great love and respect for the other. When the U. S. Government provided a special marker and head stone for father's grave, it was Uncle Jesse Ankrom who took it out and had it erected at the grave.

My earliest recollections of my parents date back to when I was about three years of age, when my father ~~used to trot me~~ trotted me on his knee to the tune of "Wallie, Wallie, Wink, Tum, Bum." I can remember very vividly how jolly father was and how in the evening he always had time to play with his children while mother and sister Mary washed the supper dishes and looked after the other household duties.

About this time I remember attending a 4th of July celebration in the grove north of Old Marysville and sitting on the platform with mother while the Competine Brass Band played "Columbia the Gem of the Ocean", "Hail Columbia Happy Land" and other patriotic airs. Our father was a very patriotic and loyal American as was our mother. I do not remember that we ever missed a 4th of July celebration, or in later years Memorial Day Exercises. These two Holidays were always looked forward to with delight by all of us children.

A little later, probably about 1878, I remember very vividly the Sunday School services which were held at "Old Blue Jeans" school house. Father was Superintendent and some times we had preaching by itinerant United Brethren Preachers who usually made their headquarters with Uncle Joe and Aunt Mollie Gibson.

Father was at this time a very religious man and always asked a blessing at the table. I remember he closed his prayer with the word "Cama" instead of "Amen" for what reason I know not.

I do not think Sunday School services were held at "Blue Jeans" any great number of years, as I do not remember of being in a Sunday School Class there. The only remembrance I have of being in a Sunday School Class was when we went to Competine, which was only occasionally. In later years I remember attending a few times at the Hedrick Baptist and Methodist Churches. Father and mother could not very well attend such services, because of so many small children and a baby in the home. The task was too great for mother who did much of the housework in addition to taking care of the children. I do not remember that we had family altar services and prayer in our home in those early days as was true in the homes of our grandparents. Father and mother always held great reverence for the Sabbath and believed that every one should live a useful and honorable life. They had no use for a hypocrite, a sponge, or one who was deceitful or dishonest.

Probably the one great fault of our father was that he believed everyone to be honest and upright and oftentimes became the victim of unscrupulous men who in some manner had won his confidence.

My recollections of father and mother's early life on the farm is not as clear as I would like it to be, but my conviction is that they went through a great many trials in a financial way. While living on the Weimer farm, father raised corn for the most part and sold it, usually to feeders. This policy he kept up in a way all through his life, i.e., he always had some corn to sell. He always said that there was no money in oats and he never grew any great ~~amount~~ quantity of them. His idea was that it took thin land to grow oats successfully and ~~for this reason he never grew any great yield of them~~ the land of his farm was not and produce. In those days a farmer gained all his knowledge by experience and father always practiced the theory of "letting well enough alone." No doubt if he had had access to a college of agriculture, or experimental station, he would have learned how to grow oats on his rich land as I did in my time. If he was a poor oats farmer, he more than made it up on his corn and hay crops, for my earliest recollections of farming are of long lines of rail pens filled with corn and ~~numberless~~ many stacks of hay.

The Jim Baker place acquired from Grandfather Hook in 1875 was a very productive farm except in wet years, and before the place was thoroughly tiled, when the corn did not do so well. The hay crop, however, usually made up for what the corn lacked. As early as I can remember father kept lots of cattle, hogs and horses. This required the help of a hired man, while we older children were small. The corn and hay was fed to cattle and hogs and the fertility of the land kept up in good shape. The live stock was usually fairly profitable, for I never knew a time when we did not have plenty to eat and wear.

The main hardships, I think, that our parents underwent, was that of hard work which tied them pretty close to home during the early years of their married life. After we older children got big enough to work, our help was evidently of great assistance for I remember when Sadie was a little girl, mother visited her brothers and sister in Nebraska and later on father made one and perhaps two trips back to Ohio to visit his folks.

During this early period the following hired hands worked for us about in the order named - Bob Richards, Anson Knight,

Berry Farrington, Eli Breon and Wallie Baker. I remember Bob Richards who was a brother of George Richards, brother Orin's father-in-law, and how good he was to help mother. On rainy days he would go out to the milk trough and skim the cream, empty the milk, wash the crocks and strain the milk.

In later years we sometimes sold cream and the cream gatherer came and skimmed the cream. I shall never forget Charlie Stevens who did this work. He was so jolly and made friends of all us children.

Anson Knight was the first person I ever heard snore. I slept with him and he woke me up by his loud snoring. I imagined I could see a lot of little devils dancing around on the floor and I was so afraid I didn't dare move until Anson rolled over and quit snoring long enough for me to go to sleep. The next morning I told mother about it and she told me what it was. Anson's name was Anson Talbert James Minor Knight and we children thought it funny for one person to have so many names. Once when Anson was plowing father had cautioned him not to let the horses go too near a mud hole in one corner of the field. It seems that he got almost too close and got scared and yelled at the team and they got excited and almost mired in the mud. That night father was awakened by Anson yelling - Whoa! Whoa! at the top of his voice. Father went to the top of the stairs and called to him and asked him what was the matter. In the dim light of the room father saw Anson perched on the foot of the bed pulling at the covers. When father called him he answered "These horses are back in the hole." Father woke him and told him he was only dreaming.

About all I can remember of Berry Farrington was his great sense of humor. He had every one in the country nicknamed. Father's name was "The White Mouthed Goat" because father's beard was of lighter color around his mouth. Berry was a great lover of tobacco and bought his tobacco in small tin pails. I called it - Tō bā cā' cō - until some one told me right.

Eli Breon worked for us several different times and was a favorite hand. He made us boys toe the mark and if he told us to do anything we knew we'd better mind him. I sassed him once and only once. He caught me by the wrists and made me promise to do his bidding and afterwards I did.

He loved to take a team and work in the field and did not want to stop and do any other work. When father purchased our first Halladay Standard Wind Mill, he told Eli that when they got ready to raise the tower he could tie his team and come in and help. Eli growled about it and said he hoped the d---d thing would fall down and make father run through a big hog wallow right by the well.

Two of the corner posts were nailed securely, the anchor posts set, and everything was ready when Eli appeared. Father, no doubt, remembered what Eli had said, but Eli had evidently forgotten about it. Anyhow, just as they got the frame about half way up, the props slipped and down it fell with a crash barely missing Eli who inadvertently had taken his place next to the mud hole. He fortunately had on boots and the mud was not quite deep enough to get into them. Father had a good laugh at

Eli's expense and said it would not have happened if Eli hadn't acted so ugly about coming in to help.

About this time we had a mare we called Old Belle and every once in a while she would balk and when she did, the only thing to do was to unhitch her and take her to the barn. No amount of coaxing, whipping, or anything else for that matter, would do any good. Eli heard that by pulling the tongue of a balky horse he could be made to go, so he told father about it. Father said for him to try it the next time Old Belle balked. He did not have to wait long for a day or two afterwards Old Belle took one of her contrary spells and Eli got a chance to try his new scheme. Imagine his surprise when he gave a yank and pulled off over half of the old gal's tongue. Of course Eli expected she would have to be killed and came to the house crying like a child. He told father he would pay for her out of his wages, but father said "No. It might not hurt her. Let her out on pasture for a while." As far as Old Belle was concerned, it did not seem to have any serious effect on her for she lived several years after this happened.

Wallie Baker worked for us several different times and some think I was named for him, but this is incorrect. I was named for Sir William Wallace and Wallie was named for General Lew Wallace.

While all of these different men worked for father, cattle and hog feeding and raising corn and hay was the chosen farming scheme. Sometimes the cattle and even hogs were sold and driven to the Ottumwa Packing House of John Morrell & Company, fifteen miles away. I remember helping drive a carload of hogs in this way. A wagon was taken along to haul the ones that got tired or crippled. We got as far as Captain Kittermans near Dahlonega the first day and then got up early and drove the rest of the way, next day. This was a great trip for me and I remember very distinctly Tom Spilman who was the weigh-master, a great friend of fathers.

Sometimes a scalawag would come along and contract the cattle. Once a certain person whose name I will not mention, contracted for father's cattle and the price went down and he would not take them. This made father angry, but he had no written contract and could not hold the buyer. This was just another evidence of father's great trust in people. He used to say he wouldn't give much for a fellow whose word was not as good as his note, and it was a long time before he learned that all people could not be trusted. When he did learn it, he always strongly insisted on business being done right. His favorite belief along this line is best expressed in his own words which he wrote to me in regard to some of our business dealings. Here is what he said - "When business is done right, no one is tempted to do wrong." He felt that it was just as wrong to tempt a person to do wrong as it was to do wrong. What a wonderful and valuable truth this is, founded on that age old truth expressed in the "Golden Rule."

Concerning his farming methods; he believed in growing his corn on sod land and when it got so it was not suitable on account of root worm, root lice, and other insect pests, he would seed to oats, clover and timothy, and let it rest up a bit. As I said before, he learned all he knew about farming in that most expensive of all schools - experience. Had he known what we do

now, he could have saved many painful experiences in fighting wire worms, cut worms, and other pests by fall plowing of sod, shorter rotation, etc. I have known him to grow corn four or five years in succession on the same piece of ground and then wonder why he couldn't get a good stand or yield. Likewise, in seeding timothy and clover he always had a patchy meadow when it was first seeded and not until late years did he discover that his rate of seeding was too small and his method of sowing faulty. Yet with all this, father was considered a good farmer and an excellent stock man. He always did well with hogs and cattle and never was without plenty of milk and butter on the farm. I remember Old Anne his first Registered Shorthorn Cow. He purchased her of George Horton at Martinsburg, Iowa, and her first calf was "Rex" as I remember it. Father wanted to keep the blood pure and it was so far to where the owner of the nearest pure bred bull lived, that he kept Rex for a herd bull. The calf, Cherry, was the production of mating Rex with his own mother and proved to be the heaviest milking shorthorn we ever raised.

This strain of Shorthorn was kept on the farm as long as father lived in Iowa.

During all these years father belonged to the Iowa State Shorthorn Breeders' Association and was a member in good standing at time of his death.

After we boys got big enough to manage teams, father purchased a Dains Improved Automatic Hay Stacker and mounted in on an old wagon which enabled us to move it from place to place. We would build great ricks of hay by the following method. John and I usually drove the bull rakes and hauled in the hay from the field. I remember the hay was always heavy enough so that we could rake it from the swath. Orin would tend the stacker and lead the horse. Father always did the stacking. The first year or two I rode the horse, or ~~[illegible] it was~~. ~~This~~ our particular mule was so smart ~~enough~~ that when the load was too large he would go about halfway, or until he got tired, then lay down and rest at the same time holding the load. When he got rested he would get up and pull the load on up. Sometimes hay would get twisted in the pulleys. Once when I was trying to get the hay out, the load slipped back a little and the pulley caught the end of my fore-finger and twisted it almost off. ~~After that I drove a bull rake and Orin tended the stacker.~~

I will always remember how Aunt Kate Hook tenderly dressed my finger, for she happened to be at our house as she often was in busy times. Outside of a twisted finger-nail, I seemed to be no worse off for the experience, although I thought I was about killed. One year we exchanged work with Tony Lowenberg and Fred Messer. I rode the horse, Tony tended the stacker, father and Fred stacked, and John and Orin droves the rakes. In the evening mother would prepare the supper and bring it to the field and we would all eat it together. These were great occasions and helped keep us on our tiptoes, for mother always had a surprise in store for us.

At noon father always took an hour's nap and usually lay down on the floor with his head under the bed so ~~the flies weren't~~ the flies weren't bother him. We boys would enjoy that noon hour immensely. We were very careful to play quietly in the hopes that father might

sleep a little longer than usual. However, this rarely happened, and if it did, we knew it meant that we would have to work harder than usual that afternoon. At close of harvest one year father took us to Skunk River on a fishing trip.

Harvesting and threshing were busy times in those days. My first remembrance of cutting grain was with an old Buckeye Dropper and John Seeley the champion binder helped us. The two middle fingers of his right hand were missing, but he could bind a bundle the tightest and fastest of any one in the whole country. He taught me how to make a double-band and how to bind. When father cut with this machine he had four men to bind for him, two on each side of the land which was across a forty-acre field. John Seeley always finished his station first and usually helped the nearest man by taking a little more than his share. Imagine a farm hand doing such a thing now.

The only remembrance I have of father cradling grain, was when we raised buckwheat which was usually every year. The seed was ground into f our for flap jacks in the winter time.

Our first binder was an old wood frame "Walter A. Wood" machine. It was not a success and father failed to get it to bind successfully, although it did a very good job of cutting and elevating the grain. He finally gave up trying to fix it and went ahead and cut the grain and afterwards bound it by hand with the help of us children and the hired hand. The next year he hired Harvey Curtis to cut our oats and followed this plan for several years, as he considered it cheaper since he grew only a small acreage of oats or other small grain.

Father liked to have the new things, but always well counted the cost before investing any great amount. He wanted to be sure he needed what he bought and whether he could use it enough to justify its purchase. I remember he bought of Fleer Bros. of Ottumwa in the early 80's, a new wagon and brought it home a day or two before the Fourth of July. Our first trip in it was to the celebration either at Marysville or Martinsburg.

In 1883, or a year or two after he bought the wagon, he purchased a brand new spring wagon from John Shepherd in Ottumwa. This also was bought so we could drive in it to the Fourth of July celebration. It had a wide front seat with no back, a narrow middle seat for the little children, and a back seat which had a back on it. The next year father sold a team of roan mares and a team of mules to Uncle Will Hook and father and I drove them hitched to the new spring wagon through to Marysville, Mo., where Uncle Will lived. Aunt Sarah Ankrom and Mattie, a little girl of seven at that time, went with us. We were a week making the trip and on our return I had my first experience riding on the train.

While father was usually first to buy a new kind of implement, he did not become enthused with the disc. He made a great mistake when he purchased an Acme Harrow instead of a disc. He finally bought a disc at a public sale and after using it and comparing the work, the old Acme was promptly discarded.

His experience with his first check-rower corn planter was anything but satisfactory. This was one of the earliest types

and called for a rope instead of a wire chain. Father started to plant his corn and it worked fine until a shower of rain happened along. The rope at once began to shrink and pulled up one of the stakes and by morning had pulled it several rods toward the other end. There was nothing to do but discard the "cussed" thing as father called it.

In those early days, the small grain, principally oats, was stacked to await the thresher which was a horse power outfit. The first rig of this kind that I remember was owned by Kite Bros. who lived close to Ottumwa. They would start at home and come toward Martinsburg and it was two or three months before we could get our threshing done. Threshing day was a joyous one for the kiddies in those days. I can remember how we would run out to the road to see if the "threshing machine" as we called it then, was coming. When it arrived with the driver standing up on top driving the four horse team, we considered him as great as a king. It was a long time before father came to believe that a horse-power outfit could be improved upon.

One year when we were stacking grain, and I was driving Fan and Frank, a span of black horses which we raised, ran off. The standard in front of the hay rack broke and I fell at the heels of the horses, scaring them. The wagon passed over my ankle and crushed one of the bones. It was a long time before my foot got so it did not pain me. The team ran 1/2 mile, passed through all gates safely and stopped by the side of the stack as though nothing had happened. This team was sold to Will Bowen who shipped them to San Diego, California, ~~and~~ where they were used by him as his fancy coach team. One of this team was a colt of Old Belle the balky mare previously mentioned.

Speaking of horses, father owned a number which are worth mentioning. Before he and mother married, he bought a pair of dun horses of Frank Neff, brother of J. W. Neff. These were Jack and John and weighed about 1000# apiece. Soon after father bought them, a curb developed on one of Jack's hind legs. Father tried to cure it, but failing, he disposed of him or he died, I do not ~~know~~ remember which. Old John, however, lived to be 21 years old. He was one of the most intelligent horses we ever owned. He seemed to understand every word we spoke to him. He never seemed to tire, even with the hardest ~~usage~~ work. Once father said he wanted to see if he could make him tired. He was cultivating corn with a double shovel which was the only kind of tool used in those days for this purpose. (The cultivator had not been invented then.) Father was a fast walker and he cultivated 60 rows 1/4th mile long, making 30 miles of travel, as he had to go up one side and back on the other side of each row of corn. When he unharnessed Old John and turn him loose to roll, he rolled over several times, got up, kicked up his heels, and was apparently no worse off for his strenuous day's work.

He was the most powerful little horse in the whole country and his fame as a "pulling" horse was known to every one for miles around. He would pull every time you told him to and he would hang and pull and twist and wiggle, as pa often said, until he would get the load started and then no one could hold him till he got the load out or broke his h rness all to pieces.

I have heard father tell about putting a stay chain on his side and pulling loads out of mud holes that teams much larger

than he could not pull. Once when hitched with Old Belle she balked when the load mired in a mud hole. Father put the stay chain on and gave John the word and he pulled the load out, at the same time dragging Old Belle by the breast chain. When he stopped Old Belle was glad to get up and take her share of the load.

At stated before, he was almost human in his intelligence. In the winter time he usually adopted a weanling colt and took jealous care of it 'til spring. When we broke the colts, Old John was used because he seemed to understand what we said to him.

Once when father went to Agency City to mill, he hitched him with a very skittish young mare and just after getting started for home, her bridle bit broke and she started to run. Old John could run as fast as any horse and would not allow any team-mate to lead him. Father said he knew he could not stop them as long as he remained in the wagon, because Old John thought he wanted him to run. So father wrapped the lines securely to the front of the wagon and jumped from the step. He said he noticed that Old John was watching him very closely. A short way ahead was a bridge with a team just leaving it and coming toward the runaways. Father said he ~~springed for fear~~ Pretty sure they would miss the bridge, but Old John guided the frantic mare safely across running at full speed.

When father met the other team, the driver of which he knew, he was accosted with the words "Well, Jim, you'll have a long old walk home, won't you." Father replied, "Yes, unless that dun horse has sense enough to stop." He could see the team now and then and thought they were travelling slower and slower. As he trod along he said that somehow or other he had faith that Old John would manage the situation. Sure enough, about a mile and a half from where father jumped, he overtook the team with Old John firmly planted holding the mare, and she pawing and prancing and trying to run. He fixed the bridle, climbed into his seat, and gave the word and away they went and reached home without further mishap.

Among the horses owned by father in an early day was a Morgan Stallion, named Tobe, which father had raised. As I remember, he was sired by a stallion owned by Wm. Sylvester who lived near Marysville. I think Tobe was a half or full brother to Old Doll which was a white mare. Tobe was jet black with a slick and shiny coat of hair. We let him run loose in two double stalls which were separated from the rest of the horses. He was immaculate in his manner and always slept in one of the stalls which he kept bedded with hay from his manger. He was a very easy keeper, although we sometimes worked him in the busy seasons, especially in the fall of the year. As stated before, his sleeping quarters never had to be cleaned.

This horse sired many of the fine colts we afterwards kept for our work horses, among which were - Queen, mother of Young Tobe, Daise, Seal, Prince and many others.

On the trip to Uncle Wills, father bought a Jack near Powersville, Mo., and we raised a lot of mules from the daughters of Old Tobe. We stopped a day or two at Morgan Yarringtons who was a brother of Mrs. Nelson Winner, mother of Mark, Charles and Mrs. J. W. Neff.

Horses and mules in these days were not worth much and father could not sell the surplus very well. A few years later he traded a lot of the old mares, Old Tobe, the Jack, and all the young mules to Sam Kaufman for 160 acres of land near Alliance, Nebraska.

About this time father got interested in racing horses and bought an Ensign bred colt which he called Phil Ensign. He sired many of the later horses we raised. Father also bought an imported English Shire Stallion which we called Tad. This horse sired many of the best colts of that day as evidenced by the fact that they were bought up as fast as they reached maturity. He died a premature death, as did Albert a Percheron Stallion imported soon afterwards.

During the early years we had two dogs, namely - Old Bony and Rover. Bony was a big, black cur dog with a white ring around his neck, while Rover was a little grey dog of unknown breeding. These were both faithful watch dogs and were indispensable when we boys went rabbit hunting. We never owned a gun in these days, so had to do our rabbit hunting with bows and arrows, sticks and dogs. Many were the good times we had when we were fortunate enough to get our Saturday's work done in time to go down to the "Old House" (Where we built the new house) and hunt rabbits an hour or two. Old Bony was one dog that knew how to laugh. In the morning he would greet us with his almost human "Dog Smile" and it was a sad day when he got so old and deaf that father had to knock him in the head with the axe for fear he might go mad. Old Rover died some little time before this and in later years we got a little wolly faced dog which we called Jip, but he never amounted to much, although he was with us for many years.

Having written somewhat exhaustively of the farming operations of our father in this early period, I must not neglect to mention something of our mother and her trials in raising the garden, caring for the chickens, geese, milk, and in later years turkeys. It was my lot to help her with these tasks and I suspect it was this experience that held me to the land and planted in me the desire to later return to the farm. At our house every one worked and the division of labor adopted by our parents gave us splendid training in co-operation and eliminated many of the misunderstandings so prevalent in many families today. Orin was the hostler, father tended the hogs and stallions (& Jack) while Mary, John and myself did the milking of the five to nine big fine milking Shorthorns. All of us boys ran a team as soon as we got big enough. Before I got big enough to do that I pulled weeds and helped take care of the smaller children, especially Frank who was a very peevish baby until he was two or three years old.

Little Jesse died in 1880 of spinal meningitis. I remember he was a patient little sufferer many months and I will always remember when he died. It was the first time I ever saw a person die and it made such an impression on me that I can never forget it as long as I live. A short time after this a little sister came into the home, but the strain and worry which our mother experienced in caring for little Jesse must have been the cause of the child's death, as she lived only two days. In 1882 little Freddie was born and ~~accounted before~~, was accidently scalded to death at the age of 14 months. This sad tragedy also made a vivid and lasting impression on me,

especially the patience and fortitude our mother showed through these great crises. Only an abiding faith in God can sustain in great crises like these and only those who have this great faith can pray as Christ did when he said "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass away, nevertheless not My will, but Thine be done." We can none of us understand the mysteries of God's ways, but we can have the faith to believe that all is for the best and that God's way is the best. Our parents set a good example for us and we should be thankful and try to live up to the high ideals they always set for us. I remember that we oftentimes thought we had hard times, but these very trials made us appreciate the good times we had and which we are apt to forget about. At any rate, we know that we are a great deal better off than many, many others whom we think of now as having had easier lives than we had.

Along in the early 80's (1881 or 2) the C. M & St. Paul, the Burlington (narrow gauge from Burlington to Oskaloosa) and the Iowa Central (now the M & St. L.) built their lines through ~~Martinsburg and~~ Waugh's Point, now Hedrick, Ia. I remember distinctly the occasion of the first train and how we boys and even father climbed the tall maple trees to see the first train go through a mile or two away.

Hedrick had already grown up like a mushroom and John Hix and Dan Durfey, two farmers west of town, started the first grocery store. Probably the next Christmas Jennie, Art and Will Phelps, cousins from Hampton, Iowa, came to our house and spent the day. How well do I remember that holiday and how mother and father had previously provided us all with simple presents. Sister Mary made Santa Claus and planted him behind the kitchen door which opened into the sitting-room. The next morning I got to see Santa Claus for the first time, but only for a moment as he suddenly and mysteriously disappeared up the stairway amid shouts of joy and fear from us smaller children. While we enjoyed these events immensely, father and mother seemed to share the joy with us, probably because of the sacrifice they underwent in providing for us the little tokens we found in our stockings on Xmas morning. On this particular Xmas, all of us children went up to Hedrick and climbed to the top of the new bank building which was being built by W. H. Young, J. T. Brooks and W. C. McWilliams. How high this building seemed to us. We could see our own house off to the south and many another of our neighbors. houses.

Father and mother used to like to attend the "Campfires" as they were called. I remember old John Hogarth Lozier used to come to Hedrick and give a lecture on the Civil War and sell song books. For a long time these song books were used at school.

I also remember that father always attended the "rallys" which were held in election years, In those years the two dominant parties - the Republicans and Democrats - would organize in great bands and buy uniforms and helmets and march and have bonfires during the campaigns. Then after election there would be a great bonfire to commemorate the victory by the winning party. This custom did not die out until about 1892 as I remember now. Father was a strong Republican and used to argue politics. Arguing was the custom in those days and father always kept well posted on political movements. He was very bitter against the Northern Democrats (Copperheads) and he never could be quite so

friendly with this class because of their record during the war.

Going back to father's early farming experience. I can remember father used to prepare the corn ground and then mark it off both ways and then hire a neighbor girl to ride on the planter and hand check the corn in the hills. In later years I have ridden on the planter and dropped every time the horse stepped so that we could get a little thicker stand on the sod land.

I never knew father to cut any timothy or clover for seed. He always bought his seed and was usually too sparing of it as has been previously mentioned.

I do not remember that we grew ~~of growing~~ any wheat in those days, but do remember ~~of~~ growing rye and buckwheat. Father always cradled the buckwheat, which was usually only a couple or three acres. In later years he bought his buckwheat flour and quit raising it. The wheat raised in Iowa at that time was too soft and did not make good flour. I remember we tried to use it, but finally gave up in despair and bought our flour. Mother was a fine bread baker and evidently did not think the home grown wheat bread was either easy to make or wholesome to eat, at any rate, she would have nothing but good Minnesota flour in the later years.

Our father was very generous. He would never turn a ~~person~~ traveller away if ~~the traveler~~ he looked like he needed help. He would loan anything, even corn or oats to his neighbors and to my knowledge he was never beaten out of anything as a result of loaning. I remember soon after father died, Douglas Riley came to me and said he owed father a load of corn. I said "All right Doug, you can pay the administrator what you think you ought to pay and it will be all right." This he did as I afterwards learned.

Last summer when I was visiting at Chas. Neffs, he told about a circumstance I had never heard about before. A fellow by the name of Eugene ~~Heflur~~ HEFLIN lived on the Bob McMillan place and worked for Chas. and Elmer Neff. One of the Heflin's children, a little boy, died and he wished to take the body to Illinois for burial. Charles said he saw father slip a $20 bill into Eugene's hand. Father had heard about the poor fellows poverty and had made him happy by giving him the money. Father performed a great many acts of kindness and said nothing about them. He never bragged about his generosity.

He always contributed of his means for benevolent purposes and helped build all the churches near him. He contributed to the Y. M. C. A. building at Ames.

We didn't have a cellar under our house in the early days and usually buried apples and potatoes in pits, and many a time have I crawled down in the old "apple hole" to get some apples for the long winter evenings. It makes my mouth water now to remember how the aroma from the big, juicy apples used to tickle my nostrils.

During our early lives father wore a full beard and not until after I was married did I ever see him otherwise. One day while I was barbering in Hedrick, I told father if he would let me cut off his whiskers I would do it for nothing. After considerable

coaxing he finally consented. No one knew him at all as long as he did not speak, but of course he could never disguise his voice and people soon found out who he was. He let his beard grow out once after that, but when he shaved the second time he never grew a beard again.

Father was a good manager and trader. He acquired considerable land, among which was the home farm of 160 acres, later 100 acres from the Paynes. He also owned 80 acres north of Hedrick which he sold to Irvin Clark. Later on he acquired 226 acres south of Ottumwa on Soap Creek. He also owned 160 acres in Nebraska, 160 acres in North Dakota, and 480 in Wyoming. About the time he acquired the home place he owned 80 acres which he afterwards sold to Fred Messer, and 80 acres in Story County. I remember one winter he rode Old John through to this Story County farm and built a kitchen on to the house for the renter whose name was John Blue, or perhaps Ballou. I remember it was very cold during the time he was gone, but father did not seem to mind it. No doubt these early exposures to cold were contributing causes to his early death.

Wallace Hook.
1923

Account of Sarah Hook.

After reading the accounts of John, Wallace, Will and Glen I fear that there is not much left for me to say. I cannot recall many events of my real early life, probably because I was not very strong and therefore was protected from many of the exciting things that left strong impressions upon ~~my older brothers~~ their lives. For years I was afflicted with a chronic asthmatic ailment that kept me confined much of the time. Of course, I remember the devotion of our dear sainted mother to me during those trying years. She seemed ~~to~~ always to have time to spare for me and her quiet, beautiful spirit never failed to soothe and comfort me. She was always present, night or day, always cheerful, always ready to make any sacrifice, never critical, so beautiful, so faithful, that I, in common with all of her children, came to depend upon her as an immortal spirit that could not be extinguished or removed. In common with many women of those days, she lived entirely for others. Individual life was not for her. Only in late years have I come to realize and understand the depth of her fine, heroic and self-sacrificing life. Perhaps it made all of her children more selfish at the time, but what a lesson ~~of~~ it became later when ~~they~~ the began to meet the stern problems of life.

Father and mother were married November 21, 1867 in the old log house on Grandfather Eller's place, three and one-half miles due south of Martinsburg, Iowa. I remember having seen a piece of the brown linsey-woolsey dress that mother wore. After the ceremony the bride and groom rode horseback to their new home which was the new part of the Jim Baker house located across the road south of the house where I was born. Father had saved one hundred dollars and this was the entire capital of the young couple when they started housekeeping.

The first winter father taught school. Mother had taught school before her marriage and I recall hearing her say that she was paid but one dollar and twenty-five cents a week for this service and "boarded around" with the different families in the district. She had a very good education, for that period, having attended Mulines Academy at Fairfield, Iowa, more or less regularly for several years prior to 1866.

Sister Mary was born in August 27, 1868 and I remember of mother telling of the total eclipse of the sun that occurred twenty days before Mary was a year old, and of the tiny thing walking across the road that eventful day with a dish pan in her hand. Mary was a very precocious child. She and I were ~~very~~ devoted sisters. She seemed to idolize me and I her. She had a remarkable intellect and had she lived I am confident would have achieved much. ~~I have a number of manuscripts of hers which show her literary ability.~~ She was a splendid writer and at the time of her death was entering upon a literary career that I feel sure held much promise.

While we were living in the old house that father and mother bought from Grandfather and Grandmother Hook in 1875, the old Jim Baker house across the road began to go to rack and ruin. One day while playing in its attic, brother Wallace fell through a cubby

hole to the floor below. The fall knocked the breath out of him and for a moment I thought he had been killed. I screamed for mother who hurried to us, caught the senseless Wallace by the shoulders, shook him violently and blew in his mouth, and soon brought him back to normal. On another day I suggested to Cousin Mattie Ankrom that we wade in the soft tar that covered the bottom of our old round watering tank on the Jim Baker place. The tar didn't come off my feet for weeks. Mattie was more wary than I and didn't venture in.

Father was very good about providing help for mother when it was obtainable. We had a hired girl a good share of the time. After we moved into the new house on the old Rollin Baker place, we also had hired help much of the time. Mother often demurred about accepting outside help, partly because it was hard to get and partly because she didn't want it. When the children were born a doctor always attended and dear old Mrs. Farrel Riley came and took care of mother until she was able to be up.

Father was superintendent of the Sunday School (Free Methodist I believe) that was conducted for several years at "Blue Jeans" Schoolhouse. I well remember how frightened I used to be when a tiny girl, at the shouting of parishioners of this early church. During the services one after another would jump to ~~their~~ his feet and groan and yell. It was a passing fad of emotional religionists which father could not subscribe to. He was deeply religious, but never joined church. His intensely practical nature, coupled with his well grounded knowledge of the bible, made him doubt the narrow faith of the churches of his time and he longed for a church that, as he often expressed it, clung to the literal teachings of Jesus as gleaned from the New Testament. His discovery of the Unitarian Church was one of the happiest moments of his life. This discovery did not come until late in his life. He became an ardent reader of the Unitarian literature and subscribed liberally to the Church at Humboldt, Iowa. His faith was deep and strong. He often said to me that the Unitarian Church was enough for any one.

Both Wallace and Will have mentioned the various horses which we owned from time to time, and both I believe referred to the intelligence of our black stallion Tobe. Father kept Tobe in a stall on the west side of the barn which opened into a long shed where he was allowed to run loose. The big door at the south end of the shed was usually left open for air and sunlight and bars were thrown across to keep Tobe in. He was an active and, according to my notion, a dangerous animal. One day we missed brother Glen who was just a toddling baby about two years old. I found him in the stall with Tobe. The stallion was nipping at his little loose dress. I was paralyzed almost with fear. I knew I dared not scream or show any excitement, else the horse might trample Glen to death. I slipped quietly underneath the bars, took the child by the hand and slowly led him to safety. That lovely horse did not move. It was some time before I entirely recovered my composure from the fright caused by that experience.

I shall relate one instance of mother's charitably, kind nature. George Miedman, whom you may not remember, was an orphan boy who had been sent out from New York to earn his living on a farm. He endured much privation in order to go to school

and at last entered the Hedrick Normal School. He had no decent clothes and though her own boys were not any too well clothed, mother patched and mended up some things for George, washed an old linen suit John had out grown and gave them to him. I remember very well the pride with which he wore them and the shining face of mother when she saw him at church "dressed up" in them.

Her care of Will Clarke, a cousin of ours who came and died at our house after having taken medicine that had salivated him, was another indication of her great and generous love for others. He could not take any food, so really starved to death. Mother's care of him was as tender as though he were her own boy, though we all know that it was a terrible ordeal. I was at school at Ames then and mother's burden was entirely too heavy.

Her self-denial hurts me when I think of it. In the matter of clothes she was always the last one fitted out. Father did not intend to be neglectful, but like the rest of us, we thought mother did not mind.

I remember one time when mother looked particularly beautiful. It was at the "surprise" given for Farrel & Mrs. Riley. I don't know why, but her expression that night was very beautiful. Several spoke of it to me and I noticed it and have thought of it many times. It was as if an inner light ~~of soul life~~ shone upon her face. I remember Aggie Connell, a young friend of mine, whispered to me and said "I never knew your mother was so so pretty." It was not prettiness by any means. It was far finer and lovlier. It was character born of long years of unselfish sacrifice.

Sarah (Sadie) Hook Passig.

1923

Account of James W. Hook.

The house which our Grandfather James Grant Hook built on the David W. Daily eighty in the late sixties and which our father bought in 1875, is still standing (1923) on the north side of the road about three-eighths of a mile west of the last residence of James and Virginia Hook, our father and mother. The land on which it stands was always referred to by us as the north eighty. Here Sadie, and a daughter who died in infancy, Jesse, Freddie, myself and Frank Leslie Hook were born.

The home grounds of this old place are endeared to the children of James and Virginia Hook, all of whom except Glen, spent some of their early childhood there.

The house faced south and was a plain frame building, a story and a half high. It contained two bedrooms on the squat second floor and a kitchen, living room and bedroom on the first floor. There was no basement, no bathroom, no running water and no heat for the winter time except that produced by the cooking stove in the kitchen and an old cannon type coal stove in the sitting-room whose smoke pipe ran through the room above. On the front of the house and extending along its full width was a narrow porch with a plain balustrade . A brick walk led to the front gate not more than fifty feet away. On one side of the walk was a high spruce tree and a small circular asparagus bed, and on the other side was an Arbor Vitae Evergreen Tree and another circular bed of asparagus. A rose or two and a few other bushes hid portions of the sharp picket fence that separated the yard from the road.

On the west and north sides of the house were many towering maple trees and beyond them a board fence that separated us from the open barn-yard farther west and the broad level farm land on the north. In the northwest corner was a well of the purest and best water that anyone ever drank. This well served the kitchen and by means of a long V shaped leader carried the water into a narrow oblong trough situated beyond the fence in the barn-yard.

Back of the house was the smoke house where our meat was cured after butchering by a smouldering fire of hickory wood that kept the place filled with smoke for a week or more.

East of the house was the garden, berry patch, vineyard and orchard.

The barn was built of heavy timbers and clap boards and stood about one hundred feet due west of the house. It possessed a wonderful haymow where we children and neighboring kids for miles around spent many happy hours. John tells of the time he caught all the chickens he could lay hands on and put them in this haymow. Then he carefully laid a thin mat of hay across the hole where the hay was squeezed down to the floor below when needed for feeding. This done he began chasing the chickens to watch them fall when they innocently set foot on the insecure floor across the hole. One day he made the mistake of stepping in the hole himself. He almost broke his neck and the chickens were spared after that.

Beyond the barn and still farther west was a large grove of fine maple trees that furnished sap for maple sugar in the early spring. The sap when drawn was boiled off in a huge iron kettle. Soft maple sap does not yield much sugar and literally barrels of it were necessary to produce two or three gallons of syrup. But sugaring off was great sport and in those days there was no other way of obtaining a supply of maple syrup for our buckwheat cakes.

I was always called Willie. My recollection of the days spent at the old place is not distinct. I only lived there four years before the family moved into the "new house" three eights of a mile farther east. I remember standing in the kitchen window and watching the trains on the C. M. & St. Paul tracks a mile and three quarters to the west. I also remember about Wallace's toy thrashing machines and how that brother during a lot of his spare time made a noise like a thrashing machine and tore a pile of straw to bits and stacked it in approved fashion. I also recall a time when mother so angered me by scrubbing my face that I promptly went out and smeared myself with dirt presumably to show mother that my face was my own to do with as I pleased. I wasn't licked for this stunt as I deserved to be, but was forced to stand for another scrubbing. I also recall the incident when I was taken on a hayrack by John and Orin when they went out to get a load of hay off of a stack north of the house. Orin was on the stack and John was loading the hay on the wagon. In an effort to transfer me from the wagon to the stack my arm was badly wrenched and John was forced to carry me crying to the house. I remember this incident vividly and particularly the look in mother's eyes when she took me in her arms from frightened John. John swears that I was less than two years of age when this happened.

My other memories of the old place are of happenings after the family moved into the new house. The old place was permitted to run down and finally there grew in the minds of the children a reverence for the old house and barns that gradually developed into an obsession that the place was haunted. Not one of us liked to be sent on an errand there after night and even in the day time the stillness and solitude of the place seemed to awe us. Years afterwards the sight of the old trundle bed in the front room upstairs and the bench in the kitchen where we sat when at meals, both of which were left behind when we moved, brought up silent memories of days that were gone and in some strange and inaccountable way forced us to speak in whispers and tiptoe our way about. It is within the memory of all of us children who lived there, of the cold wintry nights when our dear mother tucked as many as seven of us away in those small, low rooms for the night. The trundle bed creaked, the lamp light flickered, the wind outside sang its queer lullaby and mother slipped softly away. And then, unless there was sickness among us, the night sped away and in the morning seven hungry urchins hastened into the sitting-room to dress by the fire, and get ready for a breakfast of sausages, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup.

We moved into our new house, that was built by the David Daily Place in the fall of 1887. I have the receipted lumber bill for this house from DeMarce & Co. of Hedrick, Iowa. It was dated November 4, 1887 and reads as follows - "Whole amount of lumber bill for house $562.11." It seems almost incredible in these times of high building costs that the lumber bill for a two story nine room house could be so small. This house to us

was a palace. It contained four bedrooms upstairs and a sitting room, parlor, two bedrooms and a kitchen downstairs. It was built by Davy Lantz, a carpenter of Fremont, Davy was a practical jokester. While the house was being built he made a bed amongst the shavings and slept there. One night he heard a group of young boys and girls, returning from a party, slip silently past the house toward the orchard. When they returned with hats and pockets full of apples he let out a series of shrieks that would have put an ~~army~~ pack of wild cats to shame. The results were instantaneous. Girls shrieked, boys lost all sense of chivalry and in the mad scramble for safety left the apples and a hat or two behind. The story went about thereafter that the house was haunted and Davy had the opportunity of confirming the fact several times to the bewilderment of parties of young investigators who came and heard, but had not the courage to carry their exploration beyond a comfortable distance from the front door.

The new house was two full stories high, faced east and stood on high ground overlooking the valley of the east branch of Wolf Creek whose black banks and sweeping curves could be seen for miles across the green and close cropped pasture lands. What a sight it was to kid eyes when that innocent creek maddened by a heavy rain, or melting snows in the spring, was transformed into a black and angry river that carried away trees, brush, fences, and bridges and now and then a cow or two, or one of Charlie Weimer's shoats. And, indeed, it was a sight viewed from the portico of the new house which towered above all surrounding obstacles save two walnut trees in the front yard and a clump of crabapple trees farther around toward the north. The whole family would view the transformation of the stream from this vantage point and listen to the roar and rush of its waters and speculate on the damage it was doing.

The new house, as stated above, was a palace to the family of Hook and was considered quite the best house in the neighborhood by even the most envious neighbors. Mark Winner did not like it. He said it looked more like a flour mill than a place to live in. He didn't like its flat mansard roof with its curved reaches of shingles that connected that flat surface with the cornice below. It was probably jealousy that prompted his remarks because he purchased the place after father died.

The house was painted white with green ~~trimmings and green shutters~~ shutters and trimmings. The kitchen was built on the west, and immediately to the south was the smoke house which was as much of a necessity in those days as the kitchen itself. Between the kitchen and the smoke house was the old well. And about this well hangs a tale. It frequently went dry and for some reason or other its water was polluted with angle worms and many legged water bugs, ~~of all kinds and descriptions.~~ We were constantly pumping up those creatures. At last father decided to sink the well deeper. He first removed the old stone walls. No sooner had he done this than the well caved in. Not to be out done he dug it all out, sunk the hole six or eight feet farther down and started to wall it up. He was only well started when glancing up he saw the dirt walls above slowly coming together. He screamed to the men above (Orin was one of them, I believe) and they hoisted him out barely in time to save him from being buried alive. And would you believe it, he insisted on digging that well out again and succeeded, but the water was no better, the worms and bugs were thicker than ever and our father was deaf to all our pleas to dig a new well in a new place. He simply made us get our water from the BARN lot well.

There was a road on the north of this new ~~place~~ homestead and a road on the east. ~~In the~~ north and east ~~of the house~~ yard was an orchard of cherry trees, a second clump of crabapple trees and a high larch ~~white~~ tree. Farther west ~~was~~ there several walnut and hackberry trees and back of that the beginning of the orchard which extended far southward and contained as fine a selection of apple trees as could be found in the whole country round, approximately eight acres of them.

Along the west side of the orchard and hidden from the house by a high windbreak of mulberry trees was the barn, corn cribs, straw pile and hog houses. The main barn, in keeping with the architecture of the house, had a broad flat roof with sloping shingle side roofs that reached to the eaves. John had learned to paint by the time this barn was finished and since father was a great admirer and breeder of Ensign Horses, he christened our home the "Ensign Stock Farm" and painted the words in large white letters on the front of the barn. The rest of the building was painted red.

As ~~stated~~ already mentioned our father was a great lover of horses and ~~he~~ had an uncanny knack of knowing a good horse when he saw one. ~~was uncanny~~. He always said that the most important thing about a horse was its disposition. This he said could only be had in a horse that had a generous width between its eyes. Father raised horses in large numbers importing some of his stallions from England and Belgium. English shires were his favorite draft and Percherons his favorite coach horses but the horse he loved best was the Morgan. Teaching them off the graded up stock they made over took on your north eighty. To this day I can see father sitting in a sulky or light topless buggy with a lovely horse or matched team sailing around that track.

Our father, sound and sane though he was, occassionally plunged into ventures that were over his head. ~~was one of them~~. Once he was persuaded by a plump and prosperous looking individual by the name of Jones to engage in the manufacture of churns. Churns he knew was something every farmer needed and the Jones particular churn to his mind was the most marvelous invention of the age and father undertook to manufacture them. He rented the old Hedrick Creamery, installed some machinery, built up about two hundred churns, stored them in the haymow of our barn and there they rusted. But let us say this much for Jones; his churn was all right and if father had known how to market it, he would have made a lot of money out of the deal. A churn built on the same principle of rolling the cream rather than beating it as did the old dash churn, flatiron ~~being~~ sold by almost every first class hardward firm in the country.

Another fad of our father was to make medicine out of cherry bark. He would boil the concoction on the stove for hours and claim to get as much benefit from taking it as he got from any patent medicine on the market that cost a dollar a bottle. No doubt he did, but we children were struck with the fact that he continued to keep a fair sized supply of Hood's Sarsaparilla and S.S.S. on the shelves back of the kitchen stove most of the time.

Regardless of the improvement of living conditions that followed ~~were indicated by the advantages~~ moving into the new house, the hardships which our dear mother encountered ~~thereafter~~ were hardly less, if indeed they were less, than they were before. Age and years of worry and strain of giving birth to all of her eleven children (Glen was born after we moved into the new house) left

her unable to bear the tremendous burdens that were thrust upon her during the afternoon of her life in the new house. The house was new and clean, but it had no more conveniences to lighten her work than were in the old house. There was no running water, no bathroom, no gas range, and until after her death no central heating plant. Yet in some miraculous way she managed to repair most of our clothes and wash them, cook our meals, keep us bathed and clean, do the churning and part of the milking, and during the farming season kept the garden from being swamped with weeds. She gathered the eggs and made the butter and traded them at the stores for staple groceries. It is certainly true that there were many months during those early years when she did not even possess a piece of money, but depended upon her eggs and butter to purchase those things which her garden did not produce. Well do we all remember the huxter wagons that stopped at our house twice a week laden with oat meal, flour, sugar, spices, coffee and tea, and our mother in her calico dress and gray sunbonnet trading eggs and butter for things she had to have. When we think of those times and compare them with the present with its telephone, automobile, rural free delivery, bathrooms, power washing machine, central heating plant, vacuum cleaner, refrigerator, radio, and electric lights, we marvel almost that people could have lived under the strain and hardships that our mother endured.

Our mother was well educated as education went in those days. After attending the usual country schools in Jefferson and Wapello Counties, she attended Axline Academy at Fairfield Iowa for a period of two years to prepare herself for teaching. In 1865 she taught in the North Union district school where in later years all of us children obtained our early education. Her wages as teacher were $1.25 per week and she boarded "around" with the parents of her pupils. While her education had its effect upon the molding of her fine character, what contributed even more was the family from whence she came. Grandfather and Grandmother Miller were true examples of southern refinement and simple dignity. Finer and more christian-like characters would be hard to find. It is not strange that their fifteen children absorbed these qualities and made them a part of their daily life.

One of the remarkable qualities of our mother was her patience and forbearance. When things looked darkest she never lost faith encouraging our father to carry on and never for a moment give up hope. It was always known to us children that it was mother who furnished the balance to father's impatience and deep emotions. Seldom, if ever, did she lose control of herself. Her mind penetrated deeply, and her strong character and perfect understanding and patience often made the most complex things appear simple. These great qualities came triumphantly to her aid when death claimed Jesse and Freddie. Jesse died after a lingering illness which tended to prepare both she and father for the sad event. With Freddie it was different. He was in the pink of good health and spirits when the tragic moment came. It was wash day at the old place on that sad day in March 1883, and a tub of scalding water had been placed on a chair by sister Mary. Freddie, only fourteen and one-half months old had just learned to walk and unnoticed he toddled up to the chair and in some manner caused the badly balanced tub to tip over and throw its scalding contents upon him. Everything was done for him that

science in that day knew, but to no avail and late the same evening he passed away. The shock of his untimely death almost crazed our father and it was mother ~~with her commanding character~~ who comforted him while bearing the overwhelming burden of her own grief.

Father was quick tempered and was particularly impatient when in his judgment justice and fair play were perverted whether by his children or neighbors. It was mother who understood her children and plead their causes. She did not uphold us in any wrong-doing no matter how trivial, but she calmed our father and by patience and forbearance made him judge the penalty in accordance with the wrong done.

It was after the family had moved into the new house that mother's health began to fail. Well do we all remember the trouble she had with her teeth. Doctors and dentists were hardly known to us before we were grown. Perhaps that was well, because professional men in that country in those times were not well fitted either by education or equipment to be of very much help, except in the most common cases of disease. What they lacked in knowledge, however, was partly compensated by their devotion to duty and the sacrifices they cheerfully made to treat a scattered farming community. During the winter and early spring the roads were almost impassable, yet these hardy and devoted doctors never refused to drive for miles in any weather, night or day, to administer to the health of the community they served.

In 1892 when only eight years old, I had a severe attact of rheumatism. I had never been strong and this siege was the culmination of many months of headaches and other symptoms of disease. Dr. Henry treated me for a long time, but I got no better. Finally father read in our old Doctor Gun's Book about the wonderful curative powers of white mustard seed. He immediately began feeding me this remedy by the tablespoonful four times a day. It was not to be chewed, but rather swallowed whole after being wallowed around in the mouth until thoroughly soaked with saliva. Whether the seed turned the trick or not the fact remained that the rheumatism left me shortly after I began taking this new potion. Thereafter, mustard seed was the staple remedy for every ailment that appeared in our household, and old Doctor Henry was religated to the scrap heap of other doctors so far as father was concerned.

Mother was a devout christian. So was father in his early years, but in his later life he became skeptical, not of the existance of God, but of what he called the fanatical religion of the preachers of the gospel in the churches. He was undoubtedly advanced in his views because a preacher these days who would dare to express the views of religion that were preached in those days in the Middlewest would be considered a fit subject for an insane asylum. Some of us children will remember the revival and holiness meetings that used to be held in the grove in Hedrick where the preachers would become so hysterical that they would try to climb the walls of the tent ~~telling~~ shouting the audience that they were climbing up to heaven. One time a big windstorm came along and blew the steeple off the Baptist Church in Hedrick. The Methodists actually noised about that this was a punishment meted out by an all ruling Providence to that unchristian congregation. Not so long afterwards another storm came along and did equally as much damage to the Methodist Church. Father enjoyed this situation immensely and often referred to it.

But withal, father had deep convictions about God and what he called the true religion. His views on this subject squared perfectly with his high regard for justice and right living. His reverence for the Sabbath would be called narrow today. The old dinner bell used during the week to call us from the fields at meal time was silent on Sunday. All work except necessary chores was suspended. Boisterousness about the house was strictly forbidden. Once when the Riley boys attempted to harvest some timothy on Sunday on the Weimer place across the road, father stopped them. They were using one of our horses which father promptly unhitched from their wagon and throwing the harness off in the field, lead the beast home by the mane.

Mother had but little time to devote to religious duties on Sunday. She belonged to the Baptist Church but in later years she and father attended only irregularly. No doubt this was partially due to father's altered views of the church which mother did not seriously object to. The result was that none of us children saw a great deal of church life and our early knowledge of religion was mostly obtained from hearing our father and mother (both of whom were well versed on the bible) discuss the subject. I well remember that I did not like to go to church because the things the preacher and choir made me want to cry. But I remember with equal vividness how I enjoyed hearing the stories of the bible from mother and father and how enthusiastically I read the story of the bible that father bought for us. All that we lost, if indeed it was a loss, from contact with church life, was compensated by the efforts of our parents to make us know and practice honesty and fair play.

Our house was a regular stopping place for tramps, shark salesmen, hungry preachers, and forgotten relatives. Jewish pack peddlers always got a good meal in exchange for some flimsy article in their pack, and neighbors for miles around always knew that a welcome awaited them if they happened to be in the vicinity of our home at meal or lodging time. Only once do I remember that anyone was turned away. A tombstone salesman from Eddyville had partaken of the hospitality of our home so much that he began to consider himself a privileged character. One day he drove into the barn lot just at noon and without regarding the formalities of waiting to be invited, unhitched his team, put them in the barn and walked boldly into the house. This was too much for father's sense of propriety or justice and after a few well chosen words, friend tombstone salesman was driving out of the lot a hungrier and wiser man. He came back again in a month or two and remembering the lesson he had learned on his last visit, observed the proper rules and was taken in as if nothing had happened.

When the telephone arrived father would have nothing to do with it for a long time. A line was established right by our house in 1898 and a few of our neighbors connected with it. Try as we might, we could not persuade father to put in a phone. He was angry with the company for cutting a big limb out of a huge walnut tree outside our front gate to let their wires clear. He was also angry because the impudent workmen established a pole right in the middle of one of his gates, and forced father to threaten to cut it down if it was not moved. It was moved,

but not without causing father to lose his temper and establish a grudge. It was a few years later that father put in a phone. It was a party line, of course, and the greatest gossip agency that the world had ever seen. Father thought that eavesdropping on the phone was the worst kind of impropriety and absolutely prohibited any of us doing it. Marie Schultz, a young woman working at our house and one evening undertook to have a good time listening in. Father stood it for ten minutes or so; then without adieu he took that frightened girl by the arm, drew her away, and in a voice that showed how seriously he meant it, threatened to send her home if she "couldn't mind her own business." The rest of us thought father should have scolded her.

Shortly after our phone was installed, Farrel Riley dropped in one morning and seeing it on the wall remarked - "Well, I'll be da'nd if Jeem Hook hain't got one of them da'nd horns on the wall. I'll have nothin' to do with 'em. The da'nd thing spit out a mouthful of hell down at Henry Osterfosses the other day and no tellin' what else it might do."

That was before lightning arrestors were invented and occasionally during a thunderstorm the wires above the box would spark and crack too much for comfort.

Sometime later father persuaded Mr Riley to try the da'nd horn and the conversation was "Bees ye there? yes! well I am here!" and that was as far as the real man would go.

The telephone was not the only improvement that father had to be educated up to. He always said that machinery was the great enemy of the working man. He thought that ere long machinery would do the work of all men and that many would be forced out of employment. This odd and wholly incorrect view worked many hardships upon the legs of his sons. For many years we never had a riding farm implement, but rather had to walk behind the plow, cultivator, harrow and disc. We finally got a sulky plow and when binders, mowers and corn planters came into general use we were allowed to ride on them.

It was not until 1900 that father allowed a steam threshing outfit on the premises. For years he employed the Moore and Wells Horse Power outfit to do our threshing.

In the winter time it was the practice of father and the older boys to haul up wood. Great willow trees were cut and the huge logs brought in from our 20 acre timber tract near Skunk River, north of Hedrick, and piled up ready to be cut and split into stove lengths. When Frank and I were young, a power buzz saw was ordered to cut the logs into proper lengths. But one spring father had a surprise in store for Frank and me. The pile of logs hauled up during the winter was the largest we ever, had. When the spring school vacation came Frank and I, of course, looked forward to the coming of John Stewarts buzz saw. When it did not come, I ventured to ask father the reason why. "Buzz saw," answered father, "why you and Frank are going to be the buzz saw this spring." We were, all right, and when that pile of logs was sawed and split, it made the biggest wood pile in the neighborhood. It may seem strange, but as that wood pile grew, Frank and I became so interested in making it bigger that when all the logs were gone, we took a wagon and hauled up all the boards and cast-away rails and fence posts we could find on the farm, with the result that no more wood was needed for more than two years.

Our father had pronounced views on various political questions. He was a staunch Republican and had no patience with Jim Weaver

and his populist doctrines. When the free silver campaign was on in 1896 he used every influence he possessed to carry his community for McKinley. So worried was he over the outcome that mother would tell us children to overlook his irritability and promised us that he would be all right if McKinley was elected. And so he was.

We boys had a hard time finding time for real play. Father disliked to see us waste our time and prohibited us from using his tools, nails or lumber. We would slip away to the lower end of the orchard with nails picked from the ash heap and make things to play with. We made little bridges, wagons, dug great caves in the ground and once I made a toy steam engine. The latter was made with a varnish can filled half full of water and heated by a crude furnace in the ground. A small hole was made in the can to let the steam rush out against a small paddle wheel on a shaft. A spool was placed on the paddle wheel shaft and served as a pulley from which other toy apparatus was run by means of a belt. Father was finally let in on this steam engine project and I shall not forget how happy I was when he showed his approval.

Another pleasure consisted of catching and caging ground squirrels. We would watch for them, chase them into their holes and drown them out. We made circus tents out of flour sacks and made toy wagons and thresning machine engines, bows and arrows and great swings. But best fun of all were the games we played. They were mostly improvised games of our own. One we called bear and was usually played after night. One lad would be the bear and the others would be the hunters. It was fairly easy for the bear to keep out of sight in the darkness and the thrill of the game for both the bear and the hunters kept us out many nights until very late. Occasionally we would go fishing on Skunk River or Cedar Creek. Once we went to Coppick to a picnic and Orin fell into the river. He was near a crudely built dock which he grabbed on to and saved himself from a good ducking.

One time Wallace and I made a very large kite. It was fully seven feet high and we flew it with a couple of balls of binder twine. One night we sent it up with a lighted tallow torch attached to its tail. The strange swinging light was seen for miles and caused a lot of consternation among the inhabitants. The Hedrick Journal mentioned it and until the mystery was solved many queer stories and theories were circulated about it.

None of us will forget the cob battles. We would build breast works out of hay and the game was to take these defences without getting hit. Now a cob is a harmless looking thing when seen lying on a barn floor, but to be hit by one square in the face is quite a different thing. We would play this harsh game for hours at a time and the wonder is that some of us or our neighbors are not minus an eye as a result.

To look back on those days one cannot help but feel that the present generation of children is handicapped in its development of initiative. Children of today only have to wish for a toy and a store plus a fat parental pocket-book provides it. Thirty years ago on the Iowa prairies the boy who was fortunate enough to get a "boughten" train of cars, wagon or sled was one to be looked up to. Seldom did we have even so small a thing as a

store ball. Most of the balls we had to play with were made by unravelling the top of old worn out socks or stockings and wrapping the string tightly around a center cut from an old rubber boot. Sometimes mother would cover it with leather cut from the upper of a worn out shoe. Our bats were cut from a sound hickory sapling and as for mits, we had none. The ball game we played was either "one old cat" or "work up" sometimes called "Long Town" depending upon the number of kids on hand to play. I never saw a real game of "Town ball" as we called the regular game of baseball, until after I entered college.

And as for things to play with, it seems that we managed to have plenty. Everything was homemade, including sleds, wagons, threshing machines, and other special toys, and every boy took pride in the effort to do a little better than his neighbor. Initiative was developed in this way and every boy learned early how to handle a saw, hammer, brace and bit, and plane. Today our children are taught the use of these tools in the school, making things that they have not the least desire to make.

Aside from the standard toys like wagons, sleds and the like, our other contrivances took the form of things that we read about or saw on our trips to town. Harvest time always stimulated us into making toy hay stacks out of grass pulled by hand from the lawn. Threshing season always brought a crop of toy threshers. Interesting chapters in colonial history made Indians and generals out of us with tomahawks, bows and arrows, wooden guns, swords and spears. Going to town and seeing a train started us to making toy trains and railroad tracks. Hearing all about the World's Fair in Chicago and seeing pictures of it prompted me to make a toy exposition of my own. And when the first automobile passed our house in about 1899, we not only tried to make a toy one ourselves, but also found great interest in its tracks until a rain came along and obliterated them.

And once about 1895 the younger of us boys went to see Barnum and Bailey's Circus in Ottumwa. The elaborate show bills announcing the great event had been scattered broadcast throughout the country weeks ahead. We finally prevailed upon father to take us. How we longed for that great day to come, and prayed for fair weather. When the day finally rolled around we were called at 4 A. M. to get up and prepare for the trip. Ottumwa was fifteen miles away and that was a long distance to go by team. We piled into a big farm wagon and when we arrived at the show grounds we found that a big storm that morning had destroyed the main tent. The show was given, nevertheless, but we children always felt that part of it was left out which was probably true. But it was a great day just the same and started us immediately to having toy circuses of our own, and building toy tents out of flour sacks. At another time we saw Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, after which some of us boys became so proficient with the lariat that we could catch a steer by any of its four feet, or a running horse by the neck. Once I caught a young wild heifer by the hind leg and to get the rope off I had to get the heifer tangled up in a hedge fence and cut the rope close up. The part remaining on her leg didn't come off for weeks and then it left a bad ring below her ankle that caused father a lot of concern. She limped a little and father often wondered what could have caused the trouble. You may be sure that I never told him.

Once a smaller circus, Lemon Bros., came to Hedrick and we attended. Just as we started from the animal tent to enter the circus tent, we saw a man on a chair inviting people to exchange any bills they had for silver. He stated that the show took in so much silver that the management wanted to exchange it for paper. Father decided to let him change a ten dollar bill. The exchange was made, whereupon father noted that he only got five dollars for his ten. The money changer swore that father had given him a five dollar bill. Father knew better and after arguing a minute he grabbed the crooks bag of money, fished out a ten dollar bill, threw his five silver dollars back on the chair, and promptly announced to the excited by-standers that the fellow was a short-changer. Other show people rushed up, but the temper of the people plainly showed them that they had better let well enough alone and the crisis soon passed. Father was so angry, however, that I am sure he didn't enjoy the performance.

During the Spring and Summer of ~~About 1891 or~~ 1890 Ottumwa built a great coal palace and exhibited the products of Wapello County in it for several months. Father and mother took the whole family to see it. I remember the occasion vividly, because we had chosen a day (October 9-1890) for our visit when President Harrison was also a visitor. He was paraded through the aisles so everybody could get a close-up of him. He passed within a few feet of us and I remember him as being rather short in stature with a bearded face that was pleasant to look upon. I made up my mind then and there to become president some day myself, a thoroughly worthy ambition that has not been fully realized.

Social activities amongst the farmers in those days were rather odd affairs. The most elaborate of these were the "surprise parties." A day would be set to surprise some neighbor and his family. Farmers and their families for miles around would be told of the event and on the appointed day they would all assemble a half mile or so away and rush on the unsuspecting neighbor in a body. Everybody brought basket lunches, and the day would be spent in improvised games and gorging of stomachs. And such meals as those good farmers' wives would prepare. It would all be laid out on newspapers and red table cloths under the shade of big trees, and everyone given a free rein to help himself. At the surprise party at Uncle Sam Hooks, I ate so much cake that I was ill for a week, and to this day I vow that I cannot indulge my stomach with much of that delicacy no matter how dainty or palatable it may be. The "surprise" at our house came in 1892 on the 25th anniversary of our parents wedding. Mother was presented with a set of dishes, Captain Jack Morrison making the presentation speech.

And then there would be the husking bees and plowing bees and occasionally other kinds of bees where the neighbors would turn out and help some unfortunate farmer who, on account of illness or other misfortune, was unable to plant or gather his crop. These functions were more or less social in aspect and were attended by so many farmers and teams that it was not unusual to see a whole crop planted or harvested in one day. The womanfolk prepared basket lunches and it was a cheery and happy crowd that rushed to the table at the call of the dinner bell.

During the winter months many spelling bees would be held in the various school districts. One district would challenge another

and on the appointed night the contestants would assemble and go to the school-house in bob sleds. Many spectators also attended. The contesting teams would line up on opposite sides of the school room and a pronouncer would begin. When anyone missed a word he took his seat. After about an hour the sides usually dwindled down until there were only two or three spellers in each. Then the real fun would begin. Occasionally midnight would be reached before one side or the other would weaken and go down in defeat. There were several young farmer boys and girls in the neighborhood who could spell every word in McGuffey's spelling book.

The last day of school always furnished a social diversion for parents in the district. The children would speak pieces, sing songs, and produce simple plays and dialogues.

Fourth of July and Decoration Day were always celebrated. Usually there was a parade in the morning, and orations and balloon ascensions in the afternoon. The grove where these celebrations were held was filled with stands where red lemonade, pop, sandwiches, candy, peanuts and fire crackers were sold. I don't know how the operators of these stands made any money because it was a lucky lad, indeed, who had more than a dollar to spend. We children were usually given a quarter and in some miraculous fashion we managed to make it last the whole day. Farmers always took basket lunches and ate them under big shade trees in the grove. The city lad who happened to be invited to lunch with us considered himself fortunate indeed. Uninvited ones would stand around and look wistful at the pans of fried chicken and thick layer cakes, and father would tell us children how much better off we were than they. We were not altogether convinced, although we did take pleasure in getting back at the "smart alecks" who on other days called us "hay seeds" and "corn field canaries."

The grandest part of the Fourth of July celebration was the fire works in the evening. About five o'clock in the afternoon we would rush home two and a half miles, do the chores in record time, and hurry back to town to witness the great display. Once a tragic thing occurred. The display was fired off from a platform about twenty feet high and on this particular occasion a box of high powered sky rockets became ignited by sparks from a pin wheel and sped with death dealing force directly into the crowd. One girl standing a few feet from Glen was struck squarely in the head and killed instantly. Another fine young man was struck over the heart and died a few minutes afterwards. In some miraculous way the other rockets failed to hit anybody. This sad event put a stop to any further display that night, and so far as I can remember subsequent celebrations left off a fireworks display.

On Decoration Day father and mother and we children always went to the Martinsburg Cemetery to decorate the graves of our family and put a flag on the graves of the old soldiers who were buried there. Then we would drive to Hedrick for the memorial services which were held in the Hedrick grove. One year father was Commander of the J. M. Hedrick Post, G.A.R. and I shall never forget how proud we all were when he mounted the platform and made an address. It was a good address, but father was not satisfied with it and remarked many times afterward that he wished he had the ability and power to express the thoughts that he really wished to express.

Once a year, usually in August, the great Hedrick races were held. The track was considered one of the best in the state. Some of the best horses of the time raced on it. I remember particularly the gambling joints that were in full swing day and night, and then as a sequel, I remember of the many farmers who complained of being fleeced out of much of their loose cash. Finally when laws were passed stamping out gambling ~~this disgraceful practice,~~ the races were suspended and the great kite track was turned back into a cornfield.

Saturday night was always the gay event in the villages and towns. There was usually a band concert in Hedrick in the summer, but we younger children were only occasionally permitted to attend. In fact, I can only remember of going once ~~before~~ when I was about ten years old, and that was to hear Dick Snakenburg sing a wonderful new song that was the talk of the neighborhood, entitled "After the Ball." The band also played Sousa's "Stars and Stripes Forever" for the first time that night.

When the band didn't play there was very little for one to do to amuse oneself. People would walk the streets, drop in a restaurant for something to eat, or stand on the street and gossip. The country lads would hang together as a protection against the town gangs and drunken rascals who made life miserable for the poor old town marshall.

I never liked to go to town. This dislike I fancy was prompted by the fear I had for the town bullies who lost no chance to pick a quarrel and call me names. Father frequently made some of us younger boys go with him to hold the team while he did the trading and shopping and gossip with different ones on the street. He usually went in an old spring wagon bought in 1880 that for appearances was the worst looking contraption I think a candid world ever beheld. It was so old that the front end due to the weight of the driver through so many years, was fully twelve inches lower than the hind end. It had no end gate. It had never been painted since leaving the factory and its wheels were so rickety that an observer could behold the coming of Jim Hook for a mile down the road. I never quite forgave father for that wagon, or for the pain he inflicted on me by forcing me to sit in it and hold the team on the main street of Hedrick. It is little wonder, and I so thought at the time, that I was held up for ridicule by every town guy that saw me. My chagrin knew no bounds when the passerby happened to be some pretty little girl whom I had permitted myself to think pleasantly on when far removed from her presence. And the worst part of it was that we owned one of the nicest surreys in the neighborhood. Father saved it for Sunday, however, and made the old spring wagon serve on week days.

The important social event for young folks was the "party." These affairs were held at various homes in the neighborhood. The games played have almost become extinct, having given their place to modern dancing and bridge whist. Will any of us forget Old Dan Tucker and Skip-to-ma-loo and the other odd songs that we sung to make the necessary music for those queer dances? And the strange thing is that I never played one of these games in all my life. I was too bashful to be inveigled into any game where it was necessary for me to swing a girl, or even take hold of her hand. I would stand on the side lines and secretly admire the best lookers, but such was the complex that I had about girls

that I would not suffer myself to go near them. I would not even let sister Mary or Sadie kiss me and all this until I was sixteen years old. Then I deliberately set about to rid myself of my queer shortcoming, realizing as I fully did, that I would never have any fun in life until I could enter whole-heartedly into games of all kinds as others did. I didn't really succeed until after I got to college and strange as it may seem, it was a real battle. I have often wondered what brought on this unusual complex about girls, which I am frank to admit was not natural, and have come to the conclusion that it was the unearthly way that my older brothers had of teasing me about girls when I was a very young lad.

The fondest and most cherished memories of my youth are those left by impressions of the atmosphere of our home life. I recall vividly the appearance of the country during all seasons of the year, especially spring, summer and fall. In the early spring I liked to get out early and listen to the boom, boom, boom of the prairie chickens in distant meadows. A hum of a swarm of bees has left a distinct and pleasant effect on my consciousness. The cooing of doves, the hammering of the woodpecker, the song of the meadow lack and bob white are as clear to me today as when I listened to them years ago on that Iowa farm. Occasionally we would hear the yelping of a prairie wolf and that sound comes clear to me through the years ~~and then~~ the more personal sounds of father calling the hogs or cows, his whistling on his fingers for the horses, the sound of the huskers unloading corn on a frosty morning, the wirze, wirze, wirze, of the threshing machine, the bellowing of the cows, the neighing of horses, the grunt of the swine, the crowing of roosters and the cackling of the hens, all come back to me in sweetest music of silent memory.

And what is probably best of all, is the memory of our happy life around the home fireside in the evening. Here we would all assemble, for an hour or two before bedtime, to talk or play hide and seek through the dark rooms. Frequently we would pop a large dish-pan full of pop-corn, or bring in a huge pan of apples and have a feast before bedtime. Father was not talkative unless we had company, and would sit and rock and whistle softly the old tunes that all of us children learned to know by heart. Father was an expert whistler. He would draw a hair or two of his mustache over his lips and imitate a fife almost to perfection. I inherited some of father's ability in this line, but I did not become his equal.

Another glorious memory of our evenings in our farm home was Sadie's reading aloud. She was a master of this art and the younger children owe much to her for acquainting them with such writers as Dickens, Corelli, Irving and Scott. Father was a great reader, but he never read aloud. He read the National Tribune from cover to cover every week. He usually subscribed to one or two magazines, one of which was always the "Youths' Companion." I remember when he received a letter from the publisher of the latter congratulating him on the fact that he had received that magazine continuously for twenty-five years. We didnot have many books in our library, but they were good ones. Aside from those of standard authors as above mentioned, I vividly remember "Woods Natural History,""Conquering the Wilderness," "Story of the Bible" "The Prince of Peace." and "Peale's Encyclopedia"

The Youths' Companion was a splendid magazine for us children. Its stories were wholesome and interesting and we found much joy in reading them. We always looked forward to the annual premium number which came in October. This number portrayed a hundred and one prizes that one could earn by obtaining new subscribers. I remember that Frank and I were successful one year in finding two farmers who were willing to subscribe. We sent in their subscriptions and received a small microscope for our trouble. We learned a great deal from that little instrument and it remained in the family for many years.

There was always work to do on the farm. Cutting hedge, pulling weeds, cutting wood, cleaning out the barn and doing chores was the staple occupation of the younger children. In the spring and summer the older boys and father worked early and late in the fields and this left the chores, including the milking of five to ten cows, for the younger children to do. I remember how father, when supper was over, would repeat almost every item of the chores and have us tell him if they had been done. "Have you watered the horses? Have you fed the hogs? Have you slopped the hogs? Did you bring in wood? Did you feed Old Tad?" were questions that he invariably asked. I remember how, as I grew older, I learned to value the importance of organization in doing the work that was cut out for me. I would lay the work out and count the steps required to perform it. I became so proficient in doing the chores that father would doubt if I had done them all. I cannot help but believe that that self-learned lesson of planning and organizing my work in advance was one of the best of my life.

It was about this time, I was probably about twelve years old, that I began to realize that mother was working too hard. Sadie was in college and mother was without help. I felt the necessity of easing her work as much as possible. I was probably of little help, but I recall vividly how I made the effort and how it pleased her. I would wash the dishes, get up early and do the churning, help her with the washing, and do the errands she asked me to do. I remember, too, that father was pleased with me for this and relieved me of part of my chore work, so I could be free to help around the house. I have already told of mother's even temper. I never saw her really angry and when her health began to give way, I never remember of hearing her complain. Day in and day out she went about her work as though guided by some higher power that made her happy in the great sacrifice she was making. I remember in 1896 during the McKinley and Bryan Campaign that Jennie Hook, brother John's wife and I persuaded her to let us take her to a big rally in Ottumwa. I drove and I recall vividly the conversation that mother and Jennie engaged in during the trip. Mother loved Jennie and thought of her almost as a daughter and on that trip she seemed to lay her heart bare. I couldn't help overhearing what she said about life and its vicissitudes and the great sacrifices that one was forced to make for ones family. She said she didn't expect to be with us many years more, but that so long as she did live, nothing would keep her from doing everything she could for her children in the hopes that they might be so trained that they would be spared the hardships that she and father had endured. She hoped that none of her children would ever drink, or gamble, or do anything that would bring disgrace on the family name. She mentioned us all in one way or another and expressed great faith and confidence in us.

She continued in this vein for a long time, when almost suddenly she changed the conversation and began to tell of the amusing incidents of John's courtship with Jennie. She told of the time that the team John was driving ran away and broke up the buggy and how she persuaded father to look leniently upon poor distracted John. She laughed and told other stories, but somehow I could not forget the sadder things that she had said before.

I suppose I was just at that age when the realities of life were unfolding themselves to me, and to have mother express her feelings about things that I had begun to wonder about, profoundly impressed me. I can hardly recall a thing about the rally, but I vividly remember the restless night I spent thinking over the things that mother had said.

John always interested me as a boy. I never got enough of his vivid stories of the pranks he played. We all liked to sic the dogs on the turkeys to make them fly, but it was John who could describe this sport in a way to rival the best stories in the "Youths' Companion."

I always liked to hear him tell of the time he pulled all the feathers out of a moulting setting hen, and of the poor thing slipping about among the bushes as if trying to keep out of sight of the other chickens. He explained that the poor old thing was ashamed to come out in the open and be seen, and so vivid was his description that to this day I could almost swear that I saw her myself. I was glad to learn that the poor bird did not die but in long grass new feathers.

He also told of the dark night when he saw a ghost in the old graveyard on our place. He was walking home from the school house and when nearing the cemetery he beheld a white object moving among the grave stones. Just as he passed the object emitted a sound that resembled a cross between a great sneeze and a cough, and John took to his heels. The next morning our old white cow was missing and she was found in the graveyard peacefully browsing in the long grass.

It was John who taught us younger children how to catch yellow hammers and woodpeckers, how to make kites and how to draw pictures. He was particularly adept at the latter and had no difficulty whatsoever in making a likeness of anybody whom he knew. His crayon drawing of John A. Logan on horseback was worthy of being hung in any drawing room, and was exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. Sadie owns the picture now.He still uses his talent in this direction and spends many of his leisure moments expressing himself in pictures.

John was nicknamed "Krup." It was Orin who fastened this unusual appellation upon him. He explains it this way. When boys, Orin being more interested in work about the farm, always took the lead and John followed. Thereupon Orin likened John to the krupper on a set of harness that goes under the horses tail, that is always behind, and thus the name "Krup" was coined.

John and Jennie were married in 1895. They located in Hedrick. I recall how Jennie always wanted us younger boys to come and visit them. I was bashful about going and always felt that I was in the way. I have told how I feared the girls. Next to that I feared to go to anybody's home alone for a meal or to stay all

night. I was delighted when John and Jennie, or anyone for that matter, came to our house, but I never but once mustered up courage enough to go to their home to stay over night. That was largely because Jennie had promised to let me read her volume of Longfellow's poems.

As I have said, I was always glad when people came to our house. Two very welcome visitors were Uncle Joe Phelps and Uncle Jess Ankrom. Their coming always meant a great telling of war stories, eulogies of Abraham Lincoln, and other conversation that we children listened to with open mouths. I shan't repeat but one story and that told by Uncle Jess Ankrom. It can hardly be called a story, because Uncle Jess was very serious in his telling of it. I relate it because of its bearing upon the great advance that was being made in the comforts of living and the obstacles that advance met as it pushed ahead.

Uncle Jess was a carpenter and builder and the story is about a set of sketches of a house he had been employed to build. The owner had submitted his sketches to Uncle Jess for criticism. They provided for a ~~bath room~~ water closet and seemingly it was the first house Uncle Jess had encountered with such a new fangled idea. He looked them over and when he saw the owner he had but one comment to make. It was this. He couldn't for the life of him see what had come over a man who would want to put a privy on the inside of his house.

Abraham Lincoln was always held up as an ideal in our home. Father read everything he could lay his hands on that had anything to do with him. Many times we would catch him crying softly over something that great man had done or said. We children learned much about the great emancipator from our father and grew up to consider him by all odds the greatest American, if not the greatest man that ever lived.

As I have stated before, father detested war. He objected strenuously to the courses of military drill at college. He thought such a course in the curriculum of any school was inexcusable, and that it only tended to create war and instill in the rising generation the thought of war. Our mother always cautioned us about asking him if he killed anyone in battle and we never did. The following letter written to brother Wallace on January 27, 1904 states his views of war in his own words:-

> "We never know what a day may bring forth. I know what war is and if I had my way there would never be any more. If I had the power to do so, I would collect every instrument of cruelty which has been made in this world to take human life and sink it in the deepest hole in the deepest sea, and then pass a law that any person or persons caught manufacturing a weapon for the purpose of killing his fellowmen should be executed by same and sunk in the same hole."

Yet, withal, father at times liked to brag about the prowess of America in war and laud the spirit and patriotism of American soldiers. I remember distinctly how proud he was when the news came of Dewey's victory in Manilla Bay on May 1, 1898.

Father was by all odds the hardiest man I ever knew. He never wore an overcoat or mittens, and on the coldest mornings

he would dip the thickly frozen ice out of the watering troughs with his bare hands without the least bit of discomfort. He would drive for miles without mittens in the coldest weather and chid the rest of us for complaining of being cold.

As for sheer strength I never saw his equal. I recall a tussel he had with a yearling bull which attacked him. When he saw the young rascal charge he braced himself and as the bull came up bellowing and snorting, he stepped nimbly to one side, caught him by the nostril, threw him to the ground, leaped on his neck and with bare fist beat him into submission.

I also recall an experience of father's with an unruly hog which makes me smile to this day. It was our custom in later years to drive our hogs to Hedrick, two and one half miles distant, where they were sold. Some farmers hauled their hogs to market in wagons, but father preferred to drive them on foot. We would start them off about three or four o'clock in the morning, let them take their time, and in three or four hours land them in the yards at Hedrick. Enroute we had to cross Wolfe Creek and it is the fancy of hogs never to want to cross a bridge. They are a very suspicious animal and it always required patience and strategy to get them safely across that small stream. On one occasion we succeeded after long effort to get the entire drove across with the exception of one large, fat, stubborn sow that simply would not be coaxed. She would get half way across the bridge and then suddenly turn and at full speed run back. And she didn't care where she ran either, and it took some lively side-stepping at times to get out of her way. Finally father's patience forsook him and he decided to grab her front legs as she ran back and deliberately drag her across. He misjudged his grab somehow and the sow dashed squarely between his legs. The sow was so wide that she threw father to a sitting posture on her back and down the road they sped, father holding on madly rocking from side to side. The ride didn't last long, however, as the sow quickly became exhausted and fell to the ground, quivered a bit and promptly died. We all fell to and butchered her there and then, laid the meat to the side of the road and recovered it on our return home.

Father's strength some times was misjudged by himself in his younger days and the older boys suffered accordingly. He didn't whip often, but when he did it was an occasion to be remembered. Brother Wallace says in a letter written in May 1923, "Father was very stern, but loved his children dearly. The older ones were made to understand that he was boss and we sometimes thought him too hard on us. He had a fiery temper and believed to an uncomfortable extent in the old adage 'Spare the rod and spoil the child.'

"Father had some admirable traits that more than offset his tendency at times to indulge his temper. His sense of justice, his honesty, his fairness, and his unusually keen intellect made his counsel very valuable to his friends. He was very generous, even too much so, and was often imposed upon by many of his relatives and neighbors. He was always a friend in need and would never turn a deserving request aside."

About our mother, brother Wallace in the same letter says: "Mother was a very pretty girl, brown eyes and hair, a sunny disposition, a little shy, but very lovable. She was not bashful but timid, loved her children with a sympathetic love, yet she

co-operated with father in bringing them up."

As one of the younger children, I never remember father in the light as described by brother Wallace. He occasionally boxed my ears, but I never recall of his whipping me but once, and that with a narrow shingle, because I did not come when he called me. It was a thorough job, however, and I was mighty careful thereafter not to give him cause to try it again.

Frank occasionally got a modest thrashing, but he usually gave good cause for it. He was a very sensitive lad and hard to manage. He did not like to leave his books long enough to do any work. He was almost a constant reader and would lie for hours flat on his stomach on the floor and read the books that were in our home library. He had a fine intellect and had we understood him and given him the training that his peculiar nature needed, he undoubtedly would have been the ablest one of our family. He was almost abnormally bright in his school work and had no difficulty in leading his classes. He spent two years at Ames, then went with father to Wyoming where he was when father died in June 1905. He came home for the funeral, spent the summer and following winter in the vicinity, then joined the Hunt Engineering Company and assisted in designing and installing cement plants for almost three years. Then he joined the National Army, stationed at Ft. Leavenworth. After two years he was honorably discharged as a corporal. Shortly after, he re-enlisted for another two year period. Three months after his re-enlistment in October 1911, he was granted a months furlough, and from that day to this no trace of him has been found. He had a splendid record in the service, seemed to love the life, and his officers could assign no reason for his not returning. When he left he had about a hundred dollars on his person and the conjecture is that he was the victim of a robber gang which left no trace.

Every one of us children received ~~our~~ his early education up until we were sixteen years old at the country school house a mile west of our last home. It was known as North Union District of Highland Township, Wapello County. The first building was erected in 1862 and during the summer of that year James Neff, a new-comer to the vicinity, lived in the little one room affair while his house was being built across the road. An addition to the original school building was built in 1884, but it did not improve the old building a great deal. The school consisted of one room, had seats for about thirty pupils and was heated by a large oval stove. In 1902 a new and better building was substituted which had a bell tower and two small ante-rooms for coats and dinner baskets. In 1920 the district was consolidated with the Hedrick Schools and thus ended the career of one of the pioneer schools of the State of Iowa, one that was replete in traditions and that numbered among its alumni hundreds of men and women who had drifted to all parts of the country from Los Angeles to New York.

The Hook family was prominently identified with the school from its inception. Uncle William Hook was its second teacher, our mother was its third teacher, our father its seventh teacher, our sister Mary Hook its twenty-ninth teacher, and sister Sadie its thirty-ninth teacher. Uncle Cleveland Miller, mother's brother, was its fourteenth teacher.

Studies for

McGuffey readers 1st to 6

Ogilvie's Geography

Ray's Arithmetic

Harvey's Grammar

Webster's Elementary Spelling Book

The last term of school in the old district was held in the spring of 1920, and on August 17th of that year, at the suggestion of brother John of Claremont, California, a reunion of the old students and teachers was held on the old school grounds. Ninety-eight former students and six former teachers were present. Brother Wallace was the organizer and the affair was most successful. Every one of our immediate family was present. Glen and I came on from New York, John came from California, Wallace came from Kahoka, Missouri, and Sadie and Orin came from Humboldt, Iowa. It never dawned upon me until then that not a single member of the Hook family that had been so prominent in that neighborhood for so many years, was living there. Of course, we have many relatives in Wapello County, including the Davis', Dickens' and Ankroms', but not a single family by the name of Hook is left.

The school was early nicknamed "Blue Jeans" and was known better by that name than by North Union. Caswell Breon fixed this appellation on the district and at the re-union he told how it happened. It seems that he and Uncle Samuel Hook, Uncle Thomas Hook, Tom Colvin, Mark and Charles Winner, and Dave Deuser ran away from school one day and went fishing. They planned to return just as school was out. They made a flag out of Caswell's blue jeans jacket and came marching into the school yard shouting "Hurrah for Blue Jeans." Ever after the school bore that name. It was a good name too, because until very recent times every boy who attended there wore blue overalls and jeans jackets.

All of my schooling until I entered Iowa State College at Ames in 1900 was obatined at "Blue Jeans." The same is true of brother Frank. Orin attended no school but "Blue Jeans." Sadie lived with sister Mary in Humboldt, Iowa, and attended the high school there before entering Ames. Glen finished his preliminary schooling at Humboldt while living with sister Sadie there. Later he attended Iowa State College for two years. John attended the Hedrick Normal School, but did not go to college. Wallace attended the Hedrick Public School and entered Ames in 1902 and remained two years. Sister Mary attended the Hedrick Public School before entering Iowa State College. Sadie and I finished at Iowa State College. Mary, Frank, Glen and Wallace each attended for two years.

I shall never forget the sacrifices that Wallace made to get his two years of college work. He was married and had two children. He determined to get some college education, so moved to Ames, built a house, took in roomers and boarders, did other odd jobs around the college and managed to get along. There was no work that he would not do and his reputation as a worker soon became so well established that he had difficulty in saving out enough time to study his lessons. He had a wonderful intellect, however, and managed to pass his work above the average of his class.

I remember distinctly the first day I attended "Blue Jeans." It was a cold rainy day and the trees were covered with ice. John took me and I recall vividly how sleepy I became as I sat hour after hour in that stuffy school room. I was only five years old and not very strong, and the memories of those school days are not pleasant to think upon.

When I was fifteen years old I farmed the place alone. Father

had sold the north eighty acres to Jerley Riley, the rest of the farm except twenty-five acres was in small grain and timothy, so I did the whole job myself. I shall not forget the day dreams I had as I followed the plow or harrow or cultivator up and down those weary rows. I always pictured myself managing a big business organization with a nice office and plenty of workers about me. I pictured to myself the things my company would manufacture and sell and invented many things including windmills, steam engines and farming implements and in spare moment would try and make models of them. I also wanted to be a writer and frequently would shut myself up in a room and compose stories and poetry. I knew the name of every writer of note and every opportunity I got I would read the works of Bryon, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant and Tennyson.

I think it was Jessie Alexander when she taught at "Blue Jeans" who fired my ambition to ~~be a great~~ write. I was about twelve years old. Jessie always opened ~~the~~ school in the morning by reading from some of the above writers. She read from books that cost only 35 cents each and that could be obtained from Weller's Drug Store in Hedrick. I was fascinated and for two or three years I spent every cent I could lay my hands on buying these books. Just as fast as I could accumulate 35 cents I would slip away from home, run across fields to Hedrick, sneak up a back alley to the drug store, buy my book, and hurry home again so as not to be missed. Some of the most cherished books in my library today are these old volumes, and I wish that I had been successful in keeping them all.

I have already told of Jerley Riley buying the north eighty. He didn't keep it long because he couldn't meet the payments on it. He was not cut out for a farmer, was always behind in his work and forever putting off until tomorrow that which should be done today. One season he planted his corn so late that it was frost bitten in the fall and he refused to shuck it. Father, thereupon, made a proposition to Frank and me to shuck it during fall vacation. He promised to pay us two cents a bushel. We lit in and did the job and every day we planned what we would do with that money. When we had finished, we had about $20.00 coming to us. One day father told us to get ready for a trip to Ottumwa. We were eager to go, but we didn't figure on what was going to happen. To make a long story short, we came home that night with a new $10.00 suit of clothes each and that was our pay for husking Jerley Riley's corn. Today this sort of thing would be considered a great injustice by most boys, but in those days it was such common practice to pay debts by something other than money that neither Frank or I complained. Of course, we were disappointed, but we felt that we had received our pay.

The first actual money I earned was when I was about ten years old. The big walnut trees on our place always yielded a great crop of fine black walnuts. Uncle Samuel Hook came to our house one day in the autumn and offered me fifty cents if I would hull a bushel of walnuts for him. That fifty cent piece seemed like a fortune to me and I saved it and added to it until I had a dollar. This I loaned to Orin who forgot to pay it back, and I never had the courage to ask him for it.

Speaking of Orin, the younger children were very fond of him. He had a marvelous disposition, was always cool and steady and

was our friend in need. We hated to have him go away for even an evening, and when he left home to work for Uncle Samuel Hook, I slipped off to the orchard and had a good cry. He was an expert with horses, in fact every animal about the place seemed to love him. In the winter he spent a good deal of his time breaking horses to drive and ride. Once he and I hitched two beautiful young black mares to a buggy and started out for a ride. They went fine for a time when all of a sudden they became frightened and started to run. Orin drew in on the reins when the bit in the mouth of the near horse broke and they were immediately out of control. Away they dashed with Orin pulling desperately on one line. This headed them to the side of the road and toward a thick osage hedge fence which they promptly vaulted, upsetting the rig and throwing Orin and me head over heels. Luckily we were not injured, but the buggy was a complete wreck.

We had a hard job catching the runaways, but finally succeeded and promptly hitched them to a large farm wagon. Instantly they started to run again, dashed out of the barn lot and swung into the road. In turning Orin crowded me off the seat and down I went carrying one line with me. Orin was left with one line, and by pulling with all his might, swung the team into a tree and stopped them. And yet Orin was not defeated. He put surcingles on the front feet of both horses and got them into the road again. I couldn't be persuaded to get into the wagon with him, so he went it alone. The mares tried to run, but the surcingles by lifting their fore feet off the ground promptly stopped them. But that team was ruined. They never were safe after that eventful day. Finally Bob MacMillan thought he could manage them and they were sold to him. They did nicely for a time, but one day the old runaway spirit got the best of them and they literally destroyed Bob's best buggy. Bob sold them immediately and I never heard what luck the next fellow had.

I have already written about our father's ~~love for horses~~ interest in raising horses. Sometimes we had fifty or more on the place. The older boys broke them to ride and drive in the winter. This was great sport. First the boys would hitch a cantankerous young colt to a bob sled in team with an older and perfectly safe horse, and when the young rascal was fairly well tamed down, he would be paired with another newly broken horse and the two hitched to the sled and driven together. Once in awhile we would develop a balker or kicker, and I do not recall a single case where these bad traits were overcome. Orin and father always declared that once a horse showed a tendency to kick or balk it never could be thoroughly broken.

At first most of our horses were of the Ensign and Morgan breed. ~~had blood in them.~~ Later father imported an Englishshire stallion from England. We named him Tad. Tad was the sire of many fine horses in the neighborhood. Finally in play he ruptured a blood vessel and died. It was sad event when that great horse passed away. Father immediately bought and imported another fine stallion from Belgium he called Prince Albert.

As I look back to those early days of my life, I realize how much we really loved the horses and cows and other animals on our farm. Removed as we were from close neighbors, the animal family about us became a real part of our little community and we spoke of them as a part of our family. The death of a favorite cow, or horse, or chicken, or swine, or dog, always affected us deeply and made us feel that we had lost a real friend. I vividly remember when two of our favorite milk cows, Old Ann and Old Cherry, died. The death of Tad, Albert, Daisy and Minnie, all horses that we really loved, left a distinct

impression on my mind.

One time we had a pair of mules that for stubbornness had not an equal in the world. One of their traits was to listen attentively for the sound of the dinner bell, when they would promptly stop regardless of where they might be in the field and positively refuse to move another foot. One day father was working them on a harrow. The day was sultry and the mules were determined not to over-work themselves. Father was doing all in his power to speed them up, but his efforts were not succeeding very well. Finally at 11:30 A.M. the dinner bell rang. The mules stopped stone still, and try as he might, father could not get them to budge an inch. Father used the whip with all his might, but to no avail. Finally he decided to submit and began to unhitch them. He had succeeded in unhooking all but but tug, when the mules decided it was time to start for the house. Father tried his best to stop them, but they would not be stopped. He could no nothing by pulling and jerking on the lines, so he dashed around in front of them and began to whip them across their noses. They met this punishment by closing their eyes and switching their tails, but they did not stop their deliberate walk in the direction of the house. They did not run, mind you, but walked steadily and deliberately, pulling the harrow after them by one tug. It was certainly a funny sight to see that pair of mules ambling toward the house drawing the harrow by one tug, with father whipping them across their snouts and telling them in every breath just what he thought of them. As they passed through the barn lot, the harrow caught on the gate post, the tug broke and the mules were free to walk on to the watering trough unhampered.

I have already told of our father's views of the telephone, the riding farm implements, and the steam thresher. It was difficult for the average farmer of those days to reconcile himself to the great advances that were going on all about him. When rural free delivery was introduced, all the farmers in the community thought it nothing but a governmental fad that would increase taxes. When Hedrick decided to install a gas lighting system, father thought the idea preposterous, extravagant, and positively uncalled for. The idea of paving or gravelling the deplorable country roads was as remote in the minds of the farmers as flying machines. When the bicycle came, it was considered as nothing but a useless luxury calculated to appease the extravagant desire of worthless boys who had more money than brains. The automobile was laughed at and no one dreamed that it would take the place in our daily life that it has since assumed.

Once some railroad engineers surveyed a line across our farm and father vowed that regardless of condemnation laws, he would never permit the road to be built across his property. He stewed and fretted about it for months and threatened that he would shoot the first man who attempted to turn a spadeful of earth on his land for that railroad. The proposed road was a cut-off between Agency City and Hedrick and never was built.

Farming in those days was not the science that it has since become. About all the average farmer knew about crop propagation was that which came through community experience. I never remember seeing a single book or pamphlet in our house that treated subjects of vital interest to the farmer. Things

were done by rule of thumb. Rotation of crops was accomplished in a hit or miss fashion. Artificial fertilization of land was only indulged in to the extent of spreading barnyard manure and refuse over spots here and there that seemed to be less fertile than others. Corn should be planted so as to be plowed once by Decoration Day and "laid by" (that is plowed three times) by the Fourth of July. Corn should be cribbed by thanksgiving day. Oats should be planted in March always on thin land and should be in the shock within two weeks after the Fourth of July. Hay should be stacked and mowed by the middle of July, and so on. These rules tended to create a sort of competition between farmers and a good farmer was he who could say, as the season advanced, that they had all been accomplished. At corn-husking time there was a general competition among corn-huskers as to who could husk the most corn in a day. Brother Wallace claimed to be the champion several years, and I think he was entitled to the honor. He was indeed a great corn husker. His record was 119 bushels husked clean in ten hours.

During the depression of 1893, our crops were almost destroyed by chince bugs. Father was greatly depressed and we had a very hard time making ends meet. All of us children were forced for several years to do with one pair of footwear for the winter and we had our choice of having shoes or boots. We chose boots. They were great, big, clumsy affairs and when they dried out after being wet, they were so stiff that we could hardly get them on. We would pull them on as far as possible by the boot straps, then would kick the toe against the door jamb to jolt them on the rest of the way. The doorway between the kitchen and sitting-room received most of this hard treatment and gradually became dented so deep that the mark still remains to testify to the effects of hard boots.

In the summer time from April to October we went barefoot, and our feet became so hard and calloused that the beginning of the boot season was something to be dreaded. I being a frail lad was forced, against my wishes let me add, to wear shoes even in summer.

During those times overalls and jeans jackets were our regular outside wearing apparel. These were reinforced by heavy wool underwear and socks that kept us very comfortable. We seldom had overcoats or overshoes, but we did have mittens and caps and mufflers. On cold days we would put on old thick coats that may have been made out of father's castaways, and usually we had a Sunday suit ~~made out of cotton~~ that hardly matched our lanky frames and woolly heads,

Our winter food was largely buckwheat cakes and sorghum molasses at breakfast, and lye hominy, pork, eggs, navy beans, preserved fruit, potatoes and white bread and butter at other meals. In the summer time fresh vegetables and fruit were added. And we always had a fine watermelon patch that would put the traditional darky mellon patch to shame. Our lye hominy was homemade. We would carefully save all our wood ashes from the wood stoves in the house, put it in a barrel and filter water through it. This produced the lye that was used to remove the hulls from the corn to produce hominy. We usually had plenty of eggs and in the early spring it was always the custom of us boys to hide as many eggs as possible for Easter. On Easter morning we would produce the eggs and during the day we would eat practically nothing else. In fact, it was a stunt in the neighborhood to see who could eat the most

eggs on Easter. To this day I always associate Easter with eggs.

In 1895 when we had begun to revive from the troublous times of 1893, one event happened which gave our father and mother ~~a great lift. It to be a vain hope~~. Father received a letter from the administrator of the estate of Arthur McNutt, a cousin of his mother, saying that that gentleman had died intestate and that he had left a very large estate and that father was an heir. I shall never forget the effect that bit of news had upon father and mother. After a year or two, I think father received a check for about $400.00.

Christmas and Christmas Eve at our home left with us children some of our fondest memories. Except for one year, we never had a Christmas tree. We would lay a broom stick across the wainscotting in the corner behind the stove in the sitting-room and hang our stockings on it. Sadie would read some Christmas stories and play some Christmas music on our organ the eve before and we would go to bed and try our best to stay awake and hear Santa come. In the morning we would get up bright and early, rush downstairs eager to see what had been left for us. We always found our stockings filled, but not with the elaborate and expensive things that most children get nowadays. Usually there was an orange all nicely wrapped in tissue paper, a sack of candy, a toy revolver, and other small and inexpensive trinkets and occasionally a banana. No children of the present time could possibly cherish the toys they get more than we did those simple things that our Santa Claus brought to us. Once I got a candy moon that I thought to be about the nicest present one could wish for. I carefully laid it away in the cupboard back of the kitchen stove. In the evening when I went to get it I found it a melted and unrecognizable mass. I was broken hearted and was not reconciled to the loss for many days.

The one and only tree that we ever had in my remembrance, was in 1892 when I was ill with rheumatism. The whole family made it a point to cheer me with presents and they certainly succeeded. The only sad thing about it was the fact that for the first time I learned for sure that Santa Claus was only a myth. My sick bed was in the sitting-room and the tree was placed in the bay window where mother always had a wonderful array of geraniums, petunias and other plants that bloomed all winter long. Cousins Will and Mattie Hook had come up from Bedford, Aunt Martha was there, and the gleeful party kept me awake until late at night, decorating the tree and setting out the presents. I vividly recall that brother John gave me a wonderful toy engine that would run by a spring, and mother bought me a story book which I still have. There were other presents and much candy and fruit which I could not eat. On Christmas Day Uncle deLoss Davis and family came for dinner and I shall never forget how worried I was to have cousins Wilbur and Edward and brother Frank play with my engine. That engine was carefully preserved by me until I left home for college in 1900 when it got lost or destroyed.

To this day I think of those Christmas times with a sort of a reverence that I can hardly describe. The music, Sadie's reading, the company who nearly always came to our house, the cheerful atmosphere all about and the mystery with which the

day and night before was always shrouded, left a deep impression on me as I believe it did on all of the children.

Dear old Aunt Martha Hook, we called her Aunt Pat, was often with us during the holiday season. I remember her as a very serious person, somewhat of a scold, but always very dear to all of us. When she came to our house she would stay a month or so, help mother with the housework, but never take a cent for her labor. When she had had her visit out, she would go back to Frank Bakers where she lived most of her time, or else go to Aunt Sarah Ankroms, or Uncle Samuel Hook's for a few weeks.

I do not remember a great deal about Sister Mary, except that she was a ~~very superior~~ woman of whom all of our family was very proud. I recall something of the courtship of H. E. Passig, of Humboldt, Iowa, whom she married October 19, 1892. I also remember her when she was my teacher at "Blue Jeans." One day as we were coming home from school together, I asked her how fast the earth travelled on its axis and I shall never forget how I marveled ~~at her intelligence~~ when she picked up a small stick and figured it out in the dusty road at our feet. When she went away to college, I always slipped away so as not to have to say goodbye to her, but she usually found me and kissed me and left me to go away sobbing. As a boy I could never say goodbye to any of our family when they were going away for long, without bawling.

Mary was, indeed, a superior woman. She was a great student, profoundly religious, and was very prominent in college and later in her home town of Humboldt, Iowa. She gave birth to one child, a boy, on August 17, 1893, which died in infancy. In the autumn of 1896 she was stricken with a digestive ailment which later developed into acute peritonitis and caused her untimely death March 23, 1897. Interment took place in the cemetery a mile northwest of Humboldt, Iowa.

Mary's death was a great blow to our dear mother. The latter already weakened by the terrific strain of raising her large family and overcoming the almost overwhelming obstacles of her life, found the loss of her eldest child almost more than she could bear. Well can we all remember how courageously and bravely she tried to bear the burden of her great loss, but her strength had been spent and the effects of the strain immediately told on her. In the fall she was stricken with a very severe cold which she could not shake off. Day after day she fought a losing fight and finally she was forced to her bed from which she never arose. Pneumonia had taken hold and on the eve of October 30, 1897 she peacefully passed away. She was buried in the family plot in the Martinsburg Cemetery.

All of her children then living, and our father were present during her last days.

The loss of our mother was the beginning of the end of our home in Wapello County. Sadie was at Ames, and by great sacrifice father managed to keep her there until she graduated in June 1898. Those of us who know can never repay our dear sister Sadie for the efforts she made to keep our home together. She was with us at vacation periods during the remainder of her college life, after which she took full charge of our household. Father employed Russel Andrews and his wife, formerly Calla Ebelsheiser,

to run the farm and house while Sadie was in college, but for two years thereafter it was Sadie who took our mother's place and kept our home together. Sadie had not been strong when a girl and had been spared much of the work which now was thrust entirely on her. It was a trying task for her. Frank and Glen and I were young and hard to manage and the housework was almost more than she could bear. She taught school at "Blue Jeans" and the Deuser country schools and stayed at home and took mother's place as best she could. In the spring of 1901 she was offered a fine position as instructor in Public Speaking at Iowa State College, which father advised her to take. I had entered Iowa State College the year before and our home was left with father, Frank and Glen, the latter of whom will tell of the trials that followed.

Glen, alias "Scotch," "Cotton Top" and "Jack Tatorburg" being the youngest child, was the favorite of our family. He was a good worker, a good fighter and aside ~~from certain periods when he lost his temper,~~ possessed a wonderful disposition. He was a great lover of nature and was always taming crows, ground squirrels, minks and other animals which he could find. During one season we noticed him going to a far away meadow on the farm almost daily. Finally our curiosity was aroused and Orin, I believe it was, followed him one day to see what he was up to. He found that he went to the outlet of a tile drain in our lower pasture and by making some sort of queer sound, would attract the attention of a family of minks which would come out to be fed. On another occasion he got mixed up with a skunk which thoroughly sprayed him from head to foot with its vile smelling perfume. The poor kid was almost overwhelmed and I shall never forget what a pitiable sight he was when he came straggling to the house and denied entrance.

I always had some kind of a feeling that Glen was in my personal care and I worried almost as much about him as if he had been my own child. He played a great deal with a neighbor boy by the name of Earl Redfern who had learned to chew tobacco. I always worried for fear Glen would get the habit and when our hired man missed a plug of tobacco I felt that my fears were justified. I watched Glen closely and noticed that he had more than ordinary interest in our chicken house. He would go to it quite frequently, so one day I decided to make a search of the place. The search proved my conjecture, for I found tucked away in a safe cranny a half consumed plug of tobacco. I immediately told father about it and he made Glen fess up. I thought the lad needed a good licking, but father only gave him a good talking to and let it go at that. I remember distinctly how I suspicioned that father was not pleased with me for squealing on Glen, and I think that was the truth. In later years Glen says that up to that time he had not learned the tobacco habit. Afterwards he did learn, and for several years he chewed and smoked moderately. He stopped the chewing habit when he went to Humboldt to live with sister Sadie, but continued smoking in a moderate way.

There were bad boys in the neighborhood who exerted their influence on Frank and Glen and me. These boys drank, gambled with cards, kept bad company, and were known everywhere as rowdies. It is strange, however, how these young rascals were secretly admired by every youngster in the neighborhood. I have tried to analyze the reason for this and believe it was more through a sense of fear than anything else that made us want to be friends with them and to some degree emulate their example.

Our dear mother had always warned us against the vices of drinking and gambling and keeping company with anyone who, as she said, we would not care to invite to our own home, and this influence always exerted itself upon us. After her death and when father was away a young rowdy persuaded me to accompany him to Hedrick one Saturday night. We went in his buggy and when we reached town he informed me that he was going to take me to a place where I had never been before. We drove over to the north side of town and drew up at the back door of a rattle trap of an old house. At a given signal we were admitted. I shall never forget the sight of that room where we immediately found ourselves. It was small and stuffy. The ceiling was very low and in the one window on the south, a dim lamp was burning. In the center was a hand pump that suggested a cistern or well underneath the floor. Seated around the walls on benches and stools were a motley group of old, reeling, red-nosed men. My friend, whose name I shall not mention, ordered two beers and the keeper picking up two goblets in one hand, proceeded to fill them under the spout of the pump.

That was my first taste of beer and for many years it was my last. I was disgusted, ashamed, and badly frightened and was relieved beyond words when we left the place. But I had another experience in store, for my companion took me to a restaurant and bought me a cigar, the first one, save one, that I had ever smoked. My very first cigar was smoked many years before. I found it in our cellar where Davy Lantz must have left it when he built the house some six years before. I took it out to a weed patch back of the barn, lit it, and a few minutes later found myself so dizzy and nauseated that I could hardly get to the house. Mother could not fathom what was the matter with me and I never told her, but to this day, I do not remember when I ever spent such an uncomfortable two or three hours. Strange to say, however, that the cigar I smoked in the restaurant in Hedrick with my rowdy companion did not in the least disturb me.

We never played cards at our house and I have never thoroughly learned the game. Cards were considered by both father and mother as a gambler's weapon, and indeed that was true in those days, because the country was over-run with card sharks and confidence men who used every ruse in the world to extract money from unsuspecting and all too trusting farmers.

The Spanish-American War came upon us somewhat as a shock in 1898. I was only fourteen years old, but I was wild to enlist. Of course I was too young. John and Wallace were married and both had families to support so they did not enlist. Orin talked of volunteering and probably would have done so had the war lasted, but it was so quickly seen that it would soon be over that he did not do so. Father, war-hater that he was, did not discourage any of the boys from enlisting, and the pride and joy that the succession of American victories brought him, made us think at times that he would have been the first to enlist had events proved it to be advisable. Fred Hook, Uncle Tom's son, and William Hook, Uncle William's son, both enlisted and saw service; the former in Cuba, and the latter in the Phillipines.

It was in 1898 that father's livery stable burned in Hedrick. I heard about it at school and rushed home to tell the news. I shall never forget how chagrined I was when father said "Well,

the lot is worth more without that barn on it than with it." which was probably true. The lot was on the east side of Main Street and was sold with one beside it, which father also owned, for eight hundred dollars after father's death in 1905.

In the spring of 1900 sister Sadie persuaded father to send me to Iowa State College. I was not properly prepared for this sojourn, but Sadie promised to tutor me and prepare me so I could enter the academic year. She did as much as she could with me, but I fear she found me a very dull student. I had never attended any school but "Blue Jeans" which did not teach any mathematics above simple arithmetic, taught none of the languages, taught no ancient or foreign histories, and gave no training in many of the subjects which were needed as an entrance requirement in any modern college. Had I realized then what I was running into, I am certain that I would not have had the courage to try it. Being ignorant, however, made me dare to attempt what a wiser one would have shunned. In September 1900 father took me to Ames, persuaded the authorities to give me a trial, and I was entered as a "prep" in the Iowa State College. This date marks the time when I left home never to return again except for vacations and visits. My college career which was successfully concluded in 1905, has no place in this history so I shall conclude my letter to permit brother Glen to continue the story of our parental home from 1900 to father's death in 1905.

James William Hook.

1923

Account of Morris Glen Hook.

Will has allotted to me the time between 1900 and father's death, but there are a few things I can think of that happened prior to this time that may be on interest in our family history.

My earliest memory, as near as I can calculate, was when I was between two and three years of age. Wilbur Francis was at our house one bright, sunshiny summer day and I have a very distinct memory of starting to follow behind him and Orin as they went from the house to the barn. I had gotten only as far as the old walnut tree when Orin made me go back to the house. This seems a very uninteresting incident, but if I could find adequate words I could give a very interesting description of a child's idea of the world for my memory is very vivid. I had formed no conception whatever of anything except within a very small radius of the house and I was filled with wonderment and perplexity as to what existed on the outside. I get the same feelings sometimes now when I try to conceive what is beyond this world and speculate on the extent of the universe of which our world is only a small atom.

Of mother, I regret exceedingly that I can remember but little. It is rather disappointing to me that the incident which I remember best was when she switched me for going down to Earl Redfern's house against her wishes. Probably the reason that I do not remember much about her, aside from the fact that I was very young when she passed on, was because she was of a somewhat retiring disposition and rather undemonstrative in the things she did. I remember well the days of her illness. Farrel Riley was a regular morning caller and there was nothing he would not have done to help had it been within his power. On the day of mother's death I well remember John getting up on a chair and stopping the clock. It was exactly half past six in the evening. It was some time later that I understood the meaning of this, but at the time I was afraid to ask why John stopped the clock.

I was not old enough to realize the gravity of the event of mother's death and what a change it was to make in my life. Of the months following I remember little. Sadie stayed with us for a while and, bless her heart, she worked hard. Frank and I were hard to manage, but Sadie had good control over us. Many times she made us sit on chairs in the house for hours for some of our boyish pranks.

I remember one time we were swimming down at the old pond. Frank in fun began calling "Help - Help - Glen's drowning." Sadie heard the cry and ran with all her strength from the house only to find it a false alarm. She collapsed and neither Frank nor I realized what a terrible strain it had been on her.

I do not recollect the sequence of events that took place in the two or three years following mother's death, but I know that we had several people to help with the housekeeping. Stella Preble, Marie Schultz, and Aunt Mat Hook, were with us at various times. Aunt Mat and I were great pals and got along fine together. She could never understand why I should want so much to eat and I had a hard time persuading her to increase

my lunch for school as "Old Blue Jeans."

Father was always very good to me. He was never an affectionate father as we think of an affectionate father today. He was a hard worker, a deep thinker, and talked only when he really had something to say. Sometimes I could get him to tell me of the experiences he had in the Civil War, but his tales were never told voluntarily.

In the winter evenings after supper, and after the chores were done, we would sit in the living room near the floor register of our new hot air furnace and father would hum and whistle old war songs and dose until bedtime. He and I slept together in the ground floor bed room.

One night after we had gone to bed, there came a loud knock on the door. Father asked me to go and see who it was which I did as I seemed to have no fear. I opened the kitchen door and a man pushed his way in. I tried to stop him but could not. As soon as he came in he made signs to me indicating that he was deaf and dumb. I immediately called father and he got up. The man wished to stal all night and after satisfying father that he was honest he was given a room. He proved to be a clean gentleman and left the next morning after he had been given a good breakfast.

I never knew father to turn a man away from our home if the case appeared deserving.

I remember an old man and his son who were traveling through the country with an old, half-starved horse and a dilapidated wagon. Near our home their horse took sick and died and the poor old chap was compelled to sell his wagon and harness and proceed on foot. They came to our house and asked for a lodging and father, as usual, took them in. During the evening the old man related his sad plight and the tale seemed to win father's sympathy and as a result they stayed with us several days. At that time father had a farm south of Ottumwa on which there was a great deal of timber. He conceived the idea of having the old man and son (I forget their name) go down to this farm and cut wood for his tenant through the following winter. It was agreed and father bought an old skinny white horse, gathered together an old set of harness and resurrected an old discarded spring wagon from a corner of the barnyard and turned them over to the old man on condition that he would pay for them after he had earned enough money cutting wood. The entire investment was only about $15.00 and father gave the old man $5.00 in cash and sent him on his way. I shall never forget what a funny spectacle they presented when they drove away. The old fellow, however, was intensely happy and, I believe, father was also.

It developed that father's confidence was not misplaced, as the old man and his son worked steadily for father's tenant on the farm south of Ottumwa and paid back the advances in full.

These and many other instances illustrate the charitable disposition of our father. I sometimes thought that he was a little neglectful of us boys in the matter of clothes, etc., but one thing is sure, he taught us to know the value of money. I learned, too, that he was very unobserving as to our clothing

having depended all his life upon our mother in these things and that it was necessary to ask for things before he would become aware of the fact that new things were needed.

Our regulation clothing requirements for summer were a pair of overalls, a shirt and a straw hat, and these were really all that we wanted. It would have been difficult to get us to wear more. In winter we added boots, underwear, and a coat and by persistent efforts we would get mittens, but father never wore mittens himself and could not understand why everyone could not do without them.

In 1904 Orin farmed the old farm to the west of ours and we had a very happy time working together. I took great pride in doing farm work and during my last two years on the farm I did practically all of it. Father made me very happy many times by complimenting me on my good work. My ambition was to have my fields in better condition than any of the neighbors and my plough furrows and rows of corn exactly straight from one end of the field to the other.

During my last year on the farm I had the distinction of growing the finest corn that we had ever raised. Part of my reward for this good year's work was a trip to the World's Fair at St. Louis with Orin. It was my first real trip away from home, except one or two trips to Ames, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. We spent a week there and there were few important things on the entire fair grounds that I did not see. Orin was a good companion and a fine pal, although there was a great difference in our ages. We had one experience with Bunco Men which impressed me greatly, but Orin was too slick for them. They tried to get Orin involved in a game of matching half dollars and were very clever about it, but although I suspected nothing wrong, Orin was wise enough to see that they were after his money and consigned them to a much warmer climate than St. Louis.

I managed to get all of the schooling that was available at "Blue Jeans" even though I did stay out of school considerably in late spring and early fall.

Sometime after mother's death, father employed Russ Andrews and his wife Calla to keep house and work for us. Unfortunately I took a dislike to both of these people and it was a very trying time for me. Russ and Calla did not get along well and it became necessary to let them go. Russ deserted Calla and there was a divorce.

Then came the most trying times of my life. Father took a liking to Calla and after her divorce about 1901 began courting her. Our dear sister Sadie after vainly trying for days to persuade father to give up his suit and let her keep up the home for him, accepted a fine position as instructor in Public Speaking at Ames College. Father felt that he could not deprive her of her great opportunity and wept bitterly when he urged her to go. Sadie went very reluctantly and only after it was plain that father was determined not to stand in the way of her career. This act was characteristic of father and was, no doubt, the main cause for his marrying a second time. When Sadie left there was no one at home to keep house for us, and father, Frank and I lived alone for quite a long time. Father would get up and prepare our breakfast in the morning, consisting of oatmeal and bread and

butter. Frank and I were often left to prepare our own dinner and supper which usually consisted of sorghum molasses and bread and butter. This state of affairs existed for several weeks and we were fast contracting slovenly habits of living. Aunt Mat Hook finally came to live with us, bless her dear heart, and from then on things were better.

Father never confided in us boys his feelings towards Calla. Had he done so, I am sure I should not have had such a feeling of antipathy toward her as I did. I knew what was going on, but the information reached me through other sources than father. They were married during the summer of 1901.

Calla was a good woman at heart, but she had a violent and uncontrollable temper. Had I been older and wiser I am sure we could have gotten along. I will say this for her, she tried to make up with me and if she had been a little more patient with me she might have succeeded. She was not tolerant enough, however, to see the situation from my childish viewpoint.

It was not long until Calla's health began to fail and she began to show signs of dementia. This steadily grew worse and I had a hard time convincing father that she was actually losing her mind. He finally accepted the fact, however, and the last few months before he sent her away, she was confined to her room and was almost constantly irrational.

Father was much broken up after he had placed Calla in a hospital for the insane. I was very greatly relieved, but at the same time I recognized the sad situation and it brought father and me together more closely than ever before.

We found after this that we would have to make other arrangements for our living. Someone had sold father some land in the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming and he decided that the best way to realize any profits on it would be to go on the ground and develop it personally. I remember well that he told me several times that he never expected to reap any benefits from the venture himself, but that he was doing it for his children.

We finally made arrangements to give up the old home. I was to go to Humboldt to live with Sadie and Edgar and go to high school and Frank and father were to go to Wyoming.

We, therefore, had a public sale and offered all of our live stock, farm machinery and household goods at auction. These Auction Sales were very interesting to me. When anyone wished to dispose of property quickly he would nail up printed posters at every mile corner, at which points there were usually boards for the purpose, and on these posters would be stated the time and place of the sale and a description of the principal items to be sold, and always ending with the customary "and other articles too numerous to mention."

On the day of the sale, people for miles around would leave their work and attend. Many of them for the actual purpose of buying, but many of them probably expecting to strike a cheap bargain. It was quite a sociable gathering and people would get together in small groups and discuss the topics of the day. There was always a refreshment stand where hot dogs, peanuts, popcorn, and other sweets and luxuries were offered for sale.

As I remember it, we did not get very good prices for our stock, but public auction sales seldom did draw high prices. People seemed to expect bargains and they usually got them.

We had a team of brown horses named Flora and Queen which were not offered for sale. We also reserved a young, high spirited, black stallion of which father was very fond. These three horses were to be taken by me to Humboldt. Queen belonged to me as a result of an accident; the details of which will probably be interesting.

I was driving home from Hedrick one day. I had Queen and Nellie hitched to the top buggy. Nellie was a very high strung horse and always ready to go. I had gotten within about a half mile of home and was just starting down the long hill just north of our home, when Queen slipped and fell over against the tongue and broke it about midway. This, of course, ruined the steering of the buggy. The rear portion of the tongue dropped down and ran into the ground. The buggy in its forward movement reared up in the air and the tongue snapped again back near the double trees. The horses started to run and I could not control them. Every time I pulled on the lines I would pull the buggy right on to the horses. The bridge over the little creek just north of the house had no banisters and as the buggy was swerving from one side of the road to the other, I was filled with great fear that it might run off the side of the bridge into the ditch which was very deep.

I couldn't jump out as the top was up and side curtains were on. How the buggy ever kept from turning over is more than I can tell. I knew that if I could only get across the bridge safely I could stop the horses on the up grade beyond. I held my breath as we approached the bridge. Just before the horses hoofs clattered on the old boards of the bridge, the buggy took a wide swerve towards the ditch. I closed my eyes expecting any moment to be crashed. When I opened my eyes we were across the bridge. By some great help we had crossed safely and were on the up grade. I could then pull on the lines. Just before we reached the top of the hill and only a few rods from the house I had the horses slowed down enough so I could turn them into a fence. When I did so Nellie jumped clear over the fence, but Queen did not, so the wild ride ended with one horse on one side and the other on the other of a four foot barbed wire fence.

When I got out I found to my great sorrow that poor Queen had been jabbed in the hind leg with the sharp ends of the broken tongue. The main leader of her leg had been completely severed so that she had no control whatsoever over her hoof and ankle.

I immediately called father and we untangled the mess. Neither of us thought there was any hope for Queen, but we were very fond of her and decided to call the Horse Doctor. He gave us little hope, but we bound up the wound and turned Queen out in the pasture where we left her for a year. Strange as it may seem, the cord grew back and mended itself and a year later Queen was in fairly good shape. She still limped, but she kept on improving until finally we could use her for driving again.

We arranged for a freight car and loaded Queen and Flora and the young stallion, and I started out for Humboldt in the

car with the horses. I shall never forget the morning I left. Father and Frank came into Hendrick with me to help me load the horses into the freight car. Father gave me ten dollars and turned away without saying goodbye to me. This hurt me very much, but since then I have convinced myself that by his very silence his feeling of sorrow was all the greater. Strong men those days avoided shedding tears and I really believe father turned away to keep from crying.

I had a rather commonplace twenty-four hours trip to Humboldt on the slow freight train, but to me it was a great, new adventure. I was entitled to ride free with the horses and the car was shifted several times and I had several different conductors. One of these tried to make me pay my fare, stating that a mistake had been made and that I was not entitled to a pass. I knew he was trying to get the money for himself and I told him I didn't have any except a little change with which I was to buy food. He seemed peeved and gave his opinion of a man who would send a boy like myself on as long a trip without money, but he let me ride and actually made me feel obliged to him for doing so.

I arrived in Humboldt in March 1905 and I well remember the long walk I made from the North Western Depot at Dakote City to the Humboldt State Bank to see Edgar. I think I must have presented a comical spectacle as I had on a pair of high four buckle over-shoes (now called galoshes) that I had bought second hand from Milt Clark.

Edgar and Sadie from then on were father and mother to me. I can never repay them or even give them adequate thanks for the wonderful things they did for me. They were responsible for my high school and college training and after father died Edgar loaned me money when I needed it. It is always a duty but seldom a pleasure to pay a debt, but I had genuine pleasure when years afterward I wrote out my check to Edgar with interest in full for the note I gave him.

I had been with Sadie and Edgar only three months when we received word that father was coming back from Wyoming for a visit. I was much excited and anxiously awaited the time set for his arrival. He first, however, went to see Calla and on his way to Humboldt he stopped at Ottumwa. He had just boarded a train from Ottumwa to Hedrick when he was stricken with apoplexy and died instantly.

The shock of father's death was terrible to me. I refused to believe it and it was not until I saw ~~his body several days later~~ him that I would admit that he was gone. It seemed then that I had nothing further to live for. Sadie and Edgar, however, persuaded me to come back to Humboldt where I quickly regained my interest in life.

All of the children attended the funeral. Frank came from Wyoming, Sadie and I from Humboldt, Orin from Ottumwa, John from Lincoln, Will from Ames and Wallace from Dell Rapids, South Dakota.

Two weeks later Calla died and all of us except Will, Wallace and Sadie were present at her funeral. It was a sad assemblage.

Father's death ended his heroic effort to keep the old home going. While it was hard to understand at the time, we can now realize the sincerity of his efforts which made the last years of his life so troublous and hard. His land entries in Wyoming were never surveyed or completed by his heirs and they all reverted to the state. The land which he purchased outright was sold by the Administrator, as was his other property. The greater share of the proceeds of the estate went to the heirs of his second wife (his children receiving less than $500.00 apiece) and it is doubtful if they would have received that much had it not been for the unselfish and efficient efforts of Sadie's husband, Mr. Henry Edgar Passig of Humboldt, Iowa. He devoted much time and skill to the work and really did more than the appointed administrator to liquidate the scattered property which was located in Iowa, Nebraska, Wyoming and North Dakota.

Morris Glen Hook.
1923

APPENDIX.

GRANT FAMILY

1st Generation.

Matthew Grant b. Oct. 27, 1601, d. Windsor, Conn., Dec. 16, 1681; m. 1625 Pricilla Grey b. 1601, d. 1644. Married second, Susanna Capen Rockwell, b. 1602, d. 1666. (No issue by second marriage.)

Family embarked from Plymouth, England, Mch. 20, 1630 on ship "Mary and John" and arrived in Nantasket May 30, 1630. They settled at Dorchester, Mass., now South Boston.

Children by first marriage - Pricilla, Samuel, Tahan, Matthew and John.

2nd Generation.

Samuel Grant b. Nov. 12, 1631, d. Sept. 10, 1713; m. Mary Porter b. 1638 in England, d. in Windsor, Conn. 1718. Children - Samuel, John, Matthew, Josiah, Nathaniel, Mary and Sarah.

3rd Generation.

Samuel Grant b. 1659, d. 1710, m. Anna Filley b. 1664, d. 1686; married second Grace Miner b. 1670, d. 1753. Issue by first marriage - Sarah and Samuel, latter of whom died young. Issue by second marriage - Hannah, Samuel, Noah, Abagail, Ephrian, Grace, David and Ebenezer.

4th Generation.

Noah Grant b. 1693 in Windsor, Conn., d. 1727 in Tolland, Conn., m. June 12, 1717 Martha Huntington b. 1696. Issue - Noah, Adoniram, Solomon and Martha.

5th Generation.

Noah b. Tolland, Conn., July 12, 1718, d. in French and Indian War 1756. Married Susannah Delano b. 1724, d. 1806. Family moved to Coventry, Conn. 1750. He served as Lt. in French and Indian War and in 1756 became Captain in 7th Company of 2nd Regiment and received from the Conn. Assembly a gratuity for extraordinary services and good conduct in ranging and scouting. On a scouting expedition begun Sept. 20th, 1756 from Ft. William he never returned.

Issue according to the Grant Family Genealogy by Henry Hastings Grant published 1895, there were four children as follows - Noah, Susannah, Peter and Soloman. The descendents of George Grant of Washington County, Penna., say there were also sons John and George, who moved to New Jersey after the death of their father and in 1770 moved on farther west and established themselves on the west bank of the Monongahela River in Washington

County, Penna. Both of these sons, according to the Washington County family, were older than their brother Noah and the latter brother when he emigrated west in 1789, lived for a time with his older brothers and established his home just across the Monongahela River in Westmoreland County.

6th Generation.

Noah Grant b. 1748, d. 1819, m. 1775 Anna Richardson b. 1738, d. 1789. He married second 1792 Mrs. Rachel (Miller) Kelly b. in Pa., died 1804 in Maysville, Kentucky. He was a Captain in the Revolutionary War. His children by first marriage as listed in the Grant Family Genealogy by Henry Hastings Grant in 1895, were Solomon b. 1779 and Peter b. Nov. 4, 1781. His children by his second wife were Susan, Jesse who was the father of President U.S. Grant, Margaret, Noah, John, Roswell and Rachel.

It is almost certain that he had a daughter by his first wife named Anna Subah Grant. She was born Jan. 31, 1780 in Connecticut and died Oct. 8, 1816. On August 10th or 13th (the date in her family bible is blurred) she married Stephen, son of Captain James Hook (see page 27) who lived on Ten Mile Creek in Greene County, Penna. Unfortunately, her bible did not give the name of her parents, but her sons claimed General Grant as their cousin.

BRAMSHOTT PEDIGREE.

John Bramshott 1194.

William Bramshott 1225.

John Bramshott 1250.

Sir William Bramshott 1260-1309.

Sir John Bramshott m. Elizabeth de Lisle, co-heiress of Galscombe.

Sir William Bramshott and a daughter Margaret.

Sir John Bramshott 1460 m. Katherine Pelham.

Margaret Bramshott m. Sir John Pakenham.

Sir Edmund Pakenham 1528 m. Katherine ----------.

Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Edmund Pakenham, became second wife of Sir Edmund Mervyn who died 1550. He was of great Mervyn family. His first wife was Eleanor, daughter of Thomas Wells.

Eleanor Mervyn, daughter of Sir Edmund Mervyn, married Richard, son of Roger Rowse of Midbury, Devonshire. Issue - Francis Rowse and Barbara Rowse; the latter of whom married John Hooke, Lord of Bramshott Manor, who died in 1613.

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B (cont'd)

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B (Cont'd)

C

C (Cont'd)

C (Cont'd)

D

D (Cont'd)

E

F

G

G (Cont'd)

H

HOOKE AND HOOK NAMES

H (Con't)

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J

K

L

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M (Cont'd)

N

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P

Q

R

R (Cont'd)

S

T

U

V

W

W (Cont'd)

X

Y

Z

Received from C A Dunham on 5/12/16

Glen Hook - married April 2 1959 to Shirley Ann Fundella

3 sons born to Glen & Shirley

Gregory Glen Hook	12-14-59
Christopher Alan Hook	5-30-62
Kirk Michael Hook	6-21-63

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